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THE CHARM OF INDIA


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PREFACE

A VERSE from Matthew Arnold's "Obermann" is very often quoted by writers on India.

> "The East bowed low before the blast
> In patient, deep disdain;
> She let the legions thunder past,
> And plunged in thought again."

But they do not often quote a verse which follows soon after in the same poem:

> "Poor sinful world so deep accurst,
> That runn'st from pole to pole,
> To seek a draught to slake thy thirst,
> Go seek it in thy soul!"

The former verse serves conveniently as a text for the discourse which some writers on India preach, that there is no possibility of a common ground or understanding between the Englishman and the Indian, and that English civilisation and rule will presently pass away and "leave not a rack behind." The latter verse, however, suggests that there *is* a common ground, the ground which is common to East and West—religion. The question of religion may be ignored in dealing with many topics,

but it cannot be ignored in dealing with India. In East and West alike man is a worshipping animal. Without something above him to worship, he is like an insect on the edge of a stone, waving its antennæ feebly in the air. The more devout an Englishman is, the better he will understand India. None understood it better than those great Englishmen who were called the "Ironsides of the Punjab," the Lawrences, Sir Herbert Edwardes, and John Nicholson. One sect of fakirs chose John Nicholson for their Guru, or patron saint, and insisted on worshipping him though he beat and imprisoned them. After his death at Delhi one of them actually pined away and died.

Nor is this hero-worship of a great Englishman by the natives merely a thing of the past. In the *Royal Asiatic Journal* for 1907, Mr. J. Kennedy says, regarding the late Salmon Growse, "The people of Mathura regarded him as a white Guru (religious leader); at his bidding, both in Mathura and Bulandshahr, men expended thousands of rupees upon public objects, when to others they would have grudged ten; and his influence far surpassed that of any other living European, whatever his position. And although many other things contributed to this influence, the basis of it lay in the fact that,

devout himself, he sympathised with the devotion and art of both Hindu and Mohammedan."

In answer to those who hope that Christianity may eventually prove a unifying factor between India and England, Mr. Meredith Townsend, in his book *Europe and Asia*, maintains that the Christian ideal is too mild and tame to appeal to the Oriental, who desires something more of the type of a conquering hero. But it may be fairly said in reply, "How is it that, in the scriptures of both Mohammedans and Hindus, both in the Koran and the Ramayana, for instance, patience and humility, the distinctive Christian virtues, are especially singled out for commendation?" The Koran goes so far as to say, "You will find the Christians to be your best friends because they have priests and monks, and are not proud," and "God is with the patient." While in the Ramayana of Tulsi Das, the vernacular Bible of ninety millions of Hindus, Rama is represented as becoming incarnate on purpose to help mankind:

"Hearken, O dull of soul," concludes the great epic, "is there any creature who has worshipped Rama, the purifier of the fallen, and not found salvation? The wretches whom He has redeemed are countless, such as the

harlot Pingala and Ajamil. An Abhir, a foreigner, a Kirat, a Khasia, or an outcast, embodiments of pollution as they are, are purified, if they but once repeat His name, 'O Rama, I adore Thee.' Rama alone is all-beautiful, all-wise, full of compassion and of lovingkindness for the destitute; disinterested in his benevolence and the bestower of final deliverance: whom else can I desire? There is no other lord like Rama, by whose favour, however slight, even I, the dull-witted Tulsi Das, have found perfect peace."*

The Vaishnavas, or worshippers of Rama, in opposition to the cold intellectualism of the Vedantists, lay great stress on "Bhakti," or faith, much in the same way as Luther did. Mr. G. A. Grierson, in several articles in the Royal Asiatic Society's Journal, has demonstrated that the Bhakti doctrines have been deeply influenced by the early Christianity of South India. "All other religions," says a writer in the Hindu *Spiritual Magazine*, December, 1910, "worship the power of God, while the Vaishnavas ignore His power, and seek Him through His sweetness and loveliness. Vaishnavism is likely to prove irresistible to all men who are sincere and have a real hankering in their hearts for Divine worship."

* Ramayana of Tulsi Das, translated by Growse.

The intense devotion which the Vaishnavas feel for Rama is merely another proof that, East or West alike, the greatest moulding force is a great Personality. In the former days of the British Raj great personalities, especially in the army, had free play. They remained long years in the country, and won not only the loyalty, but, as in Nicholson's and Sir Henry Lawrence's case, the devotion of the natives. The almost universal complaint now is, that natives are not brought sufficiently into personal relations to their rulers, but are governed too much by red tape and machinery. In the army, however, and especially on the Frontier, Sikhs and Pathans are devoted to their offices and ready on occasion to die for them. Striking instances of this "faithfulness to their salt" are given by Colonel Younghusband in his *Story of the Guides*." There, among others, we are told of Dilawar Khan, a wild Afghan brigand, captured by the influence of Colonel Lumsden and metamorphosed into a loyal subahdar, whose last words as he lay dying in the snow in Chitral, whither he had been dispatched on a political mission, were: "Tell the 'Sirkar' (Government) that I am glad to die in their service." But for Colonel Lumsden's influence, Dilawar Khan would very likely have ended his days on the scaffold.

The importance which the natives attach to personality was seen, as Sir Bampfylde Fuller points out in his *Studies in Indian Life and Sentiment*, in the great loyalty felt by millions of natives towards Queen Victoria, of whom most of them knew nothing more than the name. But she was a Person, and embodied the idea of the British Raj in a way that appealed strongly to them. They recognised gratefully her sympathy shown in comparatively trivial acts, such as her learning Hindustani in order the better to understand her Indian subjects. From this point of view the coming visit of King George to India is of the greatest importance. "One crowned head," says an Indian proverb, "is equal to ten Brahmins," and his presence in person will draw like sparks from flint the devotion latent in many dusky millions.

Eastern thought and mysticism have always tended to blur the sharp lines of personality, and to deaden the sense of responsibility, and the greatest gift England has given to India has been her great men. These have been the real Oedipi who have divined the riddle of the Sphinx of Asia, not by metaphysical acumen, but by the gift of sympathy. The East, with its vast desert spaces and the "long, long Indian day," with its enforced solitude, has

taught them to add to Western energy Eastern concentration of thought. Unlike their countrymen, of whom Matthew Arnold says,

> "We see all sights from pole to pole
> And glance and nod and hurry by,
> Nor ever once possess our soul
> Before we die,"

they have learnt to possess their souls in patience, and have reaped the gratitude of those whom, instead of despising, they have patiently tried to understand.

Had all been such, there would have been no "Indian unrest," for, as Mr. S. M. Mitra has recently pointed out,* the real cause of the "unrest" has not been the partition of Bengal, or any other political measure, but the want of sympathy and contempt shown by Europeans to natives, often evincing itself in actual ill-treatment. The Oriental memory is tenacious, and slighting expressions, which a European would soon forget in the bustle of everyday life, rankle like fire in the Eastern mind. The writer remembers a curious expression used by a Mohammedan who had become a Christian and then relapsed, "Un ki muhabbat dekhke, bhul gaya; un ki dushmani dekhke, yad aya," "Their (the Christians') love made me forget

* *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1911.

my religion ; their hostility made me remember it."

India is not "a land of regrets" to those who have by sympathy solved some, at any rate, of her riddles. She is probably always in the background of the minds of those who have known her for any length of time. The marks of her claws may be on them, for after all she *is* a Sphinx, but she has taught them lessons, which they would not have learnt elsewhere, and never forget.

It is hoped that the following anthology, compiled from the writings of those who knew India well, may so exhibit some of the different facets of Indian life, as to interest both those who have known it personally and those who have not.

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"THE LAND OF REGRETS"

FROM the East came the breath of its odours
And its heat melted soft in the haze,
While he dimly descried thy pagodas,
O Cybele, ancient of days;
Heard the hum of thy mystic processions,
The echo of myriads who cry,
And the wail of their vain intercessions
Through the bare empty vault of the sky.

Did he read of the lore of thy sages?
Of thy worship by mountain and flood?
Did he muse o'er thy annals? the pages
All blotted with treason and blood;
Thy chiefs and thy dynasties reckon?
Thy armies,—he saw them come forth
O'er the wide stony wolds of the Dekhan,
O'er the cities and plains of the North.

SIR ALFRED LYALL.

THE CHARM OF INDIA

CHAPTER I

EARLY TRAVELLERS IN INDIA

(1) Thomas Coryat (A.D. 1616)

(Born 1577. Travelled through Mesopotamia, Persia, and Afghanistan, to Agra, 1616. In December, 1617, he died at Surat. He is the author of the well-known *Coryat's Crudities.*)

SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING INDIA

A GREAT Rajah of the Hindus, who was a notorious atheist and a contemner of all Deity, and who boasted that he knew of no God except the King, happened one day to sit dallying among his women, when one of them plucked a hair from his breast, which hair being fast-rooted, plucked off along with it a small bit of skin, so that a small spot of blood appeared. This small scar festered and gangrened incurably, so that in a few days his life was despaired of, and being surrounded by all his friends and several of the courtiers, he broke out into these excellent words, " Which of you would have thought that I, a warrior, should not have died by the stroke of a sword, a spear,

or an arrow? But now am I enforced to confess the power of the great God I have so long despised, who needs no other lance to slay so blasphemous a wretch and contemner of His Holy Majesty such as I have been, than a small hair."

Akbar Shah,* who was very fortunate during his reign, showed the utmost attention and respect to his mother, of which one day he gave the following striking instance: Being on a journey between Lahore and Agra, on which occasion his mother accompanied him, she was carried in a palanquin, and having to pass a river, he took one of the poles of the palanquin on his own shoulder, commanding his greatest nobles to do the same, and in this manner carried her across the river. He never denied her any request that ever she made except one, and this was that our Bible might be hung about the neck of an ass, and so beaten about the town of Agra. The reason of this strange request was, that the Portuguese had taken a ship of the Mohammedans, in which they found a copy of the Koran, which they tied about the neck of a dog and beat the dog about the streets of Ormuz. But he denied her this request, saying, "That if it were evil in the Portuguese to have so done with the Koran, it did not become a King to requite evil with evil, as the contempt of any religion was contempt of God, and he would not be

* The Emperor Akbar (1542–1605).

revenged upon an innocent book. The moral of this is that God would not permit the sacred book of His law and truth to be contemned among the infidels.

One day in every year, for the amusement of the King's* women, all the tradesmen's wives are admitted into the mahal (palace), having each somewhat to sell after the manner of a fair, at which the King acts as broker for his wives, no other man being present, and by means of his gains on this occasion, provides his own supper. By this means he attains to a sight of all the pretty women of the city; and at a fair of this kind he got his beloved Nur Mahal.

After Shaof Farid had won the battle of Lahore by a stratagem, all the captains of the rebel army, to the number of two thousand, who had been taken by the King, were hung up upon flesh-hooks, or set upon stakes, forming an avenue for the King's entrance into Lahore. On this occasion his son Cusero (who had headed the rebellion and been made prisoner) rode beside him barefooted on an elephant, and the King asked him how he liked that spectacle? To this the prince answered, "That he was very sorry to see so much cruelty and injustice in his father, in thus executing those who had only done their duty, as they had lived on his bread and salt; but that his father would have done justly if he had pardoned these brave men, and

* The Emperor Jahangir (1569–1627).

punished him, who was their master, and the author of this rebellion."

Prince Cusero has only one wife, owing to the following circumstance: During his confinement the King proposed to make a hunting progress of four months, and consulted how he might keep his son in safe custody during his absence. He at length determined to build a tower in which to immure him, having neither door nor window, and only a few small holes to let in air, and these so high as to be beyond reach. Into this tower were to be put along with the prince all sorts of provisions and necessaries, with a few servants to attend him. While this was building, the wife of Cusero fell at the King's feet, and would not leave him till she obtained his consent to be shut up along with her husband. The King endeavoured to persuade her to enjoy her liberty, but she utterly refused any other comfort than to be the companion of her husband's miseries. Among these this was the greatest, that if any of those who were to be shut up along with him, to the number of fifty in all, should happen to die during the King's absence there were no means either to remove or bury the body, as no person was to be allowed to come near the tower. It is a frequent custom of the present Mogul, when he happens to be awake in the night-time, to call for certain poor old men, making them sit beside him and passing his time in familiar discourse with them, giving them clothes and bountiful alms when he dismisses them. At

one time, when residing at Ajmir, he went afoot on pilgrimage to the tomb of a saint or prophet called Haji Mundin, and there kindled a fire with his own hands, under an immense Heidelbergian equipollent brass pot in which victuals were cooked for five thousand persons. When the victuals were ready, he took out the first platter with his own hands and served the mess to a poor person. Nur Mahal, the queen, took out and served the second, and the rest was served by the other ladies of his court.

There is a mountain some ten days' journey betwixt Lahore and Agra, but very near ten miles out of the way on the left hand. The people that inhabit that mountain observe a custom very strange, that all the brothers of one family have but one and the self-same wife.* Since my arrival here, there was sent unto this King one of the richest presents that I have heard to be sent to any prince in all my lifetime. It consisted of divers parcels; one being elephants, whereof there was one-and-thirty, and of those two so gloriously adorned that I never saw the like nor shall see the like again while I live. For they wore four chains about their bodies, all of beaten gold; two chains about their legs of the same; furniture for their buttocks of pure gold; two lions upon their heads of the like gold; the ornaments of each amounting to the value of almost £800,000

* Polyandry is still practised in the Himalayas.

sterling ; and the whole present was worth ten of their lacs, as they call them—a lac being £10,000..

(2) Mandelslo (A.D. 1639)

French traveller.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUTTEE

The woman's husband was a Rajput and had been killed at Lahore. As the Grand Mogul and his officers are Mohammedans, they try to abolish by degrees this pagan and barbarous custom ; and the governor for a long time refused permission to celebrate it, but at length was obliged to give way.

She was not more than twenty years of age, but came to the place with so much confidence and gaiety that I am persuaded she had taken opium. At the head of the procession marched musicians playing on hautboys and cymbals. After these came girls and women who sang and danced before the widow, decked in her fairest clothes, her fingers, arms, and legs loaded with rings, bracelets, and jewels. The widow halted near the pile which was prepared for this fatal ceremony. She had bathed in the river in order to meet her husband clean and pure.

The pile was made of the wood of apricot trees intermixed with sandal-wood and cinnamon. After observing it with a look of indifference, she took leave of her parents and

friends, and distributed among them the rings and bracelets she had about her.

As soon as she mounted upon the pile, it was set fire to and she poured upon her head a vase of oil, which the flame catching, she was suffocated in a moment without exhibiting a change of muscle. Some of the attendants poured more oil upon the pile, whilst all the party uttered cries that would have drowned those of the widow, had she uttered any. The ashes were cast into the river.

I have been told that this barbarous custom arose among these pagans on this account: Polygamy being the cause of great discontent among the women, either from the little satisfaction they have from men, who divide their affection among so many, or from the jealousy which inevitably springs up among many rivals. It was found that women got rid of their husbands (by poison), and that in one year four times as many men were buried as women; so that to oblige the latter to contribute towards the preservation of the former it was ordained that women who wished to pass for virtuous characters, should accompany their husbands on their death.

A GLADIATORIAL SHOW

The Great Mogul first made a savage bull fight a lion and then ordered a battle between a lion and a tiger. As soon as the tiger perceived the lion, he went directly to him and struggling with all his might, overthrew him. Everyone thought the tiger would have little trouble in killing his adversary, but the lion rose immediately and seized the tiger so forcibly by the throat that it was believed he was dead. He disengaged himself, however, and the combat was renewed with as much fury as ever, until fatigue separated them. They were both wounded, but not mortally.

After this combat Alla Merdy Khan, governor of Kashmir, who was near the King's person, stepped forward and said that Shah Jahan the Emperor wished to see if there was a person bold enough among his subjects to face one of these beasts with the scimitar and small round shield alone; and that anyone who had the courage to make the experiment might declare himself, so that the Great Mogul having witnessed proofs of his courage might reward him with the rank of Khan. Upon this three Hindus offered themselves, and Alla Merdy Khan repeated that the King's intention was that the battle should be fought with scimitar and shield alone, and that those who had coats of mail must take them off so that the contest might be fair.

A furious lion was immediately let out, which,

seeing his enemy enter, ran directly at him. The Hindu defended himself valiantly, until being not able longer to sustain the weight of the animal, which chiefly fell upon the right arm, he began to lower the shield, which the lion tried to tear from him, whilst with his left paw he seized upon the right arm of his enemy, intending to leap on his throat. But the man applying his left hand to a dagger, which he had concealed in his girdle, buried it in the lion's gullet, who was obliged to let go his hold and retire. The man followed him, cut him down with a blow of his scimitar, killed him and cut him to pieces. The people at first shouted "A victory!" but as soon as the clamours subsided, the Mogul, directing the Hindu to approach, said to him with a sarcastic smile, "I must allow you are a brave fellow, and that you fought boldly. But did I not forbid you to take any unfair advantage, and did I not prescribe the weapons to be employed? Nevertheless, you have used others, and have overcome my lion dishonourably: You surprised him with secret weapons; you killed him like an assassin, not like an open enemy." Hereupon he commanded two men to descend into the arena and rip up his belly, which was done; and the body was placed upon an elephant, to be led through the city by way of example.

The second Hindu who appeared upon the theatre after this bloody tragedy, advanced with great spirit towards the tiger, which they let out against him, so that to look at his face, one

might be assured that the victory was certain; but the tiger, more active than he was, leaped in a moment upon his neck, killed him and tore his carcase into pieces.

The third Hindu, far from being frightened at the wretched fate of his two companions, gaily entered the arena, and went straight to the tiger, who, heated with the former combat, advanced to the man, intending to strike him down at the first blow; but the Hindu, though small and of bad figure, cut his two fore paws with a single stroke, and having thus disabled him, killed him at his leisure.

The King ordered the man to come near him and inquired his name. He answered that his name was Geily. At the same moment an officer approached him with a vest of brocade, which he presented to him on behalf of the Mogul, saying, "Geily, take this vest from my hands as a mark of the King's favour." Geily, making three low reverences, and lifting the vest in the air, loudly exclaimed, "God grant that the glory of the great Mogul may equal that of Tamerlane, from whom he sprang." Two eunuchs conducted him to the King's chamber, at the entrance of which two khans led him to the King's feet, who addressed him as "Geily Khan," and gave him the stipulated rank, and promised to be his friend.

(3) Bernier (A.D. 1666)

French physician. He resided at the Court of Aurangzeb for twelve years.

THE RESCUE OF A SUTTEE

One of my friends named Bendidas, Danishmand Khan's principal clerk, died of a hectic fever for which I had attended him upwards of two years, and his wife immediately resolved to burn herself with the body of her husband. Her friends were in the service of my Aga, and being commanded by him to dissuade the widow from the commission of so frantic an act, they represented to her that though she had adopted a generous resolution, yet that she ought to consider that her children were of a tender age, that it would be cruel to abandon them, and that her anxiety for their welfare ought to exceed her affection for her dead husband. The infatuated creature attended not however to their reasoning, and I was requested to visit the widow as if by my Aga's desire, and in the quality of an old friend of the family. I complied, and found on entering the apartment a cluster of seven or eight old hags and another of four or five aged and hare-brained Brahmins standing around the body, all of whom gave by turns a horrid yell, and beat their hands with violence.

The widow was seated at the feet of her dead husband; her hair was dishevelled and her visage pale, but her eyes were tearless and

sparkling with animation, while she cried and screamed aloud like the rest of the company, and beat time with her hands to this horrible concert. The hurly-burly having subsided, I approached the hellish group, and addressed the woman in a gentle tone. "I am come hither," said I, "by desire of Danishmand Khan, to inform you that he will settle a pension of two crowns per month on each of your two sons, provided you do not destroy your life, a life so necessary for their care and education. All your relations wish you to live for the sake of your offspring, and you will not be reputed infamous as are the childless widows who possess not courage to burn themselves with their dead husbands." I repeated these arguments several times without receiving any answer; but at last, fixing a determined look on me, she said, "Well, if I am prevented from burning myself on the funeral pile, I will dash out my brains against a wall."

What a diabolical spirit has taken possession of you! thought I. "Let it be so then," I replied with undissembled anger, "but first take your children, wretched and unnatural mother! cut their throats and consume them on the same pile; otherwise you will leave them to die of famine, for I shall return immediately to Danishmand Khan and annul their pensions." These words, spoken with a loud and resolute voice, made the desired impression; without uttering a syllable her head fell suddenly on her knees, and the greater part

of the old women and Brahmins sneaked toward the door and left the room.

I thought I might now safely leave the widow in the hands of her friends who had accompanied me, and mounting my horse, returned home. In the evening, when on my way to Danishmand Khan to inform him of what I had done, I met one of the relations, who thanked me, and said that the body had been burnt without the widow, who had promised not to die by her own hands.

A MOHAMMEDAN MIRACLE

Danishmand Khan wished me to undertake another journey that I might bear my testimony to what he called a real miracle, such a miracle as would induce me to renounce my religion and embrace Mohammedanism. "Hasten to *Baramula*," said he; "there you will see a mosque which contains the tomb of a celebrated Pir or holy dervise, who, though dead, miraculously cures the sick and infirm. Perhaps you may deny the reality either of the disease or of the cure; but another miracle is wrought by the power of this holy man which no person can see without acknowledging. There is a large round stone that the strongest man can scarcely raise from the ground, but which eleven men, after a prayer made to the saint, lift up with the tips of their eleven fingers with the same ease as they would move a piece of straw."

I was not sorry for another little excursion, and set out with both my former companions.

I found Baramula a rather pleasant place ; the mosque is a tolerable building and the saint's tomb is richly endowed. It was surrounded with a great number of people, engaged in acts of devotion, who said they were ill. Adjoining the mosque is a kitchen, wherein I observed large boilers filled with meat and rice, which I conceived at once to be the magnet that draws the sick, and the miracle that cures them.

On the other side of the mosque are the apartments and gardens of the moollahs. As to the round and heavy stone that was to convert me to Mohammedanism I noticed that eleven moollahs formed themselves into a circle round it, but what with their long cabayes or vests, and the studied compactness of the circle, I had great difficulty to see the mode in which they held the stone. I watched narrowly, however, the whole of this cheating process, and although the moollahs stoutly maintained that each person used only the tip of one finger, and that the stone felt as light as a feather, yet I could clearly discover that it was not raised from the ground without a great effort, and it seemed to me that the moollahs made use of the thumb as well as of the forefinger. Still I mixed my voice with the cries of these impostors and bystanders, exclaiming, "Karamat! Karamat!" ("A miracle! A miracle!") I then presented them with a rupee, and assuming a look of the deepest devotion, entreated that I might have for once the distinguished honour of being among the

eleven who lifted the stone. The moollahs were reluctant to comply with my request, but on my presenting them with a second rupee, and expressing my belief in the truth of the miracle, one of them gave me up his place. No doubt they hoped that ten would be able by an extraordinary effort to lift the stone, although I contributed no other aid than the tip of my finger, and they expected to manage so adroitly that I should not discover the imposture.

But they were much mortified to find that the stone to which I persevered in applying the end of my finger only, was constantly inclining and falling towards me. I considered it prudent at last to hold it firmly with both my finger and thumb, when we succeeded, with great difficulty, in raising it to the usual height. Observing that every person looked at me with an evil eye, not knowing what to think of me, and that I incurred the danger of being stoned, I continued to join in the cry of "Karamat!" and throwing down a third rupee, stole away from the crowd. Though I had taken no refreshment since my arrival, I did not hesitate to mount my horse directly and to quit for ever the dervise and his miracles.

(4) Sir Thomas Roe

(Born about 1568. From 1615 to 1618 was ambassador at Agra at the Court of Jahangir, the successor of Akbar. He died in 1644.)

(From the *Asiatic Journal*, 1843.)

JAHANGIR'S COVETOUSNESS

Sir Thomas Roe had a double share of diplomatic annoyances during this journey. He received intelligence that a quantity of goods, which he had been long expecting from England, and which for the most part were intended to be distributed as presents to the Emperor and other exalted personages, had arrived at Surat, but that the prince through whose territories they had to pass, had thought proper to lay an embargo on them to gratify "his base and greedy desire." Indignant at this outrage Roe hastened to demand redress from the Emperor, but could obtain nothing but abundance "of very good words," of which his majesty was the more prodigal as he happened (his custom always of an afternoon) to be drunk at the time. His professions were soon found to be of little value, for time rolled on and still the goods did not arrive, and Roe, losing all patience, determined to make a second and still stronger representation on the subject. On entering the imperial presence with this intention, a curious scene took place. He found the goods, the stoppage of which he had come to complain of, actually in the possession of his majesty, who at this very time had all the packages open

before him and was busy examining the contents. Observing the ambassador's blank looks, and no doubt feeling a little ashamed of his own behaviour, he attempted an apology. He said he did not intend to take anything by force, and that his apparent violence was entirely owing to his eagerness to see the English rarities; that after all he understood they were intended as presents to himself and his family; that he and they were all one, and that at any rate it was but right that he should be first served; if there were anything not intended for him but which was the private property of the merchants he would pay fairly for it.

After these general observations, he proceeded to particulars, and naming every article in order, began to show excellent reason why *nothing* should be given back. There were some dogs and embroidered cushions and a barber's case, all of which had so taken his fancy that Roe could not be so cruel as to deprive him of them. Then there was a glass case so mean and ordinary, Sir Thomas would never think of asking for *that*. Next came four hats—the very things for his ladies. Pictures, of which there were several, were particularly acceptable to so eager a connoisseur; but one, representing Venus holding a satyr by the nose, seemed at first to excite some awkward suspicions in his mind. He fancied that the two figures were symbolical of Europe and Asia, and that their relative positions conveyed an insult to

his own part of the world. Nevertheless, he calmly folded the picture up with the rest, and intimated his determination to keep it also. He affected more displeasure at the sight of some wooden images of animals which, from the description, would appear to have been common children's toys. He asked whether it was thought in England that horses and bulls were unknown in India, and whether these figures had been sent to him to give him some idea of their form; but on Sir Thomas assuring him that they had not been intended for him but had been sent out for sale, his majesty not only accepted the excuse, but said he would accept the toys also as a present. It thus appeared that he did not intend to part with anything that had fallen into his hands; however, he agreed at last to give up some bales of silks and velvet, on its being represented that they belonged to private merchants.

Nothing else very remarkable occurred till the return of the Emperor's birthday, when our ambassador had an opportunity of seeing his majesty solemnly weighed in public, according to usage. The ceremony took place in a spacious and beautiful garden, where Roe found the nobles sitting on carpets round a pillar, from which hung scales of massive gold. After a while Jahangir appeared "clothed or rather laden with diamonds, rubies, and pearls and other precious vanities, his head, neck, breast, and arms bound with chains of diamonds, rubies as great as walnuts, some greater, and pearls

such as mine eyes were amazed at. He squatted down in one of the scales while in the other were placed, first silver, of which he was found to weigh a thousand pounds worth; then bags said to contain gold and jewels; next bales of cloth of gold, silk stuff, linen and spices, and finally meal, butter and corn. Most of the things used as weights were afterwards distributed among the spectators or among the poor; but the wary envoy, though he admits that the silver was so employed, expresses a doubt whether his majesty was equally liberal with his flour and butter, which he insinuates were carefully carried away to the imperial kitchen. While sitting in the scales, Roe says, the Emperor smiled on him exultingly, as if proud of his wonderful riches. After being weighed, he ascended a throne and scattered quantities of silver nuts, almonds, and other fruit among his great men, who scrambled for them "prostrate on their bellies." Finding that the ambassador did not think it seemly to join in the sport, his majesty beckoned to him to approach, and poured into his cloak a whole basinful of the goodly fruit; but the nobles clustering about the fortunate receiver, immediately robbed him of two-thirds of his present. On examining what remained; however, he was reconciled to his loss by finding the silver so thin that according to his own calculation all he had at first received could not have been worth more than £6.

CHAPTER II

THE ROMANCE OF INDIAN HISTORY

(1) Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni and the Temple of Somnath

(From Ferishta's *History*, translated by General Briggs.)

In the year of the Hegira 415 (A.D. 1024) Mahmud assembled a force for an expedition to Balkh, to expel Allytuggeen from Transoxiana. Having succeeded in this object, he directed his march to the temple of Somnath, in the province of Guzerat, abounding in riches and the resort of devotees who not only believed that souls after death went before Somnath, who adjudged the modes of their transmigration, but also that the ebb and flow of the tides denoted the obedience of the ocean to his shrine. Mahmud accordingly marched from Ghazni with his army; he crossed the desert from Muttan, sacked Ajmere, laid the adjacent country waste, and by rapid marches reached Somnath without opposition. Here he beheld a fortification on a narrow peninsula, washed on three sides by the sea, on the battlements of which appeared a host of people, who, by a herald, proclaimed to him that their great idol Somnath had drawn

the Mohammedans thither to blast them in a moment, and thus effect the destruction of the gods of India.

The Mohammedan troops, advancing to the walls of the city, commenced the assault the morning after their arrival. The battlements were in a short time cleared by the archers, and the Hindus, astonished and dispirited, crowded into the temple, and prostrating themselves before the idol, in tears implored its aid. The Mohammedans, seizing this opportunity, applied their scaling ladders to the walls, which they mounted, shouting "God is great!" The Hindus, urged by despair, returning to the defence of their works, made so spirited a resistance that the Mohammedans were forced to retire. Next morning, the assault was renewed, but as fast as the besiegers scaled the walls, they were hurled down headlong by the besieged, and the second attempt was less successful than the first. On the third day an army appeared to relieve the city, or reinforce the garrison, and Mahmud, leaving a detachment to keep up the siege, engaged this new enemy in person.

The action was a severe one, and the result was long doubtful. Mahmud, perceiving his troops waver, leaped from his horse, and, prostrating himself before God, implored the divine assistance. Then cheering his troops on, they rushed with a loud shout upon the enemy. The line was broken by the Moslems; 5000 Hindus fell; the rout became general; and the garrison of Somnath, beholding the

defeat, abandoned the place, escaping in boats, many of which were, however, captured and destroyed.

Mahmud now entered Somnath, accompanied by his sons and a few of his nobles. On approaching the temple, he saw a superb edifice, built of hewn stone; its lofty roof was supported by fifty-six pillars, curiously carved and set with precious stones. In the centre of the hall was Somnath, a stone idol, five yards in height, two of which were sunk in the ground. The King, approaching the image, raised his mace and struck off its nose. He ordered two pieces of the idol to be broken off and sent to Ghazni, that one might be set at the threshold of the chief mosque, and the other at the door of his own palace. While Mahmud was thus employed in destroying this idol, a crowd of Brahmins petitioned his attendants, and offered a quantity of gold if the King would desist from further mutilation. His officers endeavoured to persuade him to accept the money, for they said that breaking one idol would not do away with idolatry altogether; that therefore it could serve no purpose to destroy the image entirely; but that such a sum of money given in charity among true believers would be a meritorious act. The King acknowledged there might be reason in what they said, but replied that if he should consent to such a measure his name would be handed down to posterity as "Mahmud the idol-seller," whereas he was desirous of being known as "Mahmud the De-

stroyer"; he therefore directed the troops to proceed in their work. The next blow broke open the belly of Somnath, which was hollow, and discovered a quantity of diamonds, rubies, and pearls, of much greater value than the amount which the Brahmins had offered.*

On his return Mahmud was misled by a Hindu guide into a sandy desert, where many of his troops died raving mad from the heat and thirst. Mahmud suspected his guide, and having put him to the torture, extracted a confession that he was one of the priests of Somnath, who to revenge the injuries done to the temple, had thus endeavoured to ruin its destroyer. After much trouble Mahmud and his army again found the right road.

(2) The Emperor Jahangir and his favourite wife Nur Jahan

(From Stewart's *History of Bengal.*)

About twenty years before this period (A.D. 1606) Chaja Aiass, a native of western Tartary, left that country to push his fortunes in Hindustan. He was descended from an ancient and noble family fallen into decay. Falling in love with a young woman as poor as himself, he married her; but he found it difficult to provide for her the very necessaries of life. Reduced to the last extremity, he turned his thoughts

* This incident has been versified by James Russell Lowell in his poem "Mahmud the Image-breaker."

upon India, the usual resource of the needy Tartars of the North. His all consisted of one sorry horse, and a very small sum of money which had proceeded from the sale of his other effects. Placing his wife upon the horse he walked by her side. She happened to be with child and could ill endure the fatigue of so great a journey. Their scanty pittance of money was soon expended; they had even subsisted for some days upon charity when they arrived on the skirts of the Great Desert which separates Tartary from India. No house was there to cover them from the inclemency of the weather; no hand to relieve their wants. To return, was certain misery; to proceed, apparent destruction.

They had fasted three days; to complete their misfortunes, the wife of Aiass was taken in labour. She began to reproach her husband for leaving his native country for the imaginary prospect of wealth in a distant land. In this distressed situation she brought forth a daughter. They remained in that place for some hours in the vain hope that travellers might pass that way. They were disappointed; human feet seldom tread these deserts. The sun declined apace; they feared the approach of night; the place was the haunt of wild beasts; and should they escape their hunger, they must fall by their own. Chaja Aiass, in this extremity having placed his wife on the horse, found himself so much exhausted that he could scarcely move. To carry the child was impossible; the mother

could not even hold herself fast on the horse. A long contest began between humanity and necessity; the latter prevailed, and they agreed to expose the child on the highway. The infant, covered with leaves, was placed under a tree; and the disconsolate parents proceeded in tears.

When they had advanced about a mile from the place and the eyes of the mother could no longer distinguish the solitary tree under which she had left her daughter, she gave way to grief, and throwing herself from the horse on the ground, exclaimed, "My child! My child!" She endeavoured to raise herself; but she had no strength to return. Aiass was pierced to the heart. He prevailed upon his wife to sit down; he promised to bring her the infant. He arrived at the place. No sooner had his eyes reached the child than he was almost struck dead with horror. A black snake was coiled around it; and Aiass beheld him extending his fatal jaws to devour the infant. The father rushed forward; the serpent, alarmed at his vociferations, retired into the hollow tree. He took up his daughter unhurt, and returned to the mother. He gave her child into her arms, and as he was informing her of the wonderful escape of the infant, some travellers appeared, and soon relieved them of all their wants. They proceeded gradually on their way and came to Lahore.

The Emperor Akbar, at the arrival of Aiass, kept his court in that city. Asuf Khan, one of that monarch's principal officers, attended then

the royal presence. He was a distant relative to Aiass, and received him in a friendly way, making him his secretary. Aiass soon recommended himself to Asuf in that office; and by some accident his diligence and ability attracted the notice of the Emperor, who raised him to the command of a thousand horse. He became in process of time master of the household; and his genius being even greater than his good fortune, he raised himself to the position of Iatimad-ud-Dowlah, or High Treasurer of the Empire. Thus he who had almost perished through want in the desert, became, in the space of a few years, the first subject in India.

The daughter who had been born to Aiass in the desert received, soon after his arrival at Lahore, the name of Mihr-un-Nisa, or the "Sun of women." She had some right to the appellation, for in beauty she excelled all the ladies of the East. She was educated with the utmost care and attention. In music, in dancing, in poetry, in painting she had no equal among her sex. Her disposition was volatile, her wit lively and satirical, her spirit lofty and uncontrolled. Selim, the Prince royal, one day visited her father. When the public entertainment was over and wine was brought on the table, the ladies, according to custom, were introduced in their veils. The ambition of Mihr-un-Nisa aspired to a conquest of the prince. She sang—he was in raptures; she danced—he could hardly keep his place. When his eyes seemed to devour her, she, as if by accident, dropped her

veil, and shone upon him at once with all her charms. He was silent for the remaining part of the evening. She endeavoured to confirm by her wit the conquest which the charms of her person had made.

Selim, distracted with his passion, knew not what course to take. Mihr-un-Nisa had been betrothed by her father to Aly Shere Afgun, a Turkoman nobleman of great renown. Selim applied to his father Akbar, who sternly refused to commit a piece of injustice, though in favour of the heir of his throne. The prince retired abashed, and Mihr-un-Nisa became the wife of Shere Afgun. The latter, however, suffered in his prospects for not having made a voluntary resignation of the lady to the enamoured prince. Though Selim durst make no open attack upon his fortunate rival during the life of Akbar, men in office worshipped the rising sun, and slighted Shere Afgun. He became disgusted and left the court of Agra. He retired into the province of Bengal and obtained from the Subadar of that country the governorship of the district of Burdwan.

The passion for Mihr-un-Nisa which Selim had repressed from respect to his father, returned with redoubled violence when he himself mounted the throne of India. He was now absolute ; no subject could thwart his will and pleasure. He recalled Shere Afgun from his retreat. He was afraid, however, to go so much against the current of public opinion as to deprive the governor of his wife. Shere was in-

flexible; no man of honour in India can part with his spouse and retain his life. His incredible strength and bravery had rendered Shere extremely popular. He was naturally high-spirited and proud, and it was not to be expected that he would yield to indignity and public shame. His family and reputation were high. Born of noble parents in Turkestan, he had spent his youth in Persia, and had served with distinction Shah Ismael, the third of the Sufi dynasty. His original name was Asta Jillo, but having killed a lion, he was dignified with the title of Shere Afgun, or the overthrower of the lion. Under the latter name he became famous in India. In the wars of Akbar, he had served with great reputation. Preferments had been heaped upon him, and he was highly esteemed at court, during the life of Akbar, who loved in others that daring intrepidity for which he himself was renowned.

Jahangir kept his court at Delhi when he summoned Shere Afgun there. He received him graciously and conferred new honours upon him. Shere Afgun, naturally open and generous, suspected not the Emperor's intentions. Time, he thought, had erased the memory of Mihr-un-Nisa from Jahangir's mind. He was deceived. The monarch was resolved to remove his rival; but the means he used were at once foolish and disgraceful. He appointed a day for hunting; and ordered the haunt of an enormous tiger to be explored. News was soon brought that a tiger of extraordinary size had been discovered

in the forest of Nidarbari. This savage beast, it was said, had carried off many of the largest oxen from the neighbouring villages. The Emperor directed his march thither, attended by Shere Afgun and several thousands of his principal officers with all their trains. Having, according to the custom of the Mogul Tartars, surrounded the ground for many miles, they began to move towards the centre on all sides. The tiger was roused. His roaring was heard on all sides, and the Emperor hastened to the place.

The nobles being assembled, Jahangir called aloud, "Who among you will advance singly and attack this tiger?" They looked on one another in silence; then all turned their eyes on Shere Afgun. He seemed not to understand their meaning. At length three officers started forth from the circle, fell at the Emperor's feet and begged permission to try singly their strength against the formidable animal. The pride of Shere Afgun rose. He had imagined that none durst attempt a deed so dangerous. He hoped, that, after the refusal of the nobles, the honour of the enterprise would devolve in course on his hands. But three had offered themselves for the combat, and they were bound in honour to insist on their prior right. Afraid of losing his former renown, Shere Afgun began to speak thus in the Emperor's presence: "To attack an animal with weapons is both unmanly and unfair. God has given to man limbs and sinews as well as to tigers; He has

added reason to the former, to direct his strength." The other nobles objected in vain, saying that "all men were inferior to the tiger in strength, and that he could only be overcome with steel." "I will convince you of your mistake," Shere Afgun replied; and throwing down his sword and shield, prepared to advance unarmed.

Though the Emperor was secretly pleased with a proposal full of danger to Shere Afgun, he made a show of dissuading him from the enterprise. Shere, however, insisted. The monarch, with feigned reluctance, yielded. Men knew not whether most to admire the courage of the man or to exclaim against his rashness. Astonishment was painted in every face; every tongue was silent. After a long and obstinate struggle with the tiger, Shere Afgun prevailed, and though mangled with wounds himself, laid at last the beast dead at his feet.

The fame of Shere was increased; and the designs of the Emperor failed. But the determined cruelty of the latter stopped not here, other plans were contrived against the unfortunate Shere.

He had scarcely recovered from his wounds, when he came to pay his respects at court. He was caressed by the Emperor, and he suspected no guile. A snare, however, was prepared for him. Jahangir had given private orders to the rider of one of his largest elephants to waylay his rival in one of the narrow streets, when he

should next return to court, and there to tread him to death. As accidents of that kind sometimes happen, when those animals get excited, the matter might have passed without suspicion. Shere was being carried in his palanquin when he met the elephant. He gave orders to the bearers to return back, as the elephant came on. They threw the palanquin with their master down in the street, and fled to save their lives. Shere saw his danger. He had just time to rise. He drew a short sword which always hung by his side; with this weapon he struck the elephant across the root of the trunk, which he cut off with one blow. The animal roared, turned from him, fell down, and expired. The Emperor beheld the scene from a window, and retired with amazement and shame. Shere continued his way to the palace. Without any suspicion of treachery he related the particulars to Jahangir. The latter disguised his feelings, but relinquished not his designs. He praised the strength and valour of Shere, who retired satisfied and unsuspecting from his presence.

Whether the Emperor endeavoured to conquer his passion for Mihr-un-Nisa, or felt remorse for his own behaviour, is uncertain, but for the space of six months no further attempts were made against the life of Shere, who now retired to the capital of Bengal. Absolute monarchs, however, are never without men who flatter their worst passions and administer to their most pernicious pleasures. Kuttab, subadar of Bengal, was one of these. To ingratiate

himself with the Emperor, he hired forty ruffians to attack and murder Shere, whenever an opportunity should offer. Shere was apprised of the intentions of Kuttab. He continued within doors; but such was his confidence in his own strength and valour that at night he would not permit his servants to remain in his house. They, according to custom, retired each to his own home. An old porter only remained of the men servants, under the same roof with Shere. The assassins were no strangers to a circumstance common in India. They made their observations upon the house. They found that there was a room on the right hand, by the principal door, which Shere used as a writing-chamber. This room communicated, by a narrow passage, with the sleeping apartments. When it was dark they took advantage of the old porter's absence, and stole undiscovered into the house.

The principal door being bolted at the usual hour, Shere and his family went to bed. Some of the assassins, when they thought he had fallen asleep, stole silently into his apartment. They prepared to plunge their daggers into his body, when one of them, who was an old man, being touched with remorse, cried out with a loud voice, "Hold! have we not the Emperor's orders? Let us behave like men. Shall forty fall upon one and that one asleep?"

"Boldly spoken," said Shere, starting that instant from his bed. Seizing his sword he placed himself in a corner of the room. There

he was attacked by the assassins. In a few minutes many of the villains lay weltering in their blood at his feet. Scarce one-half escaped without a wound. The old man who had given him warning did not attempt to fly. Shere took him by the hand, praised and thanked him for his behaviour and, having inquired about those who had hired the assassins, dismissed him with handsome presents, to relate the particulars abroad.

The fame of this gallant exploit resounded throughout the whole empire. Shere could not stir abroad for the mob who pressed round him. He, however, thought proper to retire to his old residence at Burdwan. He hoped to live there in obscurity and safety with his beloved Mihr-un-Nisa. He was deceived. The governor of Bengal had received his post for the purpose of removing the unfortunate Shere, and he was not ungrateful. After deliberating with himself about the means he at last fell upon an effectual expedient. He resolved with a great retinue to make the tour of the dependent provinces. In his route he came to Burdwan. He made no secret to his principal officers that he had the Emperor's orders for dispatching Shere. The latter, hearing that the governor was entering the town, mounted his horse, and with two servants only went to pay his respects. The governor received Shere with affected politeness. They rode for some time, side by side, and their conversation turned upon indifferent affairs. The governor suddenly

stopped. He ordered his state elephant to be brought, and mounted it under a pretence of appearing with becoming pomp in the city of Burdwan. Shere stood still, while the governor was ascending, and one of the pikemen, pretending that Shere was in the way, struck his horse and began to drive it before him. Shere was enraged at the affront. He knew that the pikeman durst not have used that freedom without his master's orders; he saw plainly that there was a design laid against his life. He turned round upon the pikeman and threatened him with instant death. The latter fell on the ground and begged for mercy. Swords were drawn. Shere had no time to lose. He spurred his horse up to the elephant on which the governor was mounted, and having broken down the amari or castle, cut him in two. He then turned his sword on the other officers. The first that fell by his hands was Aba Chan, a native of Cashmire. Four other nobles shared the same fate. A death followed every blow from the hand of Shere. The remaining chiefs fled to a distance and formed a circle round him. Some began to gall him with arrows, others to fire with their muskets. His horse at length being shot with a ball in the forehead, fell under him. The unfortunate Shere, reduced to the last extremity, began to upbraid them with cowardice. He challenged them severally to single combat, but in vain. He had already received some wounds and plainly saw his approaching fate. Turning his face towards

Mecca he took up some dust with his hand, and for want of water threw it by way of ablution upon his head. He then stood up, seemingly unconcerned. Six balls entered his body in different places before he fell. His enemies had scarcely the courage to come near, till they saw him in the last agonies of death.

Mihr-un-Nisa was sent with all imaginable care to Delhi, but though she was received with great affection by Rokia Sultana Begum, the Emperor's mother, Jahangir refused to see her. Whether his mind was then fixed on another object, or remorse had taken possession of his soul, historians do not agree. Whatever the reason, he gave orders to shut her up in one of the worst apartments of the seraglio. He would not even deign to see her; and contrary to his usual munificence to women, he allowed her but fourteen annas, about two shillings of our money, a day, for the subsistence of herself and some female slaves. This coldness to a woman whom he passionately loved when not in his power, was at once unaccountable and absurd.

Mihr-un-Nisa was a woman of a haughty spirit, and could not brook this treatment. She gave herself up for some time to grief, as if for the death of her husband; but it was disappointment only that preyed upon her mind. She was at length reconciled to her condition from a hope of an opportunity of rekindling the Emperor's former love. She trusted to the amazing power of her own beauty, which in order to conquer, required only to be

seen. The Emperor's mother, however, who was deeply interested for Mihr-un-Nisa, could not prevail upon her son to see her. He turned away from her in silence when she spoke of the widow of Shere. An expedient, however, suggested itself to Mihr-un-Nisa. To raise her own reputation in the seraglio, and to support herself and her slaves with more decency than the scanty pittance allowed her would admit, she called forth her invention and taste in working some admirable pieces of tapestry and embroidery, in painting silks with exquisite delicacy, and in devising female ornaments of every kind. These articles were carried by her slaves to the different apartments of the royal seraglio and to the harems of the great officers of the empire. The inventions of Mihr-un-Nisa excelled so much in their kind that they were bought with the greatest avidity. Nothing was fashionable among the ladies of Delhi and Agra but the work of her hands. She accumulated by these means a considerable sum of money, with which she repaired and beautified her apartments, and clothed her slaves in the richest tissues and brocades, while she herself affected a very plain and simple dress.

In this situation the widow of Shere continued four years without having once seen the Emperor. Her fame reached his ears from every apartment in the seraglio. Curiosity at length vanquished his resolution. He resolved to surprise her, and communicating his resolve to one, he suddenly entered her apartments,

where he found everything so elegant and magnificent that he was struck with amazement. But the greatest ornament of the whole was Mihr-un-Nisa herself. She reclined on an embroidered sofa in a plain muslin dress. Her slaves sat in a circle round her, at work, attired in rich brocades. She slowly arose in manifest confusion, and received the Emperor with the usual ceremony of touching first the ground, then her forehead with her right hand. She did not utter one word; but stood with her eyes fixed on the ground. Jahangir remained for some time silent. He admired her stature, her beauty, her grace, and did not for some time recover himself.

He at length sat down on the sofa and requested Mihr-un-Nisa to sit by his side. The first question he asked was, "Why this difference between the appearance of Mihr-un-Nisa and her slaves?" She very shrewdly replied, "Those born to servitude must dress as it shall please those whom they serve. These are my servants, and I alleviate the burden of bondage by every indulgence in my power. But I that am your slave, O Emperor of the Moguls, must dress according to your pleasure, and not my own." Though this answer was a kind of sarcasm on his behaviour, it was so pertinent and well turned that it greatly pleased Jahangir. His former affection returned with all its force, and the very next day public orders were issued to prepare a magnificent festival for the celebration of his nuptials with Mihr-un-Nisa. The

she was also changed by an edict into Nur-Mahal, or the "Light of the Seraglio." The Emperor's former favourites vanished before her; and during the rest of the reign of Jahangir, she bore the chief sway in all the affairs of the empire.

(3) Sivaji the Mahratta and Afzul Khan

(During the reign of the Emperor Aurangzeb a large army was sent against Sivaji, a Mahratta rebel chieftain, under the command of Afzul Khan.)

(From the *Asiatic Journal*, 1843.)

On the approach of this enemy, Sivaji, finding himself unable to repel force by force, affected the utmost alarm and sent the most submissive messages to the Mohammedan general, declaring that all he ventured to hope for was pardon, and that he would hasten to give himself up if he could be sure of a favourable reception. Afzul Khan, deceived by this feigned humility, deputed a Brahmin to reassure the penitent and to confirm him in his present dutiful disposition. But Sivaji had prepared a different employment for the messenger. In a private conversation he disclosed his real views, and represented that all that he had done or proposed to do was for the restoration of the Hindu people, and the exaltation of the Hindu faith, and that it particularly behoved his auditor as a Brahmin to assist in the holy work. This appeal to the esprit de corps of a Brahmin was irresistible. Afzul Khan's envoy entered into

all Sivaji's views, and joined him in a plot against his employer's life.

On his return to the Mohammedan camp he persuaded the general that Sivaji was only anxious for forgiveness, but that his terror was too great to allow him to surrender, and that nothing but the Khan's personal assurances would suffice to remove his apprehensions. The general was thus prevailed upon to consent to a private interview, which it was arranged should take place outside the fort in which Sivaji was residing. A suitable spot was accordingly cleared for the purpose, and a road was cut through the surrounding forest, by which the Khan, leaving the rest of his army some miles in the rear, advanced to the appointed spot with an escort of 1500 men. These also he was persuaded by his treacherous Brahmin counsellor to leave a few hundred yards behind, while he, clad in a thin muslin garment, without any other weapon than his sword, and attended only by a single armed follower, was carried forward in his palanquin to the pavilion where he was to be met by Sivaji.

The latter, in the meantime, put on a cotton dress to conceal the chain armour he wore underneath; in the right sleeve he hid a kind of crooked dagger, called a scorpion, and on the fingers of his left hand he fixed a weapon, peculiar to the Mahrattas, called a tiger's claw. It may be described as a small steel bar, about three inches long, having rings at the ends for the fore and little fingers to pass through, and

three curved blades projecting from it, which may be easily concealed in a half-closed hand. When fully equipped Sivaji entered his mother's apartment, and throwing himself at her feet, besought her blessing, as if he had been intent on some highly meritorious action.

All these preparations occupied so much time that Afzul Khan, who had arrived first at the place of rendezvous, began to express some impatience at the other's non-appearance; but at length a diminutive figure was seen to issue from the fort and approach the pavilion, but timidly and frequently stopping as if in doubt. The Mussulman general eyed his seemingly insignificant opponent with a smile of contempt, and in order to allay his evident dread, bade his own attendant fall back, but made no objection to Sivaji's follower, though the latter, agreeably to Mahratta fashion, carried two swords in his girdle. On coming up, Sivâji was received with the usual embrace, in the midst of which he seized him with his left hand, striking the steel claws into his bowels, and immediately followed up the attack with a blow from his dagger. The Khan, nevertheless, contrived to disengage himself, and to draw his sword; but Sivaji wrested the weapon from his hand, though he was prevented from dispatching him by being himself assailed by the Khan's before-mentioned attendant, who had run forward on seeing what was going on. The gallant devotedness of this faithful servant, who maintained an unequal contest with Sivaji

and his companion for some time before he fell, failed, however, to save his master's life, for while he was engaged in the scuffle some more of Sivaji's men came up and cut off the head of the wounded Khan. At this moment the sound of a horn was heard, and at the preconcerted signal a large detachment of Mahrattas, who had been placed in ambush, rushed upon the escort of the murdered general, while five guns were fired to announce to another concealed portion of Sivaji's force that they were to attack the main body of the Mohammedan army. The unsuspecting foes were so completely taken by surprise that resistance was scarcely thought of. They were scattered in irretrievable disorder over the country, and a large booty in treasure, horses, and camels fell into the hands of the conquerors.

CHAPTER III

THE BRITISH RAJ*

(1) Growth of British Rule

(From Sir Herbert Edwardes' *Our Indian Empire.*)

THE Charter of the "Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies" was signed by Queen Elizabeth on the last day of the sixteenth century.

On the 22nd of April, 1601, their first fleet set forth. It was commanded by Captain Lancaster, and consisted of four ships and a pinnace.

As that tiny fleet spread its canvas to the wind, and left the little harbour of Torbay, what mariner among them, or what statesman on the shore was bold enough to dream that they were carrying out the anchor of the British Indian Empire? Yet so it proved; and who that looks at the relations of the two countries to-day, what subject, Hindu or Mohammedan or Sikh, what foreigner of Europe, could possibly believe that we went not to the East for Empire, if history did not establish beyond dis-

* Rule.

pute that we went simply for cinnamon and cloves, for pepper, capsicum and ginger, for ebony and pearls and precious stones, for what Asia grew and Europe wanted; in short, for honest commerce?

For the first ten or twelve years the new English company confined their trade to the isles in the Eastern seas; after, they extended their trade to the mainland, and in 1613 obtained leave from the Emperor Jahangir to establish factories at Surat, Cambay, and other places in Guzerat. This was the first footing of the English on the continent of India.

In 1615 King James I sent Sir Thomas Roe as ambassador to the Delhi Court, where he stayed three years, negotiating a treaty of commerce. He was treated not only with respect but familiarity, and was courteously forced to sit night after night in the Imperial Circle, while the great Mogul, on a gorgeous throne of diamonds and rubies, and his chosen courtiers round him all got drunk. Nor was this the Emperor Jahangir's only departure from the Koran, for he wore on his rosary images of Our Saviour and the Virgin Mary, which he had got from the Portuguese Jesuits; and he permitted two of his own nephews to become Christians.

In the end Jahangir granted to Sir Thomas Roe, in 1618, leave to the English to have factories in Bengal, and all parts of the Mogul dominions; and this we may consider the point of departure of the British power in India.

The succeeding steps were slow and gradual, but as inevitable as any law of natural development, from the internal decadence of the Mogul Empire.

Factories once established it became necessary to guard the goods and treasures and lives which they contained, both against European rivals and the rapacious chiefs of the country. Hence came first fortified factories, and servants armed and trained, and then Presidency towns with fortifications round them, and a mongrel military establishment within, made up of English idlers, French, Dutch, or Portuguese deserters and half-caste native Christians. Then followed alliances with one chief to render mutual defence against another. Then oppressions by Viceroys in defiance of the weak and distant Emperor on the throne; and out of these claims for compensations and negotiations at the Court.

Sometimes an English physician, a Boughton or a Hamilton, would heal a daughter of the Emperor (1642), or the Emperor himself (1715), and generously ask as his reward increased commercial privileges for his countrymen, or leave to purchase lands.

Sometimes the empire would be desolated by invasions; a Nadir would massacre 100,000 citizens of Delhi, and carry away £30,000,000 of plunder (1739); or the Mahrattas, rising against the Moguls, would sweep like locusts over Bengal and force Viceroys to bid the English strengthen their position.

Soon the great Mogul Empire itself broke up, and the provinces from Persia to the Indian Ocean became one vast scramble among the Viceroys and the races. Then, to complete the anarchy of India, war broke out in Europe, and the French and English merchants flew at each other's throats and factories and settlements. The French had two very remarkable men in India then, Labourdonnais and Dupleix, and both of the stuff that pioneers are made of.

These Frenchmen were the first to conceive the notion of building up a European power on the continent of India. And the subtle genius of Dupleix was the first to devise the plan of mounting to an Indian throne on the shoulders of the Indian chiefs and people. It was he who first trained sepoys under European officers to eke out a scanty and costly European force. And it was he who first set the example of mixing in the quarrels of the native Viceroys and making a handful of foreigners the arbiters of the Eastern dynasties.

The English at this crisis would unquestionably have been driven out of India by these great Frenchmen and their allies if they too had not produced their *man*. Robert Clive arose to save them. Equal to Labourdonnais in patriotism and to Dupleix in ambition, he was superior to them both in military genius, and that dauntless heart which masters men and circumstances. He perceived that the French and English could not exist together in India, and he never rested till the ambitious

fabric which the policy of Dupleix and the arms of the brave Bussy and De Lally had built up was humbled in the dust. Even then the English would have been content to go on trading, without dreaming of Empire, had the Viceroys of the Mogul been content to let them trade in peace. But the Governor of Bengal, a dissolute youth, named Suraj-ud-dowlah, hated the English and ordered them to throw down their fortifications—as a butcher might say to a lamb, "Give me your throat." The English merchants refused. Suraj-ud-dowlah and his mob of troops attacked and took the English factories of Cossim Bazaar and Calcutta, and thrust 146 Englishmen and women into a dungeon 18 feet by 14, on a sultry tropic night, to wait there while he slept.

All know the story of that "Black Hole," how mad the inmates grew, and by turns prayed for mercy or fought for water, or cursed the guards in hopes of being killed; and how when morning dawned and the Tyrant of Bengal awoke, twenty-three only crawled out alive. What wonder that Clive took revenge? What wonder that, when in the spring of 1757 Suraj-ud-dowlah once more moved out with 50,000 men and forty guns and a detachment of Frenchmen, to exterminate the English traders, and his own chief ministers made offers to betray the tyrant, Clive accepted their overtures?

With 3000 men and nine guns Clive crossed the river, and on the renowned field of Plassey unmade one Viceroy, made another, and estab-

lished the English as the source of power in Bengal. Here, then, we have the founding of our British Indian Empire.

The rest is only repetition: the piling of stone on stone; demands and grants of judicial powers; demands and grants of direct administration; political powers; political and commercial necessities; native aggressions; English defence; fresh conquest; onward moves; consolidation; government; expansion; empire. Thus the strange Eastern story runs, till those mighty rivers, the Irrawaddy, the Brahmapootra, the Ganges, and the Indus, probably for the first time in history, water one empire; and the shores of the Indian and Arabian seas, the barriers of the Soolimanee Mountains, and the far-off peaks of the Himalaya resound to the same thanksgiving.

It is, indeed, a wondrous thing this British Indian Empire; from north to south 1800 miles, from east to west 2000, with an area of 1,500,000 square miles, and a population of 200,000,000. I do not ask you to believe that all this has been got as Englishmen of our day would wish it had been got—without a stain or sin. Alas, it was not so! Some wars there *have* been on which truth will lay her pale reproving fingers and cry, "Shame, shame to England!" But, on the whole, I do give it you as my thankful and sincere belief that the Indian Empire of our country was not got by design or policy of ambition, but *was* got against

our will, in the face of repeated protests from home, contrary to the avowed policy of nearly every Governor-General, and, in a word, forced on us piecemeal in self-defence. Nor is this enough to say. For when we thus review the story of two centuries and a half and bring the beginning and the end in one *coup d'œil* before us, setting Captain Lancaster and his five little ships of 1601 beside the British India of our day, dull indeed must be the brain that is not struck with the utter inadequacy of the means employed to the results obtained; and dull indeed the heart that does not cry aloud, "This thing is of God."

(2) The Destiny of India

(From the same.)

India no doubt is a "very great bore in Parliament." It is so very far off and so hard to understand. And there is such a deal of home business to be done. But after wresting India from European rivals, and dethroning its native dynasties, and being masters of its destiny for a hundred years, and breaking down the coherence of its own native institutions and plunging it into a transition state of society, policy, and religion; after all this, to declare that the task was too great for us, and we must give it up; that we were very sorry for the mischief we had done, and the confusion we had introduced into the country, but it could not be helped now; we must go home again to Europe

and manage our own affairs, and only hoped the natives might be able to do the same; and all we could say was, that if ever they wanted any English broadcloths, or Sheffield cutlery, or pale ale, etc., we should always be happy to supply them at the lowest prices, and take cotton and indigo in return; and so, getting like cravens into our ships, turn our backs and leave that vast continent, with its millions still unfit for freedom, its upstart princes, and its contending creeds, to become again a very hell of anarchy and war. No, come what may, England will not do this! We may set that chance aside. There remains one other way of giving up our Indian Empire. Suppose there were to arise in the hearts of any number of our countrymen a strong conviction that India is a stewardship; that it could not have been *for nothing* that God placed it in the hands of England; that He would never have put upon two hundred millions of men the heavy trial of being subject to thirty millions of foreigners, merely to have their roads improved, their canals constructed upon more scientific principles, their letters carried by a penny post, their messages flashed by lightning, their erroneous notions of geography corrected; nor even to have their internal quarrels stopped and peace restored, and life in many ways ameliorated; that there must have been in India some far greater want than even these which England was needed to supply, and for which Portugal and France were not found worthy; and that

the greatest and oldest and saddest of India's wants is religious truth—a revelation of the real nature of the God whom for ages she has been "ignorantly worshipping."

Suppose this conviction were to work like leaven, and spread from home to home and gradually grow up into that giant thing that statesmen cannot hold—the public opinion of the land—what would be the consequence? Why this. The English people would resolve to do their duty. This battling, independent England, which has fought so hard to be allowed to govern herself, would do unto others as she has wished to be done by. This humbled England, which also fought so hard to withhold self-government from America, would recoil from another war of independence. This free and sympathising country which has now a heart for Italy and shouts across these narrower seas, "Italy for the Italians," would lift that voice still higher and shout across the world, "India for the Indians." In short, England, taught by both past and present, would set before her the noble policy of first fitting India for freedom, and then setting her free. Believe me, this is not merely a glorious dream. Do not dismiss it as a lofty but vain aspiration. Right is never too high, and unselfish hope is never vain. It may take years—it may take a century—to fit India for self-government, but it is a thing worth doing and a thing that may be done. It is a distinct and intelligible Indian policy for England to pursue—a way for both

countries out of the embarrassments of their twisted destinies.

(3) European treatment of the Natives

(From Sir John Malcolm's *Central India.*)

Our success and moderation contrasted with the misrule and violence to which a great part of the population of India have for more than a century been exposed have at this moment raised the reputation of the British nation so high that men have forgotten in the contemplation of the security and prosperity they enjoy under strangers their feelings of patriotism; but these are feelings which that very knowledge that it is our duty to impart must gradually revive and bring into action. The people of India must, by a recurring sense of benefits, have amends made them for the degradation of continuing subject to foreign masters; and this alone can be done by the combined efforts of every individual employed in a station of trust and responsibility to render popular a government which, though not national, has its foundations laid deep on the principles of toleration, justice, and wisdom. Every agent of government should study and understand the above facts. He should not content himself with having acquired a knowledge of the languages and of the customs of those with whom he has intercourse. All his particular acts (even to the manner of them) should be regulated by recurrence to the foundation of

our rule, and a careful observation of those principles by which it has been established and can alone be maintained. Of the importance of this I cannot better state my opinion than by expressing my full conviction that, independent of the prescribed duties which every qualified officer performs, there is no person in a situation of any consequence who does not, both in the substance and manner of his conduct, do something every day in his life which, as it operates upon the general interests of the empire through the feelings of the circle he controls or rules, has an unseen effect in strengthening or weakening the government by which he is employed.

The first and most important point is the manner of European superiors towards the natives. It would be quite out of place in this paper to speak of the necessity of kindness and of an absence of all violence; this must be a matter of course with those to whom it is addressed. There is much more required from them than that conciliation, which is a duty, but which, when it appears as such, loses half its effect. It must, to make an impression, be a habit of the mind, grounded on a favourable consideration of the qualities and merits of those to whom it extends; and this impression, I am satisfied, every person will have who, after attaining a thorough knowledge of the real character of those with whom he has intercourse, shall judge them, without prejudice or self-conceit, by a standard which is suited to

their belief, their usages, their habits, their occupations, their rank in life, the ideas they have imbibed from infancy, and the stage of civilisation to which the community as a whole are advanced. If he does so with that knowledge and that temper of mind which are essential to render him competent to form an opinion he will find enough of virtue, enough of docility, and disposition to improvement, enough of regard and observance of all the best and most sacred ties of society to create an esteem for individuals and an interest in the community which, when grounded on a sincere conviction of its being deserved, will render his kindness natural and conciliating. All human beings, down to the lowest links of the chain, inclusive of children, are quick in tracing the source of the manners of others, and, above all, of their superiors; when it is regulated by the head, not the heart; when it proceeds from reason, not from feeling, it cannot please, for it has in it, if at all artificial, a show of design which repels as it generates suspicion. When this manner takes another shape, when kindness and consideration appear as acts of condescension, it must be felt as offensive. Men may dread but can never love or regard those who are continually humiliating them by the parade of superiority.

I have recommended those foundations of manner towards the natives of India upon which I feel my own to be grounded. I can recollect (and I do it with shame) the period

when I thought I was very superior to those with whom my duty made me associate; but as my knowledge of them and of myself improved, the distance between us gradually lessened. I have seen and heard much of our boasted advantages over them, but cannot think that, if all the ranks of the different communities of Europe and India are comparatively viewed, there is just ground for any arrogant feeling on the part of the inhabitants of the former; nor can I join in that commonplace opinion which condemns in a sweeping way the natives of this country as men, taking the best of them, not only unworthy of trust and devoid of principle, but of too limited intelligence and reach of thought to allow of Europeans, with large and liberal minds and education, having rational or satisfactory intercourse with them.

Such impressions, if admitted, must prove vital to the manner of treating the natives of India; I shall therefore say a few words upon the justice of the grounds on which they rest. The man who considers them in this light can grant little or no credit to the high characters and the eulogies which are given to individuals and great bodies of men in their own histories, traditions, and records. He must then judge them by his own observations and knowledge, and his opinion will probably be formed not comparatively with Europeans of their own class of life, but with the public servants of government: a class of men who are carefully educated, whose ambition is stimulated by the

highest prospects of preferment, and whose integrity is preserved by adequate salaries through every grade of their service. Before this last principle was introduced (which is little more than thirty years) the European servants of government were in the habit of making money in modes not unsimilar to those we now reproach the natives in our employ with doing; and it may here be asked if the same endeavours have been made to alter the habits of the latter as the former. I believe the exact contrary to be the fact, and that the system since introduced has not operated more to elevate the European than to sink and depress the native character.

(4) A chapter in the history of "John Company"

(From Lord Macaulay's *Essays on Clive.*)

During the five years which followed the departure of Clive from Bengal, the misgovernment of the English was carried to a point such as seems hardly compatible with the very existence of society. The Roman proconsul who in a year or two squeezed out of a province the means of rearing marble palaces and baths on the shores of Campania, of drinking from amber, of feasting on singing birds, of exhibiting armies of gladiators and flocks of cameleopards; the Spanish viceroy who, leaving behind him the curses of Mexico or Lima, entered Madrid with a long train of gilded coaches, and of sumpter

horses trapped and shod with silver, were now undone. Cruelty indeed, properly so-called, was not among the vices of the servants of the Company. But cruelty itself could hardly have produced greater evils than sprang from their unprincipled eagerness to be rich.

The servants of the Company obtained, not for their employers, but for themselves, a monopoly of almost the whole internal trade. They forced the natives to buy dear and to sell cheap. They insulted with impunity the tribunals, the police, and the fiscal authorities of the country. They covered with their protection a set of native dependents who ranged through the provinces spreading desolation and terror wherever they appeared. Every servant of a British factor was armed with all the power of his master; and his master was armed with all the power of the Company. Enormous fortunes were thus rapidly accumulated at Calcutta while thirty millions of human beings were reduced to the extremity of wretchedness. They had been accustomed to live under tyranny, but never under tyranny like this. They found the little finger of the Company thicker than the loins of Suraj-ud-dowlah. Under their old masters they had at least one resource; when the evil became insupportable the people rose and pulled down the government. But the English Government was not so to be shaken off. That Government, oppressive as the most oppressive form of barbarian despotism, was strong with all the strength of civilisation. It

resembled the government of evil Genii, rather than the government of human tyrants. Even despair could not inspire the soft Bengalee with courage to confront men of English breed, the hereditary nobility of mankind, whose skill and valour had so often triumphed in spite of tenfold odds. The unhappy race never attempted resistance. Sometimes they submitted in patient misery. Sometimes they fled from the white man as their fathers had been used to fly before the Mahratta, and the palanquin of the English traveller was often carried through silent villages and towns, which the report of his approach had made desolate.

The foreign lords of Bengal were naturally objects of hatred to all the neighbouring powers, and to all the haughty race presented a dauntless front. Their armies, everywhere outnumbered, were everywhere victorious. A succession of commanders formed in the school of Clive still maintained the fame of their country. "It must be acknowledged," says the Mussulman historian of those times, "that the nation's presence of mind, firmness of temper, and undaunted bravery, are past all question. They join the most resolute courage to the most cautious prudence; nor have they their equals in the art of ranging themselves in battle array and fighting in order. If to so many military qualifications they knew how to join the arts of government, if they exerted as much ingenuity and solicitude in relieving the people of God, as they do in what-

ever concerns their military affairs, no nation in the world would be preferable to them or worthier of command. But the people under their dominion groan everywhere, and are reduced to poverty and distress. Oh God! come to the assistance of thine afflicted servants, and deliver them from the oppressions which they suffer."

It was impossible, however, that even the military establishment should long continue exempt from the vices which pervaded every other part of the Government. Rapacity, luxury, and the spirit of insubordination spread from the civil service to the officers of the army, and from the officers to the soldiers. The evil continued to grow till every messroom became the seat of conspiracy and cabal.

(5) A French view of the Indian Government

(From Darmesteter: *Lettres sur l'Inde.*)

The Government of India is one of the most striking things in the modern world. I have seen a boy of twenty-one governing without embarrassment and without effort a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, and I have admired him. I have travelled from Bombay to Delhi in forty-eight hours, a journey which would have taken the Grand Mogul two months to accomplish, and I have been grateful.

There are in the conquest of India by England two marvels, an apparent marvel and a real marvel. The apparent marvel is the fact of

the conquest itself. One recalls the hysterical phrases of Macaulay regarding "the traders greater than Alexander," etc. In the middle of the eighteenth century India, a chaos of mutually hostile nations and religions, none strong enough to subdue the others, exhausted by five Persian and Afghan invasions, lay a helpless prey for the first European who wanted it. When Aurangzib was at the height of his power, the physician Bernier wrote: "M. de Condé or M. de Turenne could conquer India with an army of twenty thousand." Sixty years later an army of three thousand would have been sufficient.

Dupleix discovered the two means of conquest—interference in the quarrels of native princes and the creation of a native army with European discipline. Betrayed by France, Dupleix lost the game; England had only to bring his political methods to bear. She ought to erect a statue to him at the India Office.

The method once discovered, the conquest of India was easy; it was merely a matter of a few skirmishes. The cheese merchants of Leadenhall Street, urged on by their Governor-General and impelled by circumstances, spent nearly a century over it. Dupleix, if he had been supported would have done it in twenty years. India is a land of rapid conquests, which are none the less durable, if the force which has won them remains there. Three victories enabled Baber to found the Mogul Empire which lasted three centuries.

The real marvel of the conquest is to be sought elsewhere; it lies in the method of government, the astonishing simplicity of ways and means. The backbone of the English Government is prestige; not the prestige of external and Oriental pomp, but the prestige of personal superiority. India is administered by two hundred provincial governors called Collectors or Deputy Commissioners, whose powers vary considerably according to the provinces over which they are placed, but they always carry with them sufficient arbitrary authority to meet all necessary emergencies. These men are not all great men nor geniuses; far from it, but they have all the imperial gift by nature and by tradition; by nature as Englishmen, that is to say as members of a race who prefer giving orders to receiving them; and by tradition, being adapted for this special task of governing a people, England has conferred on India the blessing she had never known before—peace. She has put an end to perpetual anarchy, foreign invasion, civil and religious conflicts, the war of every man against his brother; she has suppressed female infanticide, and the burning of widows; she has checked famines; she has covered India with a wonderful network of canals and railways.

All this India knows or feels. India, however, does not love the Englishman, which is only just, for the Englishman does not love India. The Englishman, the "sahib," is feared

and respected; it is much and it is also little. India fears him because she knows he is strong; a series of crushing defeats have taught her that she and her master are not on equal footing. She respects him because she believes in his word. She has little faith in the political honour of the "Sirkar,"* but she has faith in the personal honour and honesty of the Englishman. When the native has to choose between a native and an English judge, he does not hesitate, but chooses the Englishman.

I do not believe it is possible to find in a government by foreigners more conscientiousness, professional honour, and sincere desire to perform one's duty and to do good than is shown by the average English official in India. If there was a time when collectors with scanty official incomes retired as millionaires, "after shaking the pagoda tree," that is a matter of ancient history; and despite the few scandals which crop up from time to time there never was in the countries ruled by Rome, even under the Antonines, so much power and temptation together, with so little abuse of the former.

But these good masters lack the supreme gift, the only one which enables subject races to pardon the overwhelming superiority of their conquerors—the gift of sympathy. At the time of the conquest and till the mutiny there was a less wide gulf between Englishman and native. The mutiny coincided with the estab-

* Government.

lishment of lines of rapid navigation which soon put Bombay at sixteen days' distance from London. The old type of Anglo-Indian, who spent his whole life in India without ever going home, and who often lived like an Oriental with his native harem, found himself, so to speak, thrown out of India and brought close to Europe; the type exists no longer. The modern Anglo-Indian is an exile whose dream is to get back as soon as possible to his London club, who counts the days waiting for the three months' leave to which he is entitled every three years, and who, when once he has finished his daily task, whether he be judge, officer, collector, or chaplain, would die of ennui if he had not lawn-tennis, cricket, and sport.

(6) Relations between Europeans and Natives

(From Anderson: *The English in Western India.*)

All history teaches one certain truth, which is this, that between conquering and conquered peoples there must be mutual forbearance, frankness, and liberality, or there is no hope of permanence, much less of progress and improvement. Where these are wanting good policy, energy, and courage cannot long be of any avail. We may take a lesson from Sparta in ancient, and Spain in modern, times. The Spartans would admit no conquered people to the rights of naturalisation, and the consequence was that as their power spread the boughs soon became too heavy for the trunk, and it was

uprooted by a tempest. The Spaniards treated most illiberally the natives of South America, and consequently their conquered territories were wrested from them. Widely different was the manner in which the Romans discharged their duties towards the people whom they subdued. Whole families, cities, even nations were admitted to all the rights of Roman citizenship. Hence conquerors and conquered rose in company to greatness. Amalgamation like theirs cannot, indeed, take place between European and Oriental races; the example of the Portuguese has satisfied us that it is not desirable. But there can be no reason why there should not be mutual esteem and regard. These, however, can never be built up securely unless they have for a foundation growing intelligence, a more fervent and disinterested love of truth, a nobler morality, a juster appreciation of immutable principles than formerly distinguished natives or Europeans. When truth is represented on both sides with intellectual vigour as a living principle, natives will have a claim to receive, and Europeans will have a disposition to give, both political and social privileges. Then, indeed, we shall plant, and posterity shall gather greatness and happiness for both the English and the native multitudes of Hindustan.

CHAPTER IV

CAMP LIFE

(1) From "The Memoirs of John Shipp," 1829

(Enlisted in the 22nd Foot, 1797; obtained his commission for bravery; discharged from the service for libelling a superior officer; died 1834.)

ASSAULT ON BHURTPORE (RAJPUTANA), 1804

IMMEDIATELY behind me were pioneers carrying gabions and fascines to fill up any cavities we might meet with. The enemy did not discover our approach till within fifty paces of the ditch, when a tremendous cannonade and peals of musketry commenced; rockets were flying in all directions; blue lights were hoisted, and the fort seemed convulsed to its very foundation. Its ramparts seemed like some great volcano vomiting tremendous volumes of fiery matter; the roaring of the great guns shook the earth beneath our feet; their small arms seemed like the rolling of ten thousand drums, and their war-trumpets rent the air asunder. Men were seen skipping along the lighted ramparts, as busy as emmets collecting stores for the dreary days of winter.

We pushed on at speed, but were soon obliged to halt. A ditch, about twenty yards wide and

four or five deep, branched off from the main trench. This ditch formed a small island on which were posted a strong party of the enemy with two guns. Their fire was well directed, and the front of the column suffered severely. The fascines and gabions were thrown in, but they were as a drop of water in the mighty deep; the fire became hotter, and my little band of heroes plunged into the water, followed by our two companies, and part of the 75th Regiment. The middle of the column broke off and got too far down to the left; but we soon cleared the little island. We gained the breach, but imagine our surprise and consternation when we found a perpendicular curtain going down to the water's edge and no footing except on pieces of trees and stones that had fallen from above. This could not bear more than three men abreast, and if they slipped (which many did) a watery grave awaited them, for the water was extremely deep here.

Close on our right was a large bastion which the enemy had judiciously hung with dead underwood. This was fired, and it threw such a light upon the breach that it was as clear as noonday. They soon got guns to bear on us, and the first shot (which was grape) shot Colonel Maitland dead, wounded Major Campbell in the hip or leg, me in the right shoulder, and completely cleared the remaining few of my little party. We had at that moment reached the top of the breach, not more (as I before stated) than three abreast, when we found that

the enemy had completely repaired that part by driving in large pieces of wood, stakes, stones, bushes, and pointed bamboos, through the crevices of which was a mass of spears jobbing diagonally, which seemed to move by mechanism. Such was the footing we had, that it was utterly impossible to approach these formidable weapons; meantime small spears or darts were hurled at us; and stones, lumps of wood, stink-pots, and bundles of lighted straw thrown upon us.

In the midst of this tumult I got one of my legs through a hole, so that I could see into the interior of the fort. The people were like a swarm of bees. In a moment I felt something seize my foot: I pulled with all my might, and at last succeeded in dislodging my leg, but leaving my boot behind me. Our establishing ourselves on this breach in sufficient force to dislodge this mass of spearmen was physically impossible. Our poor fellows were mowed down like cornfields, without the slightest hope of success. The rear of the column suffered much, as they were within range of the enemy's shot. A retreat was ordered, and we were again obliged to take to the water, and many a poor wounded soldier lost his life in this attempt. Not one of our officers escaped without being wounded, and Lieutenant Creswell was almost cut to pieces.

SHIPP'S SINGLE COMBAT WITH A NEPAULESE OFFICER

At last some of their men began to give way, and as we were ascending rapidly, their commander, or one of their principal officers, attempted to rally them. Having succeeded in this attempt for the moment, the said officer had the impudence to attack and put His Majesty's liege subject, John Shipp, ensign on full pay and in the full vigour of his life and manhood, in bodily fear on the King's high hill of Muckwanpore on the afternoon of——I now forget the date, he so frightened me. He was a strong, powerful man, protected by two shields, one tied round his waist and hanging over his thighs as low as his knees, and the other on the left arm, much larger than the one round the waist. From this gentleman there was no escape; and, fortunately for me, I had my old twenty-fourther with me, which I had two or three days before put in good shaving order. With this I was obliged to act on the defensive till I could catch my formidable opponent off his guard. He cut, I guarded; he thrust, I parried; until he became aggravated, and set to work with that impetuosity and determination, pretty generally understood by the phrase "hammer and tongs," in the course of which he nearly cut my poor twenty-fourther in pieces.

At last I found he was winded; but I could see nothing of the fellow but his black face

peeping above one shield, and his feet under the other; so I thought I would give him a cut five across his lower extremities, but he would not stand still a moment. He cut as many capers as a dancing-master, till I was quite out of patience with his folly. I did not like to quit my man, so I tried other extremities; but he would not stand still for all I could do. At length I made a feint at his toes to cut them; down went his shield from his face to save his legs; up went the edge of my sword smack under his chin; in endeavouring to get away from which he threw his head back, which nearly tumbled off and down he fell; and I assure you, reader, I was not sorry for it, for he was a most unsociable neighbour. I don't know whether I had a right or not, but I took the liberty of taking his sword, gold crescent, turban chain, and large shield. The latter I sported on my left arm during the action, and it was fortunate for me that I did, for I found that the shield was ball-proof, and I should have been severely wounded, had I been deprived of this trophy.

A MIDNIGHT RECONNOITRE

(After the capture of Mundelurh, Shipp was directed to proceed alone at night to examine a distant temple, to ascertain if it was a safe asylum for the men.)

This temple stood at the end of a long street to which I was obliged to grope my way, guided only by the distant fired hut, or a peeping star. Why did the general send me alone? Because he knew I would go, and it was better to risk the life of one man than five hundred. I cannot say that I had any great penchant for this job, but off I marched without a murmur. It was the general's part to order, and my duty promptly and cheerfully to obey. The night being dark, and the dead and dying lying in all directions, it was no very enviable trip; but duty led me through every difficulty. My pace was slow and cautious; not quite so slow as the goose-step, but something near it. In each hand I had a pistol, and I kept one eye turned to the right and the other to the left, now and then stealing a glimpse to the front, but could not spare time to look behind me. Occasionally my pointed toe would come in contact with a dead body or wounded man. This created sensations by no means agreeable.

I had not proceeded far when some person seized my leg and said, "Who are you?" This a little startled me. I suddenly drew it away, and said I was his friend. "Then give me some water," said he, "for I am wounded." I felt

every inclination to render the poor creature this service, but it was quite impossible; so I passed on, but had hardly recovered from my fright when a large beam that was on fire fell with a tremendous crash, and several voices were heard and the sound of persons running from the place where the beam fell. I stopped for a moment to listen, but all was again quiet, and I moved on slowly till I reached the foot or steps of the temple, when I heard the tinkling of a small bell. I ascended the steps and reached the door, when I heard some person murmuring out his midnight prayers. I at last peeped in and discerned an aged priest prostrating himself on the ground before one of his gods. A small lamp was suspended from the ceiling. I entered and gave him the customary salute, but he had not the politeness to return it, but blew out the light, and ran out precipitately, and I followed him, having first minutely surveyed the temple. What the priest took me for I know not, but probably for a ghost, for he was out of the temple in a moment. I returned by the same streets I came down, but a little faster.

(2) Lieutenant Greenwood

(From a narrative of the late victorious campaign in Afghanistan under General Pollock.)

(Lieutenant Greenwood was an officer of H.M.'s 31st Foot, which regiment formed part of Colonel Bolton's brigade, which was sent up in the spring of 1842 to reinforce General Pollock. The latter had forced the Khyber Pass and relieved Jalalabad before this reserve could come up to join the main body of the force.)

ON THE MARCH TO JALALABAD (1842)

On the way we fell in with some sepoys and an old subadar, who joined us. I very narrowly escaped shooting a sepoy on this occasion, and had it not been for the old native officer, most assuredly I should have done so. I was crossing over the summit of a hill, close under which the firing was pretty sharp, when I observed a fellow whom I took to be a Khyberee pointing his gun over a rock on the next hill at something below. I immediately presented my Manton, and was just pulling the trigger on him when the subadar put his hand on my shoulder and exclaimed, "Sahib, sipahi hai." A sepoy it was sure enough, who had come from camp in his native dress, which made me take him for a Khyberee.

The camels were eventually covered and five Khyberees shot. They were very large and

ful men, and one of them made a desperate resistance. He got a ball in the leg which stopped his running; and he then threw down his jezail,* and drawing his long knife, stood at bay. The first sepoy who came to the spot he rushed at, making a desperate stab at him. Fortunately he missed his aim, the blade of the long knife passing under the Hindu's arm. The blow, however, knocked the sepoy down, but he immediately jumped on his legs, and seemingly forgetting he had his musket in his hands, picked up a large stone and hurled it at the Khyberee, who was in turn tumbled over by the blow. Jack Sepoy now seemed to recover his recollection, and stuck his bayonet immediately into the Afghan's body. To make sure work, I suppose, he fired his musket into him also. The muzzle being close to the man's body, the discharge blew a hole through him large enough to admit a man's arm and set fire to his clothes.

The slain were soon decapitated and the sepoys carried their heads into camp in triumph, stuck on the points of their bayonets. Among the Khyberees who fell was one woman who, I believe, was killed by accident. But she was fighting in company with the others, and a bag of bullets, I heard, was taken from her person. I asked a sepoy who was near, how was it that they killed women? "Sahib," said he, "she must have been killed by mistake; but

* Long musket.

as for males, I have lost twelve brethren in this cursed pass, and I would bayonet a Khyberee of a month old at his mother's breast."

Such a feeling among the soldiers was not to be wondered at. The Khyberees had mutilated and cut up those who had fallen into their hands in a most inhuman manner; and although their cruelty in torturing their victims was avoided by the British troops, it was not likely that their lives would be spared when the tables were turned upon them. Throughout the war, however, mercy and protection were extended to the females by all.

FEROCITY OF THE AFGHANS

There is a ferocity about the Afghans which they seem to imbibe with their mother's milk. One of the officers of the 9th Regiment related to me an occurrence which took place during the action when they forced the Khyber Pass. In storming one of the heights a colour-sergeant was killed, and from some cause or other his body was left where it fell. A soldier of the same corps, happening to pass some time after, saw a Khyberee boy, apparently about six years of age, with a large knife which his puny arm had scarcely sufficient strength to wield, engaged in an attempt to hack off the head of the dead sergeant. The young urchin was so completely absorbed in his savage task, that he heeded not the near approach of the

soldier, who coolly took him up on his bayonet and threw him over the cliff.

SCENE IN THE KOORD CABUL PASS

On entering the pass we were all struck with astonishment; we thought we had seen before as formidable places as could by any possibility exist, but they were absolutely nothing in comparison with this almost impregnable defile. It was only necessary to cast one glance at the stupendous heights which, towering to a vast height one over the other, commanded us in front, in the rear, and on both flanks, to make us feel our utter insignificance, and the weakness of human power where the strong hand of nature is stretched forth to arrest its progress. To mount these heights was next to an impossibility. One man on their summit was more than a match for five hundred in the narrow pass below. By a few strokes of a sledge-hammer on the enormous masses of rock, which, projecting over the pass, seemed to totter in mid air, whole battalions in an instant might have been overwhelmed in one common destruction.

The scene within the pass was of the most heartrending description. Elphinstone's army had suffered most dreadfully here, and the dead lay in heaps. They seemed, indeed, in some places to have been mowed down by whole battalions. They had been preserved in the snow, and their ghastly faces, often apparently

turned towards us, seemed to call upon their fellow-countrymen to revenge their fate.

On many of the bodies we found packets of letters in perfect preservation, and on one, evidently that of an officer, placed next his heart a small packet containing a long fair lock of woman's hair. Alas, some fond heart, no doubt, still aches for him, whose once manly form still lies unburied in this fatal pass! What a lesson for human pride was this. Some of England's best blood—the officer of rank, the private soldier, and the humble camp-follower, all lay here in one indistinguishable mass of slain.

THE LONG ARM OF THE SIRKAR*

After we had been at Cabul about a fortnight, a force of four companies of the 31st Regiment and of some detachments from the different native corps, was ordered one evening to be in readiness to march on the following morning into the city. The object was not stated, but we could form a pretty good idea of what we were to do and the result proved that our expectations were correct. We proceeded the next morning and blew up all the principal bazaars where Sir William McNaghten's head and others had been exposed, and set fire to the city in many places. The houses were, of course, gutted in a very short time, and bales of

* The British Government.

cloth, muslins, fur cloaks, blankets, and wearing apparel of every description were turned out and destroyed. Quantities of English belts and pouches, and a variety of other articles which they had taken from Elphinstone's force, were also discovered. Some of the men found a number of English cases of hermetically sealed grouse, and other meats, on which, as may be imagined, they had a fine feast. In blowing up the bazaars some of our officers and men received severe contusions from falling beams.

We continued the work of destruction till night closed upon us, and then returned to camp tired enough. Many of our men looked just like chimney sweepers from the fire and smoke. On succeeding days other parties were sent, and the city of Cabul, with the exception of the Bala Hissar and the Kuzzalbash quarter, was utterly destroyed and burnt to the ground. An immense deal of property was wasted; but we could not carry it away. The houses were nearly all built of dry, light wood, and when once a fire was kindled, it would have been impossible to stay the ravaging element. The conflagration lasted during the whole time we remained encamped in the vicinity; and we still saw it when entering the Koord Cabul Pass on our return. A large mosque which the Afghans had built in honour of their success over Elphinstone's army, and called the Feringees' mosque, was also blown up and destroyed.

CAMP LIFE

(3) Jottings from my Journal

(By a Medical Officer.)

ON THE BANKS OF THE INDUS

From April until October the heat of Sukkur is intense in the day-time; no sooner does the sun peep above the horizon than his power on the European is felt. This heat ever present is productive of great lassitude, loss of appetite, and proneness to disease; and daily it continues with little abated force until 9 p.m.

June came, and still nought but canvas afforded shelter to the right wing; for many days successively the thermometer reached 132°. The men were occupying one long low range of barracks. One by one the officers got under roofs, though such roofs as could be had were scarcely better protection; but he who could burrow in any old tomb in better preservation than the majority around and overrun by rats, was a lucky fellow, and forty or fifty rupees a month was readily asked and given for a receptacle of the dead in which to harbour the living.

Severe cases of fever occurred daily. The morning and evening reports chronicled fearful entries of sick into the European and native hospitals, and the volleys of the funeral party were heard at morning and evening; but by and by these became so frequent as to be dispensed with, and many a soldier was laid in his grave at Sukkur unknown to the mass

around him. The monotony was awful; there was nothing for us to do but look on and see others dying, and wonder when our own turns would come. Even the morning's ride, so healthful and exhilarating, could not be enjoyed, for the ground was so hard and stony that no horse with safety could gallop upon it.

Whilst encamped on the beach at Roree, it was a favourite recreation to cross the river and partake of the mess dinner of those who were deemed fortunate in being with the force. In a starry night, with the usual hot wind from the desert breathing sulphurously above the rocks and towering buildings behind the camp, the Indus nearly at its height and rushing with fearful velocity, a mess party had broken up, and three officers pushed into the river between Roree and Bukkur, in a small ship's jolly-boat. They shot past the fort, and each rowed with energy and they had almost reached the further shore when the tiny craft, caught in a boiling eddy, was upset. All being swimmers and good ones, too, each was for himself; but the river was treacherous; two reached the shore—the third and strongest swimmer was carried down. This was the first deep cause of gloom to a brigade which afterwards suffered so much.

The hospitals were crowded; medical aid became deficient, and ultimately absolutely wanting. The brigade was hurrying on towards annihilation, yet no chance of its relief. Officers had been running the gauntlet of the Belooch marauders, and seeking the climate of

the Himalayas or the sea breeze of Karachi; those who were left felt still more lonely, and all were aware that, had a handful of resolute Beloochees pounced upon Sukkur, little or no resistance could be made.

Many braved for a time the general despondency, but gave in one by one, struck down by a disease that came at a moment's warning and ran its course speedily. The messes began to keep their tables private; public nights were given up, and the table-chat became nightly more sombre, and ultimately gloomy. The universal feeling was one of grievance, and that forgotten and uncared for by those whose duty it was to send them relief, nought remained but to suffer on. The nightly mess-party was indeed a dull one to what it had once been, and the empty chairs of those who "had gone" (which were always kept in their places at table), vacant and gaunt, formed a dread chronicle of the few past months; and if one bolder than the rest ventured a song for the general good, it sounded along the pillared room unearthly and sepulchral, and no laugh of glee or meed of praise responded to the finished song.

It happened one evening when these feelings were predominant that by way of an attempt to instil some spark of mirth into his comrades, the president called upon one of the party for a song. The song chosen, though a trial to most to hear, was typical indeed of our condition, nor was it wonderful that ere the singer had

concluded the last stanza of "The Flowers of the Forest," a tear glistened for a moment in the eye of more than one:

"I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning;
And loud tempests storming before the mid-day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the sunny beams
Grow drumly and dark as it rowed on its way.
Oh, fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?
Oh why still perplex the poor son of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
For the flowers of the forest are a' wee'd away."

The few last words scarce came audible from the lips of him who sang, and the plaintive air died away like a requiem for the dead. The president's intention had been frustrated unwittingly, and he whose heart had been wrung by the decimation of his regiment turned away his head. One youth who had several times been supposed to be hopelessly sick, but whose reckless spirit had always returned with returning health, now seeing all around him vapid and dispirited, with a gleam of eye so unsettled as to be remarked, filled a glass and self-invited sang the following description of Indian life:

"We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare,
As they echo our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
Then stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis here the revival lies;
One cup to the dead already,
And hurrah! for the next that dies.

"Time was when we wept for others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Do the wives, the sisters, and mothers
Weep for those they may ne'er see again?
Come stand to your glasses steady,
The heartless is here the wise;
Once more to the dead already,
And hurrah! for the next that dies."

As he finished, he put the glass to his lips and drained it to the dregs. A ghastly look of horror prevailed all around at the impious invocation; far from its being relished, not a smile of thanks was seen on a single countenance; and I marked the deep-drawn sigh of the senior officer. I felt I had had enough and sought my solitary pillow.

(4) Captain Bellew

(From *Reminiscences of an Old Hand.*)

MARCHING AT DAWN

The officers, should they have retired late from the social board, have scarcely begun to feel the comforts of a snug bed, before they are reminded of the next day's move, by the hammering of tent-pins, the bubbling cry of camels, the Babel-tongues of camp-followers abusing the bullocks' and camels' relations past, present, and to come, to the third and fourth generations, and the dolorous and excruciating screech of the hackery-wheels (long strangers to the luxury of grease), early wending their slow way out of camp. This din increases in

intensity till the knocking, roaring, etc., often attain to such a pitch as would defy the somnolent powers of Baron Trench himself to contend with. The cry of the camel when kneeling down to be loaded is the most piteous and complaining that can be imagined.; and his melancholy sheepish visage, as he opens his huge mouth and bubbles out his water-bag is in strict keeping with it. Never, however, have I felt myself more thoroughly steeled against all compassionate emotion than when kept awake sometimes for three or four hours by these detestably noisy brutes: one absorbing feeling of rage and annoyance has often on these occasions filled my bosom, to which I have felt that nothing short of knocking half a dozen of them on the head with a tent-mallet could afford any sensible relief. A mere English reader may think this exaggeration and rhodomontade; but those who have enjoyed a camel serenade within six or eight feet of their pillows, when dying for a few hours' comfortable rest, will enter into the spirit of the remark and sympathise in the feelings it describes.

Sleep is perhaps at last obtained, but not long enjoyed, ere a gentle shake of the shoulder and the announcement of "Pahla tambur baja, sahib" ("The first drum has beaten, sir") from the bearer or valet, gives the drowsy sub to understand that it is nearly time to turn out. He again rolls himself up in his warm coverlet, like some chilly denizen of a menagerie, determined to make the most of the brief interval

of rest. Transient is the pleasure; another short nap is thus rudely disturbed, "Sahib, sahib, the 'generale' is beating—the colonel's a-horse; the men are moving." There is no resisting this. The sorrowful sub springs from his cot, and after a cold and rapid dabble, dons his military trappings and through the moving mass of baggage spurs away to join his company.

It is still night, but the darkness is relieved by the starry canopy above. A long dusky line, the occasional rattle of a musket, and the friendly greetings, or it may be fightings, of sundry horses belonging to the officers and a subdued murmur from many voices, indicate the battalion under arms and ready to move. "Shoulder arms!" "Slope arms!" "Quick march!" "Right shoulders forward!" roars the commandant. "Bom Mahadeo! Jai Juggernath Swami!" shout the sepoys; and all are fairly in motion for the new ground. If the weather is cold, its benumbing effects are apparent in both officers and men, who generally plod along in moody silence till the dawn appears. The sepoy is, however, a remarkably cheerful fellow, and has much fun in his composition. If the weather is genial, jokes are bandied from one to the other, or some good-humoured and consenting butt, the pet of the company, has many a joke cracked at his expense, which elicits shouts of laughter from his comrades.

On plods the regiment through the stilly land,

whose teeming population is buried in repose; the yell of the jackal or the distant baying of village dogs, or the melancholy note of the plover comes wafted on the wind. At length the chill approach of the wished-for dawn is experienced, and the star of morning glows with that peculiar lustre which she is wont to assume in India over the slowly reddening East. Objects now become distinct, the country unfolds itself, and officers and men all exhibit the gladdening effects of the change.

As the regiment approaches the ground of its encampment, the faint but rapid beats of a little drum or tom-tom are heard. This soon becomes more distinctly audible, and is joyously welcomed by many a shout; it proceeds from the regimental fakir, who invariably plants himself on the roadside near the entrance of the camp, and announces with his drum and voice the approaching termination of the morning's toil. There are commonly a couple of these worthies with a native regiment—a sort of dervish for the Mohammedans and a guru for the Hindus—who are very important characters in their way, as necessary an appendage to a native battalion as a piper to a Highland regiment. Some of them affect the buffoon, others the saint, and some are a compound of both. These men usually address the sepoys as their "babas" or children, and adopt a very patronising tone towards them, which is highly enjoyed. As the regiment passes, cowries and pice are thrown on their outspread "chadars"

or sheets, whilst in gratitude for such largesse, they shout the praises of the colonel, officers, and men in somewhat such language as the following, "Victory! Victory! my lord Colonel, Sahib Bahadur! Success to the majors and captains and lieutenants, and all the high and mighty 'sahiban alishan' (distinguished gentlemen). May the Company Angrez bahadur's raj (government) endure for ever. In the name of Allah and the Prophet give charity to your fakir."

The tents, which are ranged in rows, agreeably to the several ranks of the occupants, are generally found pitched, where circumstances will allow of it, in some grove of mango and tamarind trees, each of which generally becomes the centre of a group of servants or camp-followers, who eat, talk, sing, and finally sleep round it: The camp exhibits in the day an animated scene of cooking, nursing, rubbing down horses, etc., and at night resounds with singing and tom-toming. After the regiment is dismissed and the guards posted, the officers breakfast, smoke their hookahs, and devote the remainder of the day to reading, sporting, or sketching.

(5) Van Orlich

The return of General Sale's brigade from Afghanistan.

THE RETURN OF GENERAL SALE'S BRIGADE FROM AFGHANISTAN

The army of reserve lined the road on both sides and close to the bridges stood two hundred elephants richly trapped and painted. On Lord Ellenborough's approach these sagacious animals saluted him by kneeling down and raising their trunks in the air, a mark of respect which they had been taught by their mahouts. The bridges were adorned with flags and streamers, and at the side of one of them a gallery was erected, under which we took our places. Several Indian princes, and many ladies on elephants and on horseback, imparted a picturesque charm to the scene.

At eight o'clock General Sale's brigade defiled, the bands playing "God save the Queen," amid the thunder of the artillery and the enthusiastic cheers of the army. A joyous sensation pervaded the whole assembly when the officers and soldiers, led by the heroine of the day, Lady Sale, mounted on a magnificent elephant, saluted their friends. The brave warriors who followed showed not a trace either of the privations of a protracted siege or the fatigues of a long march. In the rear of the troops came the baggage, the whole presenting the most strange, but most faithful picture of a march of crusaders. Invalids mounted on ele-

phants and camels, and others more seriously ill in palanquins or doolies; camels, oxen, and asses heavily laden; here an Afghan female closely veiled, with trellis embroidery before her eyes, and wrapped in a white robe which merely exposed her small feet covered with gold-embroidered slippers; there a mother with her child on a camel; children on ponies fondling a cat or dog, or watching pigeons or fowls in baskets; fettered game-cocks and fighting rams; men, women, and children in the strangest costumes; Afghan chiefs with their families; merchants and servants of the most diverse nations and professions; flocks of sheep and goats and wagons drawn slowly by oxen. The passage of this motley train of one brigade across both the bridges lasted full four hours.

CHAPTER V

CANTONMENT LIFE

(1) Cantonment and City

(From W. H. Russell: *My Diary in India.*)

You find by degrees that an Indian station consists of two parts: the cantonments of the Europeans, the native city and bazaar. The West and East end are far apart, separated by a waste common, or by fields or gardens. Belgravia is not so much removed from Houndsditch in feeling, modes of life and thought, as our Western station from our Eastern bazaar. There is no bond of union between the two in language, in faith, or nationality. The west rules, collects taxes, gives balls, drives carriages, improves its roads, builds its theatres, forms its Masonic lodges, holds "cutcherry" (the courts), and drinks its pale ale. The east pays taxes in the shape of what it eats grown on taxed land: grumbles, propagates, squabbles, sits in its decaying temples, haunts its rotting shrines, washes in its failing tanks, and drinks its semi-putrid water. Between the two there is a great gulf fixed; to bridge it over is the work reserved for him who shall come to stabilitate our empire in the East, if ever he comes at all.

The European station is laid out in large rectangles formed by wide roads. The native city is an aggregate of houses perforated by tortuous paths, so that a plan of it would resemble a section of worm-eaten wood. The Europeans live in detached houses, each surrounded by walls enclosing large gardens, lawns, out-offices. The natives live packed in squeezed-up tenements, kept from falling to pieces by mutual pressure. The handful of Europeans occupy four times the space of the city which contains tens of thousands of Hindus and Mussulmans. The sole mark of the rule of the former which exists in the latter is apparently a large native house, from the top of which floats a flag, and in front of which is a group of natives in blue cotton tunics with red piping and tulwars (swords) by their sides. They are the police, and the house is the Kotwalee, or residence and office of the native mayor or Kotwal. The Russianised air of our stations particularly strikes me; and from what I can hear of the Muscovite cantonments in Georgia, they must in actual form and in their social relations be very like our own in India. But there is this great dissimilarity in the latter and in the former case, that the Georgians are Christianised and Russianised this many a long year.

"Whose buggy is that, preceded by two native troopers, and followed by five or six armed natives running on foot?" "That is the magistrate or collector." "What does he do?" "He sits in cutcherry to settle civil

... and collects the revenue, and adjusts matters connected with the civil administration of the province confided to his control. He is the 'Bara Sahib,' or big man of the station."

"Who is that in the smart gharry with servants in livery?" "That is the chaplain of the station, who marries and baptizes and performs service for the Europeans." "Does he go among the natives?" "Not he; he leaves that to the missionaries, of whom there are lots here; but he has a school, which children may attend or not, as they please; and he is a very good chaplain, and very much liked and respected."

"Well, and who comes next along the drive in that very smart buggy with the bay mare?" "That is the doctor of the station. He attends the sick Europeans. He also gets, under certain circumstances, head-money for every native soldier in garrison." "Does he attend them?" "I should think not! Why, how on earth could he attend a lot of niggers?" "But why is he paid for them?" "Ah, that is another matter. You must understand our system a little better before you can comprehend things of this sort."

"Who is this jolly-looking fellow on the grey arab?" "That is the judge of the station; a very good fellow; all judges are rather slow-coaches, you know. They do the criminal business, and it does not much matter if they make mistakes, as they don't meddle with Europeans. When they can do nothing else with fellow in the Civil Service, they make him a

judge." And so in review there passed before us the chiefs of an imaginary station, deputy-collectors, assistants *et hoc genus omne*—a wonderful genus! a race of prætors, ædiles, proconsuls and consuls, more than worthy of Rome and fully worthy of England, or of the civilisation she inherits.

(2) "The long, long Indian day"

(From the *Life of Mrs. Sherwood.*)

The mode of existence of an English family during the hot winds in India is so very unlike anything in Europe, that I must not omit to describe it with reference especially to my own situation then at Cawnpore. Every outer door of the house and every window is closed; all the interior doors and venetians are, however, open, whilst most of the private apartments are shut in by drop curtains or screens of grass, looking like fine wirework, partially covered with green silk. The hall, which never has any other than borrowed lights in any bungalow, is always in the centre of the house; and ours at Cawnpore had a large room on each side of it, with baths and sleeping-rooms. In the hot winds I always sat in the hall at Cawnpore. In another part of this hall sat Mr. Sherwood during most of the morning, either engaged with his accounts, his journal, or his books. He, of course, did not like the confinement so well as I did, and often contrived to get out to a neighbour's bungalow

in his palanquin during some time of the long morning.

Thus did our mornings pass, whilst we sat in what the lovers of broad daylight would call almost darkness. During these mornings we heard no sounds but the monotonous click-click of the punkah (a large fan suspended from the ceiling) or the melancholy moaning of the burning blast without, with the splash and drip of the water thrown over the tatties (screens of grass). At one o'clock, or perhaps later, the tiffin (lunch) was always served. At four or later, perhaps, we had coffee brought. We then bathed and dressed, and at six or thereabouts, the wind generally falling, the tatties were removed, the doors and windows of the house were opened, and we either took an airing in carriages or sat in the verandah.

(3) The Indian night

(From *Chow-Chow.* By Viscountess Falkland.)

During the night in the month of May, it is impossible to sleep with closed windows, and nearly as impossible to do so with open ones. Thus, sleep is almost hopeless. The beasts, the birds, the insects, the reptiles appear to join in one universal tumult, and even human beings seem to take very little repose. In a temple not far off a priest is beating a drum, and I conclude invoking the help of some god or goddess. When the drumming ceases, I sink into a doze, but

to be again roused by howling jackals, tearing over the flats in pursuit of prey, by the hooting of the "night-hawk" (as it is called here, though it is, in fact, a screech-owl), then by the deep-toned note of an enormous frog mingled with the "chip-chip" of many a grasshopper; and about daylight a lively bird anxious "to be up and doing" begins a merry chirp, or a crow with his very vulgar "caw, caw" destroys all hopes of rest. In India the nights are always beautiful, but when the moon is at the full, particularly so. She seems nearer the earth in the tropics than in Europe, and certainly has more power and influence, especially in fevers—the invalid generally suffering more at certain of the moon's phases. I have heard persons affirm that sitting bare-headed by moonlight in the open air, they have felt the heat of the moon on their heads. But, be this as it may, she is glorious here; by her light the flowers seem to be of silver, and those parts of the shining foliage of trees which catch her rays appear dotted with pearls.

(4) Snakes and Insects

(From the same.)

It is astonishing how people become accustomed to snakes in India. At Dapoorie and at the Mahableshwar hills they are very common. Not long after our arrival in the Deccan, when sitting in my verandah, about ten o'clock at night, after an intensely hot day, we saw several servants, one of whom carried a lantern, stealing along the passage; in a few minutes after I heard the sound of a violent blow, and a cry of "Nag hai" ("A snake is here"), and there was the reptile, which had been reposing on a mat close to the entrance of the verandah. It was an exciting scene! The gentlemen of our party ran to join the servants, who were standing as far off the snake as possible, so that their blows did not always fall on it. "Knocked it on the head," cried one. "Strike it on the spine," cried another; and at last, when head and spine were pretty well demolished, the cobra expired, and a servant carried it off in triumph.

. . . . .

The monsoon can scarcely be said to have "set in" till the arrival of the white ants. These insects generally make their appearance in June; and perhaps myriads of them during dinner fly on to the tablecloth, and for a time walk nimbly over it. It is useless for the servants to brush them off—more and more come. This itself is an infliction, but it is

rendered worse by a faculty they have of letting their wings drop off, and then walking about quite unconcerned, as if unconscious of their loss. The wings are not separated by any violent effort, but simply dropped. Some lose all their wings at once, others crawl about with two, others with one; but in due course of time all are destitute of their delicate gauzy appendages, and the table is literally strewn with them.

There are three orders of the white ant, which is the most common in the Deccan: first, the labourers—very minute animals, looking at first like small, soft white grubs. It is this class which does all the mischief, eating up wooden floors and beams, trunks and their contents, books, papers, or anything vegetable which comes in their way. They rarely if ever attack the outside, when the interior is soft enough to allow of their eating their way through it. When obliged to come to the surface, they carefully conceal their approach under a covered way of tempered mud, which might easily escape the eye even of a sharp-sighted English housemaid. All they thus devour is converted into a paper paste, with which they build innumerable cells; some are palaces for their queen, some barracks for her children, for she is literally the mother of every one of her subjects.

It is at dinner that the insects are most tormenting. Attracted by the lights, they fly into the room in countless numbers. There is every

variety. The long, graceful, green mantis alights on the table, and begins stretching out its arms as in an imploring attitude. There are myriads of moths with wings which seem made of delicate gold and silver tissue; some look inlaid with mother-of-pearl. There is a long, dark yellow, hornet-shaped insect, which makes you shudder as it flies by; blister flies with either ruby or emerald-coloured bodies; large beetles "armed to the teeth" in black, strong, shining armour and with horns like formidable spears. These beetles are so strong that, when placed under a wine-glass, they move it before them as they advance along the table. It is in vain the servants endeavour to remove these plagues. As may be supposed, many flew into the candles, others into the finger-glasses. So great was the annoyance that I fear it was with something like satisfaction we heard some crackling in the flame, or saw "some strong swimmer in his agony" struggling in the water.

(5) Bohras (Pedlars)

(From the same.)

These pedlars have shops in the bazaars, but almost every day you see them coming slowly up to the European bungalows followed by men, often by women, carrying large baskets and boxes in which are a variety of goods. They generally go to a back door, as they are very much protected by ayahs and ladies'-maids, who look forward to the Bohra's visit with as much satisfaction as the gentleman of the house does the contrary. The maid is sure to tell her mistress she wants something, and that something, whether a yard of tape, or ten of broadcloth, is sure to be at the bottom of the last box. So the lady and her maid have the satisfaction of seeing the contents of five or six boxes. In them is everything from a Delhi shawl embroidered in gold to a piece of Welsh flannel.

There is, however, one basket called "chow-chow," which literally means a mixture—in fact, "hodge-podge" or "odds and ends"—and in it is contained a mass of mingled objects good, bad, and indifferent, the two latter probably predominating.

"Lady Sahib want fine cheese? Here 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I got good pickle. There box of French gloves. Take soap, Lady Sahib." Then he tempts the lady's-maid with

a gay ribbon, and by degrees the contents of the chow-chow basket are displayed. Side by side stand a bottle of anchovy sauce and one of tincture of rhubarb. There lies a Wiltshire cheese surrounded by Goa lace, English tapes, and French ribbons. There are bottles of ink, blacking, and hair-dye in the neighbourhood of fringes, pins, and needles. There are gum and gauzes lower down; tooth-brushes; flannel jackets and cigars. Deeper and deeper are found more treasures, till at last the contents of the basket are exhausted; and after the Bohra has shown his numerous goods, all ends in half a yard of ribbon being bought for Madame Sahib's cap. The goods are then replaced, all is packed up, the boxes put on the men's and women's heads again, and they all move off patiently and without grumbling; and, what is still more extraordinary, leave the mistress and lady's-maid quite exempt from any qualms of conscience, at having given the poor people so much trouble.

(6) The Evening Drive

(From the *Calcutta Review.*)

There are few so poor, in these days, as not to be able to keep a carriage. The keeping of a carriage in England is a very magnificent thing. There is an unctuous smack in the very mention of it, redolent of no small amount of well-to-do-ishness, even though the carriage be nothing higher than a one-horse shay. But here the difficulty is to find a man who does not, in some form, "keep a carriage." It may be a very sorry affair, but still it is a carriage, with as good a right to the name as the best appointed Britzka that ever went rolling and swinging and plunging out of a coachmaker's yard. If anyone be curious in this matter of carriages, let him come to Calcutta. He will here find carriages of every degree from the highest to the lowest, of every conceivable form and fashion, and many besides of which it never entered into his imagination to conceive. An Englishman in India may be aptly described as a riding animal. Let the curious in such matters station himself at one of the corners of Tank Square, between ten and eleven in the morning, and again about six o'clock in the evening, and count, not the number of carriages, but the number of varieties of carriages that pass—Britzkas, Barouches, Landaulets, Chariots, Phaetons, Buggies, Palanquins, Palki-gharries, Brownberries, Crabanchys

saluting battery of Fort William, and view all these varieties *en masse*. If Clive or Admiral Watson were to revisit the banks of that river which they passed up with the few ships and small handful of fighting men which paved the way for the conquest of Hindustan, they would outdo Dominie Sampson in their hearty exclamations of "Prodigious!" Where erst were to be seen a few Bengali fishermen or boatmen, mending their nets or cleaning their cooking-pots, on the jungly banks of the river, is now a broad and level road, covered at evening-tide by hundreds of carriages and horsemen. No sooner does the setting sun tinge the western horizon than all the English residents in Calcutta throw open their doors and windows, make a hasty toilet, and sally forth, in carriage or on horseback, to enjoy the evening air.

Before the sun has disappeared behind the western bank of the river, the strand is crowded with vehicles of every description—a concourse as dense as that which may be seen on the Epsom road during the race week with even more entanglements and embarrassments; for there is a stream setting both ways. One marvels who all these people are that own these hundreds of carriages. The first impression made upon the mind of the stranger is that there must be an enormous number of wealthy inhabitants in Calcutta. But the equipage is in reality no sort of index to the worldly possessions of the owner. It may let you

certainly not of his income. Some of the most pretending equipages on the course are sported by people belonging to the second class of society —uncovenanted Government servants, petty East Indian or European traders; but the wife and the daughters must have their britzka or barouche, though they do pinch a little at home to sustain it; and on the course, at least, the wife of the uncovenanted subordinate may jostle the lady of the head of the office. When we consider how much is often sacrificed to support the dignity of the carriage and pair, how much substantial comfort is thrown aside to make room for this little bit of ostentation—that the equipage is with many *the* thing from which they derive much of their importance—we soon cease to wonder at the formidable array of conveyances which throng the course every evening at sunset.

(7) Native Servants

(From a letter by Lady Lawrence in the *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence.*)*

I think the system respecting servants in this country is very hurtful to one's own mind. You hire your servant at so much a month. They do your work and you have no further concern with them. If they do not please you, you dismiss them. They make their "salaam," and next day you are surrounded by new faces. All this is very free from care, but has a sad tendency to make you selfish. At home every conscientious person feels responsible to a certain degree for the moral conduct and religious instruction of his domestics, as well as the duty of consulting their comfort. Here the difference of religion does away with the first; and the habits of life in a great measure obviate the second. It is difficult for the master and mistress to recollect that their servants are responsible immortal beings, or to think of more than their own convenience. I was surprised to find among Europeans the prejudices of *caste*, and that many of them object to a low caste native (simply on that ground) as much as a Hindu would. This is surely contrary to our faith, though I can easily understand the feeling gaining on one.

The obsequious manner of the servants annoys me greatly. I do not mean that they

* By permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

with folded hands, waiting for his master's orders, seems to me more like devotion than service. The train of domestics in an Indian establishment arises from the impossibility of getting any servants to do more than one thing. The bearer will not take a teacup off the table, nor would the Khidmatgar pull the punkah. I asked Mrs. H—— yesterday how many servants they had. She replied: "I am not sure, but we are very moderate people. I can soon reckon." The number amounted to nearly thirty: a waiting-maid, an under-woman, a sweeper, a head bearer, a mate-bearer, six under-bearers, a Khansaman or house steward, three table attendants, a cook, a gardener, a water-carrier, a washerman, a tailor, a coachman, two grooms, two grass-cutters, a man to tend the goats, two messengers, and a woman to keep off the bodies which float down the stream past the house.

(8) The "Baba log" (Children)

(From the *Calcutta Review.*)

Anglo-Indian children are brought up in utter dependence on the services of others. To dress, to feed, or even to amuse themselves is utterly beyond the thoughts of these poor little artificial beings. A child, able to run about, who, if healthy and properly trained, should find its own amusement, requiring only some simple plaything and a superintending eye, is followed by two or three servants, who forestall all its natural efforts at self-occupation, and create by their constant attendance a new want in the child. Now, supposing these attendants were as moral and amiable as they are generally the reverse, still an injury is done by making the child dependent on others for amusement, and by training it to companionship with the servants. Take twenty children sent to England between five and ten years of age; ask them about India, and in nineteen cases their remembrances will be of the Ayah, the bearer, and the Chapprassee (messenger), not of their parents.

Now let us go to any large station in India, and see whom we meet in our evening drive. Abundance of children; some carried by an Ayah or bearer; some riding ponies; some in little carriages, a man waving a chowrie (fly-flapper) over one; two or three holding another in his saddle; a servant carrying an umbrella

fourth. But have these children no parents? Where are they? Riding and driving in other directions, while the young ones are drinking in the instruction to be found in the refined jokes of their attendants, and in the gossip of the cantonments, or becoming proficients in "gali" (abuse) from listening to the squabbles and brawls of the bazaar. Certainly every conveyance, even an omnibus, has limits; nor can half a dozen be stowed away in a vehicle constructed only for two; yet surely children need not be absolutely separated from their parents in the evening. Might not all go the same road? Might not the young ones take it in turn to go in the carriage or the buggy?

Again, there is a crowning evil of children speaking nothing but Hindustani; they must almost inevitably learn that language, nor would we exclude it if we could. Many advantages result from early familiarity with two languages, and an almost spontaneous fluency in translating from one to the other must materially improve the mind. We know the facility with which Russians learn any language, arising from their speaking one language to their parents, another to their nurses, another to their tenantry, and another at Court. Besides, a large proportion of children born in India have the prospect of returning to it in after life, and a childish recollection of Hindustani saves them in that case a world of trouble. We object not, therefore, to the language itself, but

of English, and that on the ground that a child's strongest yearnings are towards those whose language he speaks—that from them he takes the tincture and texture of his mind.

(9) "The Mem-sahib"

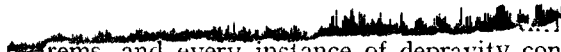
(From the same.)

Society at our hill station partakes a good deal of the characteristics of a watering-place or a garrison town in England; it consists for the most part of people who studiously leave behind them their habitual cares and employments, or of those who say they have nothing to do. Like causes produce similar results in all latitudes. Men, who have several hours of every day to get rid of, naturally seek the society of any tolerably pretty and pleasant young woman, especially if her attractions are backed by a good tiffin on the table at two o'clock. Their attentions are agreeable and generally create a craving for this kind of stimulus; love of admiration involves petty jealousies, extravagant dress, paltry shifts, and a thousand other evils, equally deteriorating to a woman's domestic character.

If the effect of this flutter and frivolity is pernicious to the unmarried girl, it is still more so to the married woman. A man comes home perhaps from business that has kept him for

Weary and disinclined for anything but rest, he may appear but dull company to his wife, compared to the "nice creature" who has been making himself agreeable all the morning retailing the freshest gossip, mending pens, or copying music. On the other hand, *monsieur l'époux* on entering the house is hot, dusty, blinded by the glare outside, hardly able at first to distinguish objects in the dim cool drawing-room, and when his vision has adapted itself to the twilight, does not perhaps altogether relish finding that the "jackanapes" whom he had left there soon after breakfast has not yet concluded his visit. The dissatisfaction he feels oozes out in his manner, and the wife thinks—if she does not say—what a cross man he is. Perhaps they both recover their good-humour before evening; but the continual recurrence of scenes like these takes the bloom off affection, or effectually prevents its growth. . . .

All natives, even the best educated among them, have the most profound contempt for women, and regard them as formed alone for their pleasure, or as necessary evils for the continuance of mankind; and have not yet discovered the controlling influence exercised by them over Europeans. Considering a woman among themselves as virtuous only because she has not the opportunity of being vicious, they regard the conduct of Englishwomen with peculiar jealousy; their every look, word and



harems, and every instance of depravity confirms them in the wisdom of their own custom of seclusion. Did one-half of our countrywomen reflect that upon their conduct depends possibly the emancipation from imprisonment of thousands of their sex, they would be doubly guarded in their behaviour. Alas, such is but seldom the case; on the contrary, they, too, often act as if those natives were not men. They look upon them as mere bundles of clothes, and forget there is a man in the midst of them. Instead of which they should regard them as snakes in the grass, as imps in petticoats; and the same precautions should be taken to avoid them as if they were really so.

"It is only the tailor"; "It is only the bearer"—is often remarked, as a lady stands before a man in her dressing-gown, or has admitted him into her private apartments—those apartments into which a man should never be admitted, at least as long as the lady is in them—and then only for the purpose of cleaning the furniture. What would be thought, nay, said in England, if the footman or the groom were called in to make his mistress's bed, or were sent into her dressing-room, during her absence from it, to fetch her book or scissors or other little article? And yet such things are daily done in India, the country where, of all others, they should be more particularly avoided.

(11) A Dust Storm

(From H. M. Parker: *Bole Ponjis.*)

With a rush, like the rush of a tiger leaping at its prey; with a noise as though the hosts of Dom Daniel had broken loose and ten thousand Afreet trumpeters were pealing the march of Eblis, till earth quivered at the demon uproar, the dry north-wester is upon us; and 'midst crashing trees and falling turrets pours forth the howling rage of all his concentrated winds on the maddening and foaming river. But where is Calcutta? Where is Howrah? Where is Kidderpore? The fort, the shipping, the Ochterlony Pillar, the blue sky, the green earth, the great globe itself? Obliterated, gone, vanished, blotted out from the map of creation! They are no longer things of this universe; they have become the palpable obscure, the dim, the visionary, the vague, the mysterious. They have shared the fate of the lost Pleiad, of Gilpin Horner, of little Bo-peep's lambkins. The storm is as nothing. The terrible sky is as nothing. The boiling, groaning river is as nothing, danger is as nothing, terror is nothing, everything is nothing, for we are in the presence of dust, of dust lording it over nature in all the awful ugliness of his unimaginable, indescribable atrocity.

A crumbled mountain, an upheaved desert is afloat in the raging air. A Vesuvius of pulverised brick, a Sahara, whose sands are the

old shoes, dead cats, parched drain deposits, decayed verandahs, and weather-wasted chimneys. High towers the red pestilence cloud above cloud, and billow rolling over billow. It is in vain we turn our eyes to the four points of the compass to seek some opening, some help, some comfort. For us there are *no* points of the compass—east, west, south, and north are blotted out for ever. "Horrible on all sides round" the grim and lurid atmosphere closes us in as with a dome, a floor, a pall, and a wall of dusky fire. We hear a roar like the roar of a thousand burning forests.

Now and then a mightier smash is heard, dimly as it were, through the howl and hubbub of the tempest; and a vast flying branch or two, torn from some great banyan or peepul tree, just tottering to its own fall, shimmers darkly as it skims through the lurid atmosphere, with the speed of a rock from a catapult. Now a hundred turbans swept from the heads of hairless and despairing coachmen hurry with sudden and capricious bounds far over the plain. But the hurricane of red, arid, cutting dust pauses not. Trees topple down, chimneys shake; an indescribable bellowing, groaning, and howling fill the vexed, distracted air, mingled with cries and crashes more terrible for the obscurity which envelopes all things.

CHAPTER VI

NATIVE LIFE

(1) The Aghori

(From the *Asiatic Journal.*)

HAVING resolved to explore some caves which abound in the vicinity of Abu, once, perhaps, the habitations of a numerous Troglodyte population, I was startled by the sudden appearance from one of them of an object, which, though the form was human, I could scarcely believe to be man. He was a tall, gaunt figure; his hair and beard through long neglect had become matted and ropy with filth; his body, nearly naked, and almost fleshless, was smeared with blood, soot, and ordure; his eyes glared and expressed a wild maniac, savage meaning, and his features altogether had a character at once horrid and horrifying. I could not have imagined without actual experience that the human form and face were capable of exciting such emotions as those I experienced. I was alone and I confess this spectre inspired me with almost as much alarm as I should have felt had a tiger faced me.

The man was an Aghori or an Aghorapanthi belonging to a class of ascetics, happily now not numerous, who worship Maha Devi in her

most dread forms, and who not merely sacrifice victims, but subsist on human flesh. Although, by their horrid practices and the severe penances to which they subject themselves, they acquire a little to exalted piety (the Hindus universally believing that pain, privation, and any form of suffering for religion's sake, earn a proportionate measure of heaven-worthiness), yet they are, as individuals, shunned and abhorred by other sects.

Although I would have been content to retire from the presence of the Aghori, some undefined motive, fear, pride, or curiosity, or a compound of the three, kept me riveted to the spot. We surveyed each other for some time without speaking a word. The first to break silence was myself. "Who are you?" I asked. The Aghori pointed upwards either to the sky or to the mountain. I repeated my question and he muttered something which I could not understand. Beginning to gain confidence, and seeing one of my servants approaching, I scrupled not to comply with an invitation which he conveyed to me by gesture and entered his cave. It made me shudder. Heaps of bones with distinct marks of teeth upon them lay in one corner; part of the body of a half-putrid dog, on which, no doubt, the Aghori had made his last meal, was deposited upon a stone in another place. Dirt of every possible variety defiled the floor and walls, and the odour of the cave was probably more detestable than that of Polyphemus's mansion.

The Aghori squatted down upon a heap of earth, or of indurated filth, and looking in my face, inquired whether I were not a Feringhee. I answered "Yes." "You are unused," he resumed in a more rational and calm manner than I could have anticipated from his appearance, "to such a place and such objects as you see in it. I am a worshipper of the dread Kali, the goddess who delights in blood. Blood is my delight. It was not always so." The last expression excited some curiosity to inquire into the wretch's history, if he would deign to tell it; and I resolved to make the experiment. It is needless to detail the various devices I employed to effect my object, which was at length attained, and the Aghori began as follows:

"I said it was not always so with me, as you see me now. I am of a proud Rahtore family, of the stock of Seoji. The Toork and the Feringhee have trampled us under foot, but we are Rahtores still. My grandsire was murdered by the Thakur of Notra. The feud descended to me. I resolved to balance it. The Thakur's son had made overtures to adjust the quarrel; I feigned acquiescence. The Thakur invited me to a feast at his village, and thereupon I laid a plan with some of my family to go secretly armed and avenge our grandsire's murder. Whilst the opium-draught was passing round, the appointed signal was given; I unsheathed my dagger, and in a moment it was plunged into the throat—not of the Thakur, but of my own brother, who had resolved to

save him, and had rushed between us. Then followed a mêlée, in which the Thakur was killed, and the banquet-hall was drenched with blood. The death of the Thakur satiated the thirst of vengeance which had hitherto nourished a fever in my heart; and when calm I was appalled at what I had done. I mounted my horse and rode into the Thul, where I consorted with the wild Bheels. Their habits sharpened my ferocity of temper. I became habituated to the sight of blood, and many a skull did I add to the necklace of Kali. Crossing the borders of the Thul, towards the river, with a party of Vaniputras, we espied a body of horsemen. I was the first to make one of their number bite the dust. He was recognised by me as my brother—my only remaining brother. Confounded at this new calamity, I felt that my doom was fixed; that I had been chosen by the dark goddess as one of her peculiar priesthood, and I confessed myself an Aghori. The rites which my profession required exiled me from social life. I was compelled to fly to the haunts of wild animals, to court their society, and to live like them upon offal and carrion. Hunger and habit, the vows I had made to the goddess, and a depraved appetite engendered by misanthropy, gradually gave birth to new tastes, and I acquired a relish for food which you deem offensive. As I had renounced all communion of feeling with men, it was fitting that none of my former habits and tastes should remain—that no link should sub-

sist between me and mankind. The dissolution of these ties is an evidence that I am one of the elect of Maha Devi. I glory in the distinction. None of the weak passions of humanity molest me; I am as far superior to them all as the Guru Sikra of Abuji is lifted above these plains. Neither fear nor love nor hope nor anxiety nor remorse can now vex my heart. The deeds of blood I have done were so many unconscious propitiations of the dread goddess, who has at length enrolled me in the list of her most favoured votaries. The disgust which my aspect raises in others is grateful to me. I abhor mankind; I belong to Heaven—to Kali. Not only do men shun me, but the very monsters of the jungle fly my presence. I am a god—an Aghori."

I had heard of these miscreants before, but had always classed them among the other misguided creatures, who had consented to barter the comforts of this life for the hope of a splendid existence in some imaginary state hereafter. Here, however, I had before me a proof that the horrors of Hindu superstition opened a refuge for crime and stilled the torments of compunction; that there was a branch of that superstition—which mawkish-minded liberalists clothe with the attributes of mildness and charity—which exacted from its votaries the commission of the deadliest offences against society; and that Thuggism is in reality as much a superstitious as a secular atrocity. Bhavani, the tutelary goddess of the Thugs, is

another form of the same Hindu divinity as Kali, and the corpses of the unhappy travellers whom they strangle, are so many sacrifices to their bloodthirsty goddess.

Hinduism must surely be cleansed of these foul impurities before we can concede to it the mild and benevolent character which some of its votaries arrogate to it. The Aghori and the Phansegar could have been produced only under a creed radically detestable; they would be regarded as hideous spots upon the superstition of a tribe of untutored savages.

(2) Indian Devoteeism

(By Mrs. Postans.)

Near a tank in Bombay there is a celebrated Sunyasi devotee who, for some supposed or actual crime, determined to do penance, and vowed to hold a little plant of the sacred tulsi in his extended hand for twenty years. The muscles of the hand now enclose the flower-pot like an iron frame; the plant has become a tree, and the nails of the devotee curl downwards, like spiral horns; yet the man is well, cheerful and triumphant in the respect he elicits from the admiring hosts of the great bazaar. Another devotee lay on a bed of spikes for many years near the city of Baroda, in the hot weather placing logs of ignited wood under the bed, and during winter allowing cold water to

fall on his head continually from a perforated vessel suspended over his bed. In the neighbourhood of Baroda there was also an old man who had been for twelve years without lying down. He slept leaning on a bit of wood about a foot in length, suspended from the branches of a peepul tree, and was remarkable for his acuteness and intelligence. A friend of my own who knew him well, told me he had often inquired of him the circumstances of his penance, when he dilated much on the suffering caused him during the first two years' probation, when it had been necessary for persons constantly to support him, but that now, the muscles having become rigid, he had long ceased to experience any uneasiness.

The man I have described as holding the tulsi tree in Bombay was one of the class called "Urddhabahus," followers of Siva. These men are always mendicants, and generally lead a solitary life, but have no fixed residence. The most remarkable case of itinerancy in this way occurred in the life of a man who, having for twenty years held both hands above his head, travelled over the whole of India and Central Asia, pursuing his way even to Moscow and returning with wisdom and knowledge. I well recollect in Cutch to have noted every day during our morning ride near the seashore at Mandavie the head of a man apparently busied in some labour on a desolate sand-heap several miles from all human habitation, and, prompted at length by powerful curiosity, I rode up to

observe his occupations, when I found that the unfortunate being was a Swaite devotee, who had buried himself to the throat in the sand, and was fed and watched by a disciple, who had erected a hut at the foot of the mound.

(3) Native Servants

(From Lieutenant Greenwood's Narrative.)

No sooner had we landed at Calcutta, than we were surrounded by a host of servants in search of situations, all fighting among themselves, and disputing with the most vehement gestures, accompanied by volleys of abuse on their respective mothers and female relations of every degree. Most of these worthies spoke English and extolled themselves, and ran down their rivals in such terms as these:

"Master, want good servant? not d—n rascal like that fellow there; I very good man. This servant for master—'spectable servant: same, like self."

"Master, not take that man; he one d—n thief; master, look here, plenty good character got," another would cry, displaying a number of small pieces of paper, signed by different officers. One of these I had the curiosity to examine and found the following attestation to the honesty of the candidate for my service:

"The bearer of this, one Khuda Bux by name,

is the most infernal scoundrel under the [illegible] he attached himself to me on my first lan[illegible] and cheated me in every way he possibly c[illegible] for a week. On my finding out and dismissi[illegible] him, he had the impudence to ask me for [illegible] character; and I have therefore given him this hoping it may be of service towards giving any gentleman to whom he may offer himself an insight into his character.—A. B., Ensign — Regt. N.I."

With some difficulty we forced our way through these harpies, but not before we had knocked one or two of the most troublesome down. No sooner had we got rid of them than we were surrounded by a host of palanquin bearers, who fought desperately among themselves for the honour or profit of carrying us in their palanquins to our destination. We settled this dispute by picking out the four best, and then kicking the others away; and with four umbrella bearers, who had, unasked, attached themselves to our persons, running alongside our palkees, we were trotted off to Spence's Hotel, where we intended taking up our quarters.

(4) Classes of Native Society

(From Mrs. Postans.)

The dark slightly-formed being with bare shoulders and crimson turban, perspiring under the weight of a handsome palanquin, chanting in parts a wild chorus as he goes, to alleviate the labour; the water-seller driving before him a fat bullock, adorned with bells and necklaces, and bearing a goat's skin that oozes refreshment to the thirsty ground as he moves along; the sepoy pressing forward to parade, neat and careful in attire, cheerful and smiling in his aspect; the Brahmin slowly returning from his river ablutions towards the temple; the salesman bearing baskets of grain to supply his stall; the musician and the dancing-girl; the fruit-seller and the toddy-drawer; the gold-worker and the weaver of fine muslin—all are Hindus, of various castes, indeed, and different prejudices, but yet agreeing well in all that forms the great staple of opinion.

The tall Persian with glossy beard and flowing robes, snow-white turban and yellow slippers, who passes by with solemn gait and downcast eye, a Chinese writing-case in his slender hand, the symbol of his calling; the swarthy Arab, with checked kerchief on his head and goat's-hair cloak cast carelessly over his usual vest, hurrying forward to the stables, intent on some fresh trick of jockeyship; the Borah, bearing a basket on his head, whence

peep forth books, bridles, and perfumes, and followed by a train equally laden to each of whom one small blanket suffices for attire, the bustling servant cheapening fowls and pummellows; the sleek and portly gentleman ambling by on a richly-caparisoned and well-fed mare, his African slave running swiftly forward to clear the way; these are Mohammedans and differ little but in rank.

The native gentleman, simple in attire but vigilant in observation, who dashes past in a well-appointed carriage of Long Acre build, accompanied by his youthful and intelligent-looking sons; the portly domestic, bustling along with a shining chintz turban, and a Chinese umbrella to protect him from the noonday sun; the fine-looking lads strolling quietly along, each with his hand on his companion's shoulder, and a book beneath his arm; the handsome children with large black eyes and skins almost fair enough for Europeans, that peep laughingly forth from the crimson hangings or the green venetians of a native carriage, drawn by a pair of sturdy and milk-white bullocks, adorned with embroidered housings and silver necklaces—these are Parsees. The gentleman has probably left his country house to consult a European lawyer in the town, while the children seek a festive entertainment in the environs.

(5) The Bazaar at Benares

(From Bishop Heber's journal.)

The material of the buildings is a very good stone from Chunar, but the Hindus here seem fond of painting them a deep red colour, and, indeed, of covering the more conspicuous parts of their houses with paintings in gaudy colours, of flower-pots, men, women, bulls, elephants, gods, and goddesses in all their many-formed, many-headed, many-handed, and many-weaponed varieties. The sacred bulls devoted to Siva, of every age, tame and familiar as mastiffs, walk lazily up and down these narrow streets, or are seen lying across them, and hardly to be kicked up (any blows, indeed, given them must be of the gentlest kind, or woe be to the profane wretch who braves the prejudices of this fanatic population) in order to make way for the tonjon.* Monkeys sacred to Huniman, the divine Ape who conquered Ceylon for Rama, are in some parts of the town equally numerous, clinging to all the roofs and little projections of the temples, putting their impertinent heads and hands into every fruiterer's or confectioner's shop, and snatching the food from the children at their meals. Fakirs' houses, as they are called, occur at every turn, adorned with idols, and sending out an incessant tinkling and strumming of vinas, bujals, and other discordant instru-

* Native carriage.

ments, while religious mendicants of every Hindu sect, offering every conceivable deformity which chalk, cow-dung, disease, matted locks, distorted limbs, and disgusting and hideous attitudes of penance can show, literally line the principal streets on both sides. Such are the sights and sounds which greet a stranger on entering this "the most Holy City" of Hindustan, "the Lotus of the world, not founded on common earth, but on the point of Siva's trident," a place so blessed, that whoever dies here, of whatever sect, even though he should be an eater of beef, so he will be but charitable to the poor Brahmins, is sure of salvation.

(6) Hindu and Mohammedan Riot

(From the same.)

The army at Secrole is never called in except in cases of extremity. Only one instance of the military being called in has occurred at Benares during the last twenty-five years. At that time Mr. Bird was magistrate and he gave me a far more formidable idea of the tumult than I had previously formed. One half of the population was literally armed against the other, and the fury which actuated both was more like that of demoniacs than rational enemies. It began by the Mussulmans breaking down a famous pillar named Siva's walking-staff, held in high veneration by the Hindus. These last in revenge

burnt and broke down a mosque, and the retort of the first aggressors was to kill a cow, and pour her blood into the sacred well. In consequence every Hindu able to bear arms, and many who had no other fitness for the employment than rage supplied, procured weapons with frantic fury wherever they met them. Being the most numerous party, they put the Mussulmans in danger of actual extermination, and would certainly have at least burnt every mosque in the place before twenty-four hours were over if the sepoys had not been called in. Of these last the temper was extremely doubtful. By far the greater number of them were Hindus and perhaps one-half Brahmins; any one of them if he had been his own master would have rejoiced in an opportunity of shedding his life's blood in a quarrel with the Mussulmans, and of the mob who attacked them the Brahmins, Yogis, Gossains, and other religious mendicants formed the first rank, their bodies and faces covered with chalk and ashes, their long hair untied as devoted to death, showing their Brahminical cords, and yelling out to them all the bitterest curses of their religion if they persisted in urging an unnatural war against their brethren and their gods. The sepoys, however, were immovable. Regarding their military oath as the most sacred of all obligations, they fired at a Brahmin as readily as at anyone else, and kept guard at the gate of a mosque as faithfully and fearlessly as if it had been the gate of one of

their own temples. Their courage and steadiness preserved Benares from ruin.

After the tumult was quelled a very curious and impressive scene succeeded; the holy city had been profaned; the blood of a cow had been mixed with the purest water of Gunga (the Ganges), and salvation was to be obtained at Benares no longer. All the Brahmins in the city, amounting to many thousands, went down in melancholy procession with ashes on their heads, naked and fasting, to the principal ghâts* leading to the river, and sat there with their hands folded, their heads hanging down, to all appearance inconsolable, and refusing to enter a house or to taste food. Two or three days, however, of this abstinence began to tire them, and a hint was given to the magistrates and other public men that a visit of condolence and an expression of sympathy with these holy mourners would sufficiently comfort them, and give them an ostensible reason for returning to their usual employment. Accordingly, all the British functionaries went to the principal ghât, expressed their sorrow for the distress in which they saw them, but reasoned with them on the absurdity of punishing themselves for an act in which they had no share, and which they had done their utmost to prevent or avenge. This prevailed, and after much bitter weeping it was resolved that Ganges was Ganges still, and that a succession of costly offerings from

* Quays.

the laity of Benares might wipe out the stain which their religion had received, and that the advice of the judges was the best and most reasonable. Mr. Bird, who was one of the ambassadors on this occasion, told me that the spectacle was very impressive and even awful. The gaunt, squalid figures of the devotees, their visible and apparently unaffected anguish and dismay, the screams and outcries of the women who surrounded them, and the great numbers thus assembled, altogether constituted a spectacle of woe such as few cities but Benares could supply.

(7) Palanquin-bearers

(From the autobiography of Lola Montez.)

The fashion of travelling in India can never be agreeable to an American or a European—certainly not to one of kind and humane feelings; for human beings are there used to perform the office of horses, carrying you on their shoulders in a palanquin. A palanquin is a kind of square box, handsomely painted outside, with soft cushions inside and side-lamps like a carriage. To each palanquin there are usually eight bearers, four of whom are employed at a time. It is astonishing to see the amount of fatigue which these human horses will endure. But I have seen the poor creatures almost sink down with exhaustion as they set down their burden after a long journey under

the burning sun, that would almost kill a man sitting still in twenty minutes. But still, as human nature will somehow adapt itself to whatever circumstances may surround it, these hapless beings contrive to make a merry life among themselves. You will hear them sing their jolly songs under their heavy burdens. The chants of the palanquin-bearers are sometimes very amusing. Though they keep all the time to the same sing-song tune, they generally invent the words as they go along. I will give you a sample, as well as it could be made out, of what I heard them sing while carrying an English clergyman, who could not have weighed less than two hundred and twenty-five pounds. I must mention that "palkee" is the Hindustani word for palanquin, and each line of the following jargon was sung in a different voice:

"Oh, what a heavy bag!
No; it is an elephant;
He is an awful weight.
Let's throw his palkee down,
Let's set him in the mud—
Let's leave him to his fate.
No, for he'll be angry then;
Ay, and he will beat us then
With a thick stick.
Then let's make haste and get along,
Jump along quick."

And off they started in a jog-trot, which must have shaken every bone in his reverence's body, keeping chorus all the time of "jump along quick, jump along quick," until they were obliged to stop for laughing.

They invariably suit these extempore chants to the weight and character of their burden. I remember to have been exceedingly amused one day at the merry chant of my human horses as they started off on the run. I must mention that "cabbadā" means "take care," and "baba" means "child."

"She's not heavy,
Cabbadā!
Little baba
Cabbadā!
Carry her swiftly,
Cabbadā!
Pretty baba
Cabbadā!"

(8) Nautch Girls

(From the *Life of Mrs. Sherwood.*)

These Nautch girls are regularly brought up to the profession; some of them are probably slaves, often sold by their parents for the purpose; and the most beautiful girls and those who have the finest voices are selected. There is generally an old female at the head of the whole—one who lives on the wages obtained in various ways by these unhappy girls—company with men who attend in the household, and there are with the girls. When these girls travel and go out with generally go hidden by crimson curtains in a car drawn by bullocks. Their education consists in singing, dancing, and

playing on a sort of guitar or small harp. Some of the higher ranks of them are taught to read, on which account it is considered disgraceful for respectable women in the East to learn. The influence of these Nautch girls over the other sex, even over men who have been bred up in England, and who have known, admired, and respected their own countrywomen, is not to be accounted for; because it is not only obtained in a very peculiar way, but often kept up even when beauty is past. This influence steals upon the senses of those who come within its charmed circle in a way not unlike the effect of an intoxicating drug, being the more dangerous to young Europeans because they seldom fear it; for perhaps these very men who are so infatuated remember some lovely face in their native land, and fancy they are wholly unapproachable by any attraction which could be used by a tawny beauty.

The nights at this time of year were so very hot that I often got up and partially dressed. I often sat by the open window, and there, night after night, I used to hear the songs of the unhappy dancing-girls, accompanied by the sweet yet melancholy music of the cithara; and many were the sad reflections inspired by these long-protracted songs. All these Englishmen who were beguiled by this sweet music had had mothers at home, and some had mothers still, who, in the far-distant land of their children's birth, still cared and wept and prayed for the once blooming boys, who were then slowly

sacrificing themselves to drinking, smoking, want of rest, and the witcheries of the unhappy daughters of heathen and infidels.

(9) Native Litigants

(From the *Calcutta Oriental Magazine.*)

In the cutcherry (court-house) all the offices are below and generally crowded with petitioners loiterers, peons, and rogues of all kinds and castes. The desks are like the common table of a mercantile clerk. All is public, no one can be prevented from petitioning. The following are a few specimens which may serve to show the nature of the complaints. On the 5th of July, 18—, the following written petitions were read with an audible voice by the carcoon of Ratnagherry cutcherry.

1. From a poor old cultivator, begging for the sirkar's hukm (magistrate's order) to drive a devil out of a well.

2. From an old Brahmin stating that his son had beaten him, turned him out of his house, stolen his property, etc.

3. From a young woman alleging that her husband's first wife, no longer in possession of beauty, though still over-awing her husband, had turned her out of doors, abused and beaten her; the old hag and the man in reply affirmed that the young wife had thrown the devil into her husband, and the latter deposed that he at

times lay insensible for two or three days possessed by the demon.

4. From an old Mahratta, calling the magistrate Vishnu's avatar (incarnation), and the petitioner's god—requesting a situation for his son as peon (messenger), stating that Vishnu in the magistrate's own shape had appeared to him and desired him to make this request.

5. From a Hindu, stating that his caste had expelled him for doing the work of horse-keeper to an English gentleman, and would not readmit him unless he gave them an entertainment, which would ruin him.

6. From an old Brahmin for leave to bury himself alive. Government allowed this man four rupees per month to hinder him from committing the act.

(10) The Initiation of a Faqir

(From *Pandurang Hari*. By W. B. Hockley.)

In one corner of the Sunyasi's cave was Gunputti the idol large, with an elephant's trunk; and Mahadeo and Parvati his wife were carved in the rock immediately opposite. I concluded that the purport of my father's visit to this miserable fanatic was as much to gain instruction as for security. Having eaten some rice, the old man began to mumble prayers in a sepulchral tone, and then to fall on the ground before the idol and keep dabbling in water. My father imitated him with the

utmost exactness and made me follow the example. A dead silence now took place for a full hour, the old gossain first breaking it by crying out as loud as his crazy voice would permit, "Sudasheo," * and then desiring my father to say, "Bom Mahadeo." My father did all he was desired, and then they continued for another hour calling out one of them "Sudasheo," and the other, "Bom Mahadeo," until they were both exhausted.

As soon as the gossain † had recovered a little, he rang a small bell, trimmed his lamp, and bade us follow him. We now entered an inner cell, where stood the figure of Siva. The gossain desired us to do as we saw him do; this was to fall down nine times before the idol. This troublesome business being over, and when I hoped there was nothing more left for me to do, the old wretch presented us with a copper vessel filled with blood—whether human or not, I cannot say to this day. We were directed to take each of us a mouthful and squirt it out into the idol's face. My father obeyed with great gravity; but when it came to my turn I was in such haste to get rid of the filthy mouthful that I let the whole go, not into the face of the idol, but into the eyes of our preceptor. My father immediately felled me to the ground, apologising a thousand times over to the gossain for my conduct. I yelled, cried, and begged forgiveness, promising to hit the mark

* Name of an idol. † Devotee.

better next time. My father was told to repeat the disgusting oblation sixteen times, and I was ordered to follow his example. I succeeded from fear in getting nearly through with the total number, in spite of my stomach's repeated warnings. At last I was no longer able to subdue its rebellious impulses and Siva received, not the contents of my mouth alone, but both together. Indeed, nature had effected wonders in enabling me to resist so long the horrid doses of blood, which would have disgusted a tiger. The gossain now set up a frightful yell, and my father, to appease his wrath and satisfy his own anger, once more levelled me with the earth. Siva the Destroyer had been defiled, and it became necessary for the Sunyasi to purify his godship. For this purpose he fetched water, oil, sandal-wood, and red ochre, muttering a prayer between each application. Sundry cocoa-nuts were then offered with prayers and moanings; and after another hour spent in purifying the idol from the contamination I had cast upon him, the Sunyasi conducted us back to the outer apartment. He now produced a cauldron, lit a fire, and poured into the vessel water, blood, resin, oil, ghee, and rice; he then sprinkled brimstone into the fire, the blue flame of which shining upon his countenance gave me a full view of its cadaverous hideousness. So horrible and ghastly a being till then I had never beheld. Terror crept coldly over me; my heart was chilled with secret fear; and the hue given to the gossain's face by

the brimstone impressed me with the idea of his not being a creature of this world. Even my father's hardened countenance bore an expression, if not of terror, of awe and wonder at the sight.

The Sunyasi next produced a string made of horse-hair and fine cotton, which he dipped in his infernal cauldron, muttering blessings or curses, I could not tell which. He then with a pair of tongs, drawing it from the cauldron, bathed it in blood, drew it through his toes, and then soused it once more in the charmed pot, where he suffered it to remain about half an hour. Then, taking off the cauldron, he poured its contents at the feet of Gunpatti, leaving the string at the bottom of the pot, which he cut in two pieces, one longer than the other. After this he formed the sacred string worn by the Brahmins, gossains, and many Hindus. One of these strings was designed for my father and one for myself. He desired us to take off our old strings and cast them in the fire; and this being done, he invested us with those he had just consecrated, telling us that as long as we preserved them pure and entire, and never removed them from our bodies, we should rest in perfect security, safe from the attacks of enemies, and unhurt by the shafts of malice, or even the incantations of witchcraft.

We now stripped, by his order, and were rubbed over with ashes from the fire over which the cauldron had been heated. My father's

eyebrows were scored with red ochre as well as mine, and this, with large daubs of red paint on our naked bodies, finished at length our consecration, of which I was heartily tired.

Then we set out on our travels completely metamorphosed from what we had been on the preceding day. I was much concerned to see my father in his present circumstances. Before, he had a manly, warlike appearance; now he looked a most mean abject wretch, covered with filth and ashes. His hair straggled wild, stained brown, and his body was bedaubed with paint, while he had only a rag to cover him. I could not see myself, it is true, but I could fancy how I looked. We had not proceeded many koss on our journey before I formed the resolution of decamping, and leaving my wise father to enjoy the pleasures and profits of his new mode of life alone. It was not long before an opportunity occurred favourable for carrying my resolution into effect. We were met by a gang of gossains, who invited us into a cavern, where they ate opium and smoked ganza, until they were all stretched insensible on the ground. Finding how profound their sleep was, I lost not a moment in carrying my intention of decamping into effect. Arising softly, I unbarred the wicket, sallied forth, and from that hour to this have neither seen nor heard anything of my sagacious father.

CHAPTER VII

WOMEN OF INDIA

(1) From "Notes on Pondicherry" by an Officer

THE Hindu women are almost totally devoid of delicacy. They constantly, even before me, use the most indelicate expressions, and this exists even among the higher orders. When we consider the tenor of their lives, we cannot be much surprised at this behaviour, for a woman in the East is generally little better than a slave. In fact, a woman in the East is looked upon as a most degraded being. A Hindu may beat his wife as often as he chooses, and they are much accustomed to this barbarous treatment. "The object," says the Abbé Dubois, "for which a Hindu marries is not to gain a companion to aid him in enduring the ills of life, but a slave to bear children and be subservient to his rule." Of all the women in the East, those of Hindustan are by all accounts in the most wretched condition. "Nothing can exceed," says the historian, "the habitual contempt which the Hindus entertain for their women. Hardly are they ever mentioned in their laws, or other books, but as wretches of the most base and vicious

inclinations, on whose nature no virtues or useful qualities can be engrafted." Even in their laws they ascribe every wickedness that can possibly be conceived to women.

The lascivious disposition of the Indian rulers, I should suppose, has partly been the reason of the continuance of the low condition of women, and their filling their harems from such emporiums of beauty as Persia and Cashmere and neglecting the darker beauties. Formerly at the court of the Great Mogul nearly every individual, when first admitted to the royal presence, selected beautiful girls with fair complexions, that their children might pass for genuine Moguls. The celebrated Ranjit Singh was famous for his collection of beauties. Sir Alexander Burnes mentions one of his regiments composed entirely of Amazons. When the Sikh chiefs had withdrawn the Maharajah gave a signal, which brought a detachment of his regiment of Amazons, about seventy in number, richly attired in yellow silk and uniformly dressed. They drew up in front of the Governor-General (Lord William Bentinck) under the orders of a commandant, who controlled the division with a long cane. Some of the ladies were very beautiful; nor did they seem to regret that on such an occasion so many eyes were turned towards them. Many of them had stained their lips with roseate red, and some had called in the aid of colour to increase the brilliancy of their complexions. The ladies succeeded in making an impression, and were desired to

withdraw after chanting a few Persian odes on love and beauty.

I should imagine one of the chief reasons for the effeminacy of the men of Eastern nations is early marriage. What would they think in England to hear a rich Oriental eight-and-forty years old talking of his "Asherut Khanum," his "lady of delight," that he had long wooed and then won her, being then but thirteen years of age? It is a custom in India to marry while the wife is quite a child, frequently not more than six or seven years old. The unfortunate victim is then kept in close confinement until she suits the fancy of her husband.

(2) Indian Lucretias

(From the *Asiatic Journal*, 1835.)

Rome boasts of one Lucrece; India can count hundreds, nay, even thousands, who have died, choosing the dagger, the bowl, or the flame in preference to a life stained by the shadow of a doubt. There are not wanting numerous modern instances to prove that the same feelings actuate the minds of Asiatic women which prevailed many hundred years ago. Dow's annals, Ferishta's history, and the Rajasthan of Colonel Tod are filled with the noble deeds of women—deeds which have not been always inspired by the strong stimulant of public *éclat*, but have emanated from purer

sources. In all barbarous or half-civilised countries, the wives and daughters of the vanquished have always been the victor's prize. A chieftain in India is not esteemed completely conquered, even if he should fall in battle in the vain attempt to resist an invader, until his opponent shall have numbered the women of his zenana amongst his willing slaves, a triumph which has seldom been achieved. These proofs of conquest have always been deemed worthy of record, either in the page of history or in monuments; but there is scarcely a family of note in India which cannot produce some record of the determination of the women to sustain their honour at the expense of their lives. Men, about to engage in a hopeless action, have often commenced by putting all the women of their zenana to the sword, the women yielding as a matter of course. For other instances, when defeat has unexpectedly ensued, the intelligence of the approach of the conqueror has almost invariably been followed by the suicide of the women, rather than submit to pass like household goods from one master to another.

Nor is this feeling confined to the higher classes or manifested only in provinces beyond the pale of British law. The scrupulous notions entertained upon the subject of female delicacy were manifested in a very remarkable degree a short time ago at a large European station in the Upper Provinces. A Khidmatgar in the service of an officer murdered his wife by cutting off her head. At first the act was supposed to be

of mere brutality, but it soon appeared that the woman was a consenting party. She and her husband were known to have been an attached and happy couple; but unfortunately she had become the witness of some transaction which was to be brought before the Court of Adawlut, and her testimony being necessary, she was summoned to attend. The women, during their examination at these courts, are compelled to lift up their veils. Hitherto the Khidmatgar, notwithstanding his low estate, had kept his wife behind the purdah (curtain). She had never been seen by male eyes, excepting those of her immediate family; and unable to brook her disgrace and his own, he resolved to put her to death. The act was not committed until the morning of the day on which she had been cited to appear, and it was performed openly, apparently without a wish for concealment.

The murderer was instantly taken into custody, and British law not recognising the motives on which he acted, he was arraigned upon a capital charge, and being found guilty was hung. This man's fate excited considerable compassion in the minds of those who were acquainted with the principles on which he acted; nor did the plea of his wife's acquiescence create surprise or disbelief.

(3) Female Infanticide

(From the same.)

In every Mohammedan family the birth of an infant of the weaker sex is considered a misfortune. The gloom that prevails in the household forms a certain indication that the hopes of the parents have been disappointed; and although their religion will not sanction their putting the unhappy creatures to death, they allow the females to run all the chances of neglect. Hindus are less scrupulous. Many tribes and castes make it a practice to kill all the female infants born in their families. They have rather a circumlocutory mode of stating the fact, only admitting at first, when the question is put to them, that they do not rear daughters, and, confessing, when hard pressed, that they are either drowned in a vessel of milk, or soothed to their eternal sleep by a dose of laudanum. Women in India, being taught to excuse any fault they may commit on the plea of their natural inferiority, it is not so difficult as we might suppose to induce them to consent to the rooting up of an unprofitable weed, by the destruction of their daughters. The mother's hand may be spared the task, but the office is delegated to a female, and thus the sum of degradation is completed. The great extent to which this frightful practice is carried on throughout India would surprise those who are unacquainted with the official documents

collected by civilians, who, aided by Government, have endeavoured to procure its abolition. Whatever may be the case in more enlightened countries, the example set in India can afford little encouragement for women to admit the assumed superiority of the lordly sex, since their submission to this dogma has entailed on them the necessity of administering to their husbands' vices, and of murdering their own children.

(4) Duties of a Wife

(From the *Padma Purana.*)

Her husband may be aged, crooked, infirm, blind, and deaf, or offensive in his manners; suppose him cross-tempered, choleric, dissipated, irregular, a drunkard, a gambler, an incorrigible debauchee; even if he be utterly reckless regarding domestic happiness or the peace of his home; if he be benumbed by indifference or violent as a demon; if he live in the world without honour, disgraced and contemned, his many crimes and infirmities will assuredly weigh him down to the earth, but never shall his wife regard him otherwise than as the idol of her heart. Let her ever be diligent in her domestic labours, watchful over her temper and affections, by no means covetous of her neighbour's advantages, avoiding dispute, quiet in her mind, quiet in her manner. If she behold anything which she might lawfully desire

to possess, the wish must not be formed without the sanction of her husband. If her husband laugh, she should laugh; if he weep, she should weep also. If he be disposed to converse, let her enter into conversation with him; if he be talkative, let her be attentive. When he shall desire her to talk, sweetly let her words distil from her lips, and more and more to please her lord and master be her only aim. If perchance a stranger should look towards her, she must shun him with downcast look, and walk on in disregard of him, meditating upon her husband; if he endeavour to gain her notice, she must not behold him; if by unlooked-for casualty he should endeavour to insinuate himself into her regard; if he offer her the richest garments or jewels above all price; if he should woo her with the most importunate passion, by the help of her gods she shall spurn him from her presence.

For be it known that a woman can have no true happiness but through her husband; and if her heart be persevering in fidelity, through him she shall ultimately enjoy the blessings of children; he shall provide her with honourable apparel; his affection shall decorate her with jewels, with choice flowers, with sandal, saffron, and everything which her heart can desire.

And be it moreover known that through the medium of a faithful wife a man enjoys all earthly happiness. This is the perpetual declaration of the books of the council of the

wise. It is by the aid of a faithful and devoted wife that he performs every prosperous work, that he acquires riches and obtains renown; and under her affection every plant in the garden of his life shall flourish. A man without a faithful wife is an imperfect being.

(5) Zenana Life

(From Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali: *Observations on the Mussulmans of India.*)

At first I pitied the apparent monotony of their lives, but this feeling has worn away by intimacy with the women who are thus precluded from mixing generally with the world. They are happy in their confinement; and never having felt the sweets of liberty, would not know how to use the boon if it were to be granted them. As the bird from a nest, immured in a cage, is both cheerful and contented, so are these females. They have not, it is true, many intellectual resources, but they have naturally good understandings, and having learned their duty, they strive to fulfil it. So far as I have had any opportunity of making personal observations on their general character, they appear to me obedient wives, dutiful daughters, affectionate mothers, kind mistresses, sincere friends, and liberal benefactresses to the distressed poor. These are their moral qualifications, and in their religious duties they are zealous in performing

the ordinances which they have been instructed by their parents or husbands to observe. To be alone is a trial to which they are seldom exposed, every lady having companions among her dependants. Some ladies of rank have from two to ten companions, independent of slaves and domestics; and there are some of the royal family at Lucknow who keep two or three hundred female servants of all classes. A well-filled zenana is a mark of gentility, and even the poorest lady in the country will retain a number of slaves and domestics, if she cannot afford companions. They are miserable without society, having grown up in the habit of associating with numbers. "To be alone" is considered with women thus situated a real calamity.

. . . .

I have been much amused with the curious inquiries of a Zenana family, when the gardener's doolie (basket) is brought in. They will often ask with wonder, "How do these things grow?" "How do they look in the ground?" I have listened to many such childlike remarks with pity, whilst I have explained the operations of nature in the vegetable kingdom, a subject on which they are perfectly ignorant.

One lady fancied her happiness very much depended on seeing a river and a bridge. I undertook to gain permission from her husband and father, that the treat might be permitted; they, however, did not approve of the lady being

gratified, and I was vexed to be obliged to convey the disappointment to my friend. She very mildly answered, "I was much to blame in requesting what I knew was improper for me to be indulged in. I hope my husband and family will not be displeased with me for my childish wish. Pray make them understand how much I repent of my folly. I shall be ashamed to speak on the subject when we meet."

(6) The Punishment of Infidelity

(From the *Asiatic Journal.*)

The very high value which the natives of India put upon chastity may be inferred from the extreme severity of the punishments which are inflicted upon the women in cases of transgression. The mildest penalty, indeed, with which incontinence is visited, appears to be that of cutting off the nose, a penalty which is inflicted immediately upon conviction of the crime. The writer has twice or thrice seen this sentence carried into effect; it is done with much ceremony by the village barber, who, having first shaved the woman's head, at a signal from the chief of the "panchayat" (council of the five Brahmins) snips off her nose with a small pair of shears. Death by the knife or poison may be said to rank next in leniency, for most of the modes of retribution are in an order of cruelty nothing less than diabolical.

Among the ancient people of Orissa, and in some parts of Bahar, it was the practice to pluck out the eyes, to cut off the ears, to burn off the lips, eyebrows and nostrils, and then to turn the poor woman forth upon the wide world to die of starvation or a broken heart, or to put an end to her miserable existence, as despair might pro[illegible] An equally inhuman device was that [illegible] Panjabis, who obliterated all traces of [illegible] in the person of the delinquent, by the a[illegible] tion of oil of vitriol or some other acid. [illegible] most ancient practice among the Hindus seems to have been of anointing the victim's body with rancid oil, and casting her bound hand and foot out of the city to be devoured by the herds of pariah dogs which abound in India. This was usually performed with much ceremony, the poor woman being first denuded, and led through the streets and market-places, mounted upon an ass, preceded by a rabble troop, with flags and drums and all sorts of noisy instruments. The Mussulmans used more frequently to cast the woman to an infuriated elephant to be torn and trampled to death.

(From Sir Henry Lawrence: *Romance and Reality of Indian Life.*)

We set off for the fort at daylight, and were in time to see the sun rise across the river. We took our seat in the Jasman Boorj, a little projecting turret of marble lattice that overhangs the river. We looked down on a wilderness of domes and turrets, mosques, palaces, and gardens, with the Taj, like a presiding genius, towering above them all. The zenana apartments in the fort are in good preservation; their white marble, lace-work screens, gardens of orange trees and jasmine, fountains and inlaid pavements, all very much, according to my preconceived notions, of what a seraglio ought to be. Leaving this beautiful "cage," we descended to a large open court, where a low flight of steps led up to the Emperor's apartments. Beneath the steps is a low, ominous-looking doorway, entering which, we were on the top of a dark, winding staircase, leading to the tai-khana, a set of caverns, or rather catacombs, that honeycomb the ground underneath the palace. Those chambers opening on the river were airy and pleasant this cold morning, and, of course, proportionately cool in the hot weather; but the interior cells seemed a formidable complication of dark vaults, passages, and steps. We were lighted by a torch through some of these recesses, and to one of especial interest leading to the Phanseegah ("place of hanging").

Turning to the right, a few yards of narrow winding passage between dead walls brought us to the end of a cul-de-sac, where the only opening was a hole, broken in the left-hand wall, just large enough to squeeze through. The light and noise accompanying our approach disturbed hosts of bats and birds that flapped and wheeled about our heads. Our guide squeezed first through the breach, and stood waving his torch over a deep chasm, like a huge dry well, across which ran a strong beam of wood, dangling with ropes. There was a most offensive stench from the pit. I looked down, but there was not light enough to see the bottom, and I was glad to make my escape from the odours and vermin of the place.

The tale I heard in explanation of this mysterious vault is, that for years the "passage leading to nothing" had been a puzzle to those who visited the tai-khanas. At last some remarked that the wall to the left-hand sounded hollow when struck, and this discovery was followed up by Sir Charles Metcalfe, I think, who broke open the hole already mentioned, and found the formidable pit I have described. To the beam that traverses it were hanging the remains of human skeletons, which the learned pronounced to be those of *females*. Putting all circumstances together, this pit was supposed to be the place where the obnoxious ladies of the harem were disposed of—a "cleanlier riddance" of them, their wrongs and crimes, than the Turkish plan of sewing them in sacks, though

the Jumna flows conveniently near to the palace of Agra.

(7) Mothers and Sons

(From Sleeman's *Rambles and Recollections.*)

The day before we left Duteea our cook had a violent dispute with his mother, a thing of almost daily occurrence; for although a very fat and handsome lady, she was a very violent one. He was a quiet man, but unable to bear any longer the abuse she was heaping upon him, he first took up a pitcher of water and flung it at her head. It missed her, and he then snatched up a stick and, for the first time in his life, struck her. He was her only son. She quietly took up all her things, and walking off towards a temple, said she would leave him for ever; and he, having passed the rubicon, declared that he was resolved to submit no longer to the parental tyranny which she had hitherto exercised over him. My water-carrier, however, prevailed upon her with much difficulty to return and take up her quarters with him and his wife and five children in a small tent we had given them. Maddened at the thought of a blow from her only son, the old lady about sunset swallowed a large quantity of opium, and before the circumstance was discovered it was too late to apply a remedy. We were told of it about eight o'clock at night, and found her lying in her son's arms—tried every remedy at hand, but without success,

and about midnight she died. She loved her son, and he respected her; and yet not a day passed without their having some desperate quarrel, generally about the orphan daughter of her brother who lived with them, and was to be married as soon as the cook could save, out of his pay, money enough to defray the expenses of the ceremonies. The old woman was always reproaching him for not saving money fast enough. This little cousin had now stolen some of the cook's tobacco for his young assistant, and the old lady thought it right to admonish her. The cook likewise thought it right to add his admonitions to those of his mother; but the old lady would have her niece abused by nobody but herself, and flew into a violent passion at his presuming to interfere. This led to the son's outrage and the mother's suicide.

The son is a mild, good-tempered young man, who bears an excellent character among his equals, and is a very good servant. Had he been less mild, it had perhaps been better, for his mother would by degrees have given up that despotic sway over her child, which in infancy is necessary, in youth useful, but in manhood becomes intolerable. "God defend us from the anger of the *mild* in spirit," said an excellent judge of human nature, Mohammed, the founder of this cook's religion; and certainly the mildest tempers are those which become the most ungovernable when roused beyond a certain degree; and the proud spirit of the old wom

could not brook the outrage which her son, when so roused, had been guilty of. From the time that she was discovered to have taken poison till she breathed her last she lay in the arms of the poor man, who besought her to live that her only son might atone for his crime and not be a matricide.

There is no part of the world, I believe, where parents are so much reverenced by their sons as they are in India in all classes of society. This is sufficiently evinced by the desire that parents feel to have sons. The duty of daughters is from the day of their marriage transferred entirely to their husbands and their husbands' parents, on whom alone devolves the duty of protecting and supporting them through the wedded and the widowed state. The links that united them to their parents are broken. All the reciprocity of rights and duties which have bound together the parent and child from infancy is considered to end with the consummation of her marriage; nor does the stain of any subsequent female backsliding affect the family of her parents—it can affect that only of her husband, which alone is held responsible for her conduct.

If a widow inherits the property of her husband, on her death the property would go to the widow of her husband's brother, supposing neither had any children by their husbands, in preference to her own brother; but between the son and his parents this reciprocity of rights and duties follows them to

the grave. One is delighted to s
habitual reverence for the mother
the present case, it is too apt to
domineering spirit, which produc
mischief even in private families, but s
in sovereign ones. A prince, when he
the age of manhood, and ought to take
himself the duties of the government,
obliged to witness a great deal of oppre
misrule from his inability to persu
widowed mother to resign the power w
into his hands. He often tamely submi
see his country ruined, and his family dishonoured, before he can bring himself by some act of desperate resolution to wrest it from her grasp. In order to prevent his doing so, or to recover the reins he has thus obtained, the mother has often been known to poison her own son ; and many a princess in India, like Isabella of England, has, I believe, destroyed her husband, to enjoy more freely the society of her paramour, and hold these reins during the minority of her son.

(8) Rules for Widows

(Dubois' *Description of the People of India.*)

If the husband dies first, just before his last breath the wife flies to her toilet, and for the last time in her life adorns herself with all her jewels and her finest attire. She is no sooner dressed than she returns, with marks of the profoundest grief on her countenance, and throws herself on the body of her dead husband, which she embraces with loud shrieks. She continues to clasp him fast in her arms, until the relations, who are generally quiet spectators of what is going on, thinking she has acquitted herself sufficiently of this first demonstration of grief, attempt to take her away from the body. She will not yield, however, to anything but force, and appears to make violent efforts to disengage herself from their restraint, so as to precipitate herself again upon the corpse. But finding herself overpowered, she must be content with rolling upon the ground, as if she were bereft of reason, striking her bosom violently, tearing off her hair in handfuls, and giving several other proofs of the sincerity of her sorrow. She is compelled to act in this manner, were it only in dissimulation, and to save appearances, as it is all in conformity with custom, and appertains to the ceremony of mourning.

After exhibiting these first evidences of

despair, she gets up, and assuming a more composed appearance, approaches the body of her husband. Addressing it, she demands, "Why hast thou forsaken me? What evil have I done that thou hast left me at this untimely age? Had I not always for thee the fondness of a faithful wife? Was I not attentive to household affairs? My pretty children, whom I have brought thee, what will become of them, and who will protect them, now thou art dead? Did I not neatly serve up thy rice? Did I not devote myself to provide thee good eating? What did I leave undone? And who henceforward will take care of me?"

Such pathetic appeals as these she utters in a lamentable tone, and at each demand she pauses to allow scope to her grief, which then breaks forth in violent screams and with torrents of blasphemies against the gods who have deprived her of her protector. The women who are attending wait till she has finished her lamentations, which they re-echo nearly in the same dismal tone.

She continues to apostrophise her husband in this manner till her wearied lungs can no longer afford her the means of making her affection audible, or till her exhausted eloquence has spent all its stores. It is then time for her to withdraw that she may enjoy some repose, and meditate upon some new harangues to be addressed to the dead body when they are preparing for its obsequies.

The more vehement the expression of the

widow's grief on such occasions, and the louder her exclamations, so much the more is she esteemed for her intelligence and sentiment. The young women who are present listen to every word she speaks, and diligently observe all her gestures; and when they are struck with anything that appears new or interesting in either, they diligently treasure it up in their memory, to be used at some future time when, in their turn, they are brought into the same predicament.

It would be highly discreditable to a woman, under such circumstances, to forbear these expressions of violent sorrow. I was once appealed to by some relations of a young widow, whose stupidity was so gross, they said, that at her husband's death she had not a word to say, but only wept.

The widows, who, in the learned tongue, are called Vidhava, which bears a great resemblance to the Latin Vidua, are less regarded than any other women, especially if they are without children, in which case they are spurned by all the world. They are then called "Munda," a term of derision signifying "shaved head." They cannot now wear any ornaments, excepting one of a plain sort, which is fastened round the neck. Coloured clothing is interdicted. In most parts they are allowed white only. Neither are they permitted to stain their faces with saffron-water; nor even to imprint on their foreheads any of the idols' symbols. They are excluded from all ceremonies of joy, such as that of

marriage, where their presence would be considered an evil omen.

A woman is constituted a widow some days after the death of her husband by a particular ceremony. The relations and near connections of her own sex, being assembled in the house of the deceased, after partaking of a repast which has been prepared for them, encircle the widow who is the object of their meeting, and exhort her to be reconciled to her unfortunate destiny. Having joined with her for some time in weeping over it, they make her sit down; and her nearest female relation cuts the thread by which the Tahly is suspended, that little gold ornament which all wives in India wear at their necks as the symbol of their marriage. Then the barber is called in, who shaves her head. By these two ceremonies she instantly sinks into the despised class of widows. Conscious of this, she fails not to make the air resound with her cries, while they are going on. However young or beautiful the widow may be, a new union is altogether impossible, as the invincible customs of the country forbid it.

(9) Female Fortitude

(From the *Asiatic Journal*, 1841.)

A few years since the writer was travelling by water in company with a brother officer, from the western provinces of Bengal to Calcutta; and when within two or three days' sail of it, his friend discovered that he had been plundered of several valuable gold native ornaments and some money. Suspicion fell upon a boy who had access to the property, but whose integrity had been heretofore unimpeached. Search was made, and the lad was closely cross-examined, but without eliciting any clue to a discovery. The boy's mother, a fine, handsome woman of respectable family and of high character, was the head female domestic of the officer's wife. She appeared much hurt at the accusation made against her boy, and solemnly declared him incapable of any dishonest act. But a few days subsequently to the investigation, when suspicion had died away, this woman accidentally let fall from her dress upon the deck one of the missing trinkets, a valuable gold armlet. Being charged with the theft, she boldly asseverated her innocence, and refused to give any account of the manner in which she had become possessed of the stolen property. Fair speech, manœuvres, and threats were alike unavailing, for she assumed and resolutely maintained a sullen silence, until at last the officer told her that, unless she made a free confession, she

should be carried before a magistrate, and the secret be wrung from her by torture. "Torture!" she cried suddenly, and with a scornful laugh. "Think you that a Hindu mother regards torture? Think you that the torments of Jehannum [hell] would extort one unwilling syllable from the daughter of Ram Narayan? Wa! Wa! We are not Christians; we are not infidels." Thus saying, she stepped bare-footed into the glowing embers of a charcoal fire, which lay in an earthen pan on the deck, and so remained standing for several seconds, without any, even the slightest expression of pain, until forcibly driven from the fire by the writer. Her feet were deeply and terribly wounded, blistered, and swollen; but she appeared utterly indifferent to the suffering which she must have endured. She would allow no remedies to be applied, and continued to walk about the deck as usual bare-footed.

CHAPTER VIII

THE EUROPEAN SEEN THROUGH INDIAN EYES

(1) From Dubois' "Description of the Character, Manners and Customs of the People of India"

A BRAHMIN will always refuse to own that any European can be as wise as he. He holds in sovereign contempt all the sciences, arts, and new discoveries which such a teacher could communicate, in the injudicious conceit that nothing which has not been invented by himself can be either good or useful. And he is persuaded that everything human that either can or ought to be known, is already contained in his books, while on the other hand, whatever he himself has not found out is suspicious, and ought to be rejected without further examination.

Such is the education of a Brahmin, and such the principles in which he is universally and invariably trained up; and it would be labour lost to attempt to correct his prejudices or to alter his notions on such affairs.

One frequently sees among them some individuals whom interest or other motives have induced to acquire the European tongues, and

who understand them very well. But they are rarely seen with a European book of science in their hands, and it would be somewhat difficult to convince them that any such work contained an atom of which they are ignorant, or that is not already to be found in books of their own.

At the same time though the Brahmins will not allow that the Europeans equal them in the high departments of knowledge, they confess their superiority in some other respects. In particular they love to talk of the humanity with which they carry on war, of the moderation and impartiality with which they govern the people under their control; and if it were possible for this singular caste to become familiar with any foreigners, it would certainly be with the Europeans, whose good qualities of benevolence and humanity they acknowledge. But among the bright virtues which adorn them they descry the darkest taints. They see them addicted to habits so gross and abominable according to their notions, so completely opposite to their own education and breeding, as well as to their institutions, that they quickly forget the favourable impressions which their beneficence, moderation and spirit of equity had left, and view them in no other light than as a part of the barbarous nations.

The Europeans would have rapidly advanced in the esteem and affection of the people of India, had they chosen at their first appearance, if not to accommodate themselves entirely to the customs and prejudices of the country, at

least to have done so in the leading points. If they had yielded somewhat to those observances, the breach of which is most offensive, and is, indeed, regarded by all castes of Hindus as the most enormous wickedness, or as outrageous rudeness, it would have cost them but little. Perhaps the adoption of some of the customs which they found established in the country might have been beneficial to their health, and at all events would have procured them an advantage, which they have for ever lost in the love and confidence of those nations.

I cannot see for my part what the Europeans would have lost by abstaining, in tenderness to the prejudices of the people, from the flesh of the cow; which in hot climates is but an insipid and unwholesome food. Neither do I perceive that it would have been a great sacrifice for them, in choosing their servants, to have avoided the infamous and detested sect of the pariahs.

Let us but candidly consider how a Brahmin, or a Hindû of any other caste, can attach himself with affection to an European; an individual, who, in his whole conduct, affronts their most sacred and inviolable institutions. How can a Brahmin repress the horror and the hideous disgust which must rise within him, when he sees Europeans feeding upon the flesh of the cow? He to whom the murder of one such animal is more appalling than manslaughter, and the use of its flesh more horrible than to gorge on a human carcase?

In what estimation can he hold men who admit pariahs into their domestic service, or keep women of that vile tribe as servants, or in a more criminal capacity; he who feels a stain and must immediately wash, if even the shadow of such a being passes athwart him?

What respect can he have for men who debauch themselves in public, who appear to consider the detestable act of drunkenness as a gallant feat; he, who has been taught to view it as the most infamous of all vices, and the most debasing to human nature; he, who if he once offended in that way would be consigned to the most degrading punishment? What idea can he form of Europeans, when he sees them bring their females to mix in their intemperance, and beholds women shamelessly laugh and play with the men, and even join them without blushing in the dance; he, whose wife dares not sit down in his presence, and who has never known or imagined that persons of that sex, with the exception of the common girls, could take it into their heads to amble and caper?

Another peculiarity which is nearly as shocking to the Hindus is that of the European dress. It is so different from theirs, and in other respects so cumbersome and incommodious in a warm climate, that it is not surprising they should think it fantastical and ridiculous.

But what disgusts them most of all is the boots and gloves. In their imaginations leather and all kinds of skins of animals are

of so impure a nature that they must wash after touching them; and they do not understand how Europeans can handle, and even put on, without horror, the offals of a beast.

(2) From the "Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mohammedan Gentleman"

Amid these changes, the most interesting news to us was the following. About sixty years previously, during the reign of Muhammad Shah, some foreign adventurers, wonderful in their character and manners, appeared in the country, where they began to establish themselves, taking advantage of the Emperor's weakness, and of the universal discord amongst the nobles and governors of the provinces. Strange things were said regarding this wonderful people, who, it was affirmed, had no skin, but a thin membrane covering their body which made them appear abominably white. They were perfect in magical art, which made them successful in all their undertakings. They did not believe in our blessed Prophet, and they called themselves Christians; but would not act on the laws of the sacred Anajil (gospels), which holy book they had changed in several places to serve their worldly purposes. Most of them still worshipped images, and they ate everything, and particularly things forbidden by the holy Moses, and this in spite of the order

of the sacred Anajil (St. Matthew v. 18, 19), nay, they did not spare human flesh, when driven to extremity. They had made three Gods for themselves instead of one—the only omnipotent supreme Being—contrary to Moses' first commandment, and, most absurd of all, they attributed to the Almighty God the having wife and children; and by the same token they called their Prophet and themselves sons and children of God. Such reports were the topic of almost all conversations, and many other things were said against them, and only one in their favour—that they were not unjust; but in the administration of justice they never deviated from the sacred book of Solomon, the son of David.

. . . . .

Amongst the population of Baroda I saw for the first time two classes with eyes of amazement. These were the English and the Parsees. One morning as I was walking in the city to divert myself, I saw four men, two of them on horseback and the other two walking along with them; to my great curiosity I found their complexion corresponding with what we had heard. I heard them talking among themselves, and their jargon sounded harsh and wild to my hearing. Their dress tightly fitted their bodies, without any skirt to screen such parts as the law of modesty has taught man to conceal. I felt inclined to accost them; but thought myself too young to venture on such

... I raised my hand, however, to ... in token of salutation, without uttering the sacred sentence "As salám alaikum" (Peace be to you), to which none are entitled but true believers. They returned my salutation very kindly, which civility greatly softened my prejudices against them.

(3) From Sleeman: "Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official"

A very learned Hindu once told me in Central India that the oracle of Mahadeo had been at the same time consulted at three of his greatest temples, one in the Deccan, one in Rajpootana, and one, I think, in Bengal—as to the result of the government of India by Europeans, who seemed determined to fill all the high offices of administration with their own countrymen to the exclusion of the people of the country. A day was appointed for the answer; and when the priest came to receive it, they found Mahadeo (Siva) himself, with an European complexion and dressed in European clothes! He told them "that their European government was in reality nothing more than a multiplied incarnation of himself, and that he had come among them in this shape to prevent their cutting each other's throats as they had been doing for some centuries past; that these, his incarnations, appeared to have no religion themselves, in order that they might be the more

impartial arbitrators, between the people of so many different creeds and sects, who now inhabited the country; that they must be aware that they never had before been so impartially governed, and that they must continue to obey these their governors, without attempting to pry further into futurity or the will of their gods." Mahadeo performs a part in the great drama of the Ramayana; and he is the only figure there that is represented with a *white* face!

(4) **From Sir Bartle Frere: "Indian Missions"**

There are members of the "outside" population—the helots and serfs, who, important as they are to the village community, are not admitted to the Council of Elders, but talk among themselves in a little council of their own, under the tree by their huts outside the village. There has been much to stir their minds, ever since these white faces first appeared in the land. The yeomen of pure Hindu descent, the shopkeepers and the Brahmins, still hold these outsiders, as they have done for ages past, unclean, and feel polluted by their touch; but the "sahibs" do not appear to think so, at least not till they learn it from the Brahmins. The younger sahibs may be sometimes hot and hasty, and get impatient when people don't understand their bad pronunciation, but it is clear they don't agree

with the Brahmins in matters of caste; and every one of the speakers has some instance of his own experience, something which occurred when he was hunting or shooting with the sahib, or when he was giving evidence in his court, or taking a message from him, which proves that the sahib looks upon all these distinctions of caste as nonsense, and that he would not even object to drink water of the helot's drawing, provided it was brought in a clean vessel.

Then whenever they stir out of their own village, some evidence meets them of the equalising, levelling tendencies of the British Government—of its entire disregard for the distinctions of caste which so largely modify the action of every native administration. At the great public works everyone gets paid according to his work—no one asks what is the workman's caste or where he comes from. Then what incarnations of justice, equity and equality are the roads and railroads! How straight they go! caring no more for the Headman's or Rajah's field than for the Helot's rubbish heap; everybody goes together by train, the prince and the peasant—all get accommodated according to what they pay, without distinction of caste or rank, and all arrive at the same time!

It is the same with their courts of justice; if you have only money enough you may sue anybody you please, and get a decree too sometimes, and have it executed against the wealth-

iest banker in the county town (though that is a dangerous experiment, by no means to be recommended, for, after all, Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, has it all her way in this world, and bankers are her special favourites). Then this "lightning-post," what a wonderful invention it is! It beats even the railway as a manifestation of benevolence, justice and equality; for everyone's message goes in turn, and all for the same price per dozen words.

(5) A Magistrate's Court

(By Babu Dukhinarungun Mookerji: *Asiatic Journal*, 1843.)

Now conceive yourselves, gentlemen, in a large hall, entirely filled with our countrymen of every rank and denomination, in a conspicuous part of which a chair has been placed on a wooden platform, about one cubit high and three cubits square, over which you perceive a small writing-desk, near which is seated a fashionably-dressed civilian, apparently between twenty and twenty-six years of age, who, as is very often the case, is either picking his teeth, or reading a letter, or scanning a newspaper, or, it may be, is indulging in a nap. But, to make the best of it, suppose him to be in the attitude of listening with profound attention, to the perusal of the huge file of Bengali or Urdu papers which a turbaned countryman of ours, standing immediately below the bench, is

reading to him, surrounded by other individuals of a busy and cunning look, forming a distinct group aloof and apart from the audience. These are heard occasionally to address by turn a few words of explanation to the loftily-seated gentleman always interlarding their speeches with some such base and slavish terms as "Khuda-wand," "Huzoor," "Khuda-e-ghani," "Zillal-lah," "Ghareeb-parwar," or in English, "God-like sir," "Presence" (a word implying one too sacred to be named), "Friend of God," "Shadow of the Almighty," "Protector of the poor." Their language is, if possible, even more disgusting, when, alluding to themselves, they lift up their voices with joined hands to the living idol "Ghulam," "Khanazad," "Fidavi," "Banda," or "Your slave," "The born slave of your house," "Your inferior," "Your creature," and the like. Such are the individuals who boast of the responsible character of "amlahs," or ministerial officers. Next, fancy the same high-seated personage to be in the act of hearing the deposition of a witness in our language; you would be likely to imagine, on a superficial view, that the magistrate was actually engaged in the solemn act of administering justice to the thousands who come to claim it at his tribunal. But I must tell you that the knowledge possessed by this administrator of justice, of the language in which the proceedings of his court are conducted, is so limited, that he is incompetent perfectly to understand, unassisted by his amlahs, one single sentence of the volu-

minous "nuthees" (petitions) that are daily read to him. He is often wholly incapable of comprehending the purport, sense or tendency of the decrees to which he daily affixes his seal and signature, although they frequently affect the rights, the honour and the lives of our fellow-subjects and countrymen.

(6) From W. H. Russell's "My Diary in India"

On one occasion I asked an officer who knew something of the natives, what they thought of us, as far as he knew, when we gave way to such exceedingly high spirits, and were in full swing, singing and drinking, "What do you suppose these fellows, who are standing there behind our chairs, are thinking of all this?"

"*They?* Why, they don't think about us at all. They look upon us as out-of-the-way, inscrutable beings, whom it would be quite useless to perplex their heads about, and they're too well accustomed to this sort of thing to wonder at it."

Well, I did not accept his statement, and I now believe that with all this apparent apathy, and indifference, there is real critical examination, and that when they meet together, the servants discuss the qualities of their masters just as they would in our English kitchen. And so I asked a native gentleman one day if he ever heard that our servants complained of us, or laughed at us, or tried to enter into the spirit

of our revelries, and he answered, "I will speak the truth, if the sahib will not be displeased at it."

"Well, pray speak. I am certain that you will not willingly offend us."

"Does the sahib see those monkeys? They are playing very pleasantly. But the sahib cannot say why they play, nor what they are going to do next. Well, then, our poor people look upon you very much as they would on those monkeys, but that they know you are very fierce and strong, and would be angry if you were laughed at. They are afraid to laugh. But they do regard you as some great powerful creatures sent to plague them, of whose motives and actions they can comprehend nothing whatever."

The fact I believe to be nevertheless that the incidents of the mess-room are often the staple conversation of the bazaar. I saw once an extract, which purported to be a translation from a native journal, giving an account of a party at one of our stations, which was somewhat to this effect: that a great assemblage of sahibs and mem-sahibs had been held at Mr. B——'s in order to eat and drink wine, and dance together. That they all sat down at table, where there was a large piece of pig* (ham), which not only the sahibs but the mem-sahibs devoured, taking it several times over; and that having eaten many other dishes and

* Strictly forbidden in the Koran.

swallowed much wine, the ladies went upstairs to recover themselves, but the gentlemen remained below, and drank till they began to shout at each other, and to make great outcries, calling each other's names, and crying out when the man whose name was called stood up, and then putting their feet on the tables and waving their glasses till they could scarcely stand. Then they went to the room where the ladies were, and caught them round the waist and began to haul them about.

(7) From the "Autobiography of Sitaram, a Native Officer"

(*a*) After bathing and eating the morning meal, my uncle dressed in his full regimentals and went to pay his respects to the Adjutant sahib and Commanding Officer. He took me with him. I rather dreaded this, as I had never yet seen a sahib, and imagined they were terrible to look on, and of great stature—I thought at least seven feet high. In those days there were but few sahibs in Oude—only one or two as Residents in Lucknow, where I had never been. In the villages in my country most curious ideas existed about them; anyone who had chanced to see a sahib told the most absurd stories of them. In fact, nothing then could be said that would not have been believed. It was reported that they were born from an egg, which grew on a tree. This idea still exists in remote

villages. Had a mem-sahib come suddenly into some of our villages, if she was young and handsome, she would have been considered as a kind of fairy and most probably have been worshipped; but should the mem-sahib have been old and ugly, the whole village would have run away and hid in the jungle, considering her as a witch. Therefore my dread of seeing a sahib for the first time in my life is not to be wondered at. I remember when I was at a fair at Agra, hearing the opinion of some country people who had come from afar off about the sahibs. An old woman said she had always been told they were born from eggs, which came on a tree in a far-off island, but that morning she had seen a sahib with a "peri" (fairy) by his side, who she declared was covered with feathers of the most beautiful colours, that her face was white as milk, and that the sahib had to keep his hand on her shoulders to prevent her flying away! This she had seen with her own eyes and it was all true. I am not so ignorant as all this now, but at the time I first came to Agra, I should have believed it. I afterwards frequently saw this sahib driving his lady about, and she wore a tippet made of peacock's feathers, which the old woman thought were wings.

(*b*) There were eight English officers in my regiment, but the captain of my company was a real sahib, like what I had imagined all sahibs to be. He was six feet three inches in height, his chest like Hunoman's (a Hindu deity), and

his strength enormous. He used often to wrestle with the sepoys, and when in the wrestling arena he was the universal admiration of all the men. He had learnt all the throws, and no sepoy could ever overcome him. This officer was always known among ourselves as the "Palwan" sahib (the wrestler). Nearly all our officers had some name by which they were known among ourselves: one was the "Nawab" sahib; another the "Unt" (camel) sahib, because he had a long neck; another was "Damn" sahib, because he always said that word whenever he gave an order. Some of the officers were very young—only boys; when not on the parade-ground, they were always out hunting and shooting.

The sahibs then could speak our language much better than they can now, and mixed more with us. The officers have now to pass examinations; still, they do not understand our language so well, although they have to read books. The only language they learn is the low language, which they hear from their servants, and which is not fit to be used before gentlemen. In those days the sahibs often gave nautches to the regiment and attended all games; they had the men out with them while hunting—at least all those who liked to go.

Since then they seldom attend nautches, for their padres (chaplains) have told them it is wrong, and they have done and are doing many things to estrange the sahib from the sepoy. When I was a sepoy, the captain of my com-

pany would have some of his men at his house all day and talked to them. Of course many went with the intention of gaining something for themselves—to induce him to recommend them to the Colonel for promotion, etc.; but numbers went because they liked the sahib, who always treated them as if they were his own children. I am a very old man now, and my words are true: I have lived to see great changes in the sahibs; I now see that many officers only speak to their men when obliged, and evidently show that it is irksome to them, and try to get rid of them as soon as possible. One sahib told me he never knew what to say: the sahibs always knew what to say, and how to say it, when I was young. The "lalcoatee"* sahibs (officers of English regiments) since the Mutiny, do not treat us in the same way they used to do. I am fully aware of the execration my unworthy brethren deserve for their brutal conduct during the mutiny; but they rather deserve this from their own officers than from those of English regiments. I remember even when it was well known that I was one of the force that relieved Lucknow, I was called a "d—d black pig" by more than one English officer; whereas, when I made chapaties† for the officers of the 13th and 41st Foot in Cabul they used to say "Jack Sepoy was a d—d good fellow." I have not served forty-eight years with English officers

* Redcoat.
† Cakes of unleavened bread.

without knowing the meaning of all this. It is greatly to be attributed to hastiness of temper, but who can combat against fate?

(c) The punishments the Sirkar (Government) orders to be inflicted for offences are thought by many to be absurd, and by most classes to be dictated by fear. A low-caste man is convicted of breaking into a house and stealing jewels from the women with violence; he is sent to prison for a year or more, where he is much better fed, clothed, and attended to than he ever was in his life. True it is he is deprived of his liberty; but he gets his food, and the "sakht mihnat" (hard labour) he laughs at; what is it to a coolie who has to work hard for his half seer of flour? Under a native government he would have had his hand chopped off. This is a real punishment—one the thief would never forget, and one which has a great effect upon all evil-doers, which I conceive to be the object of punishment. The Sirkar should remember that the ryot (countryman) is only a "bail" (bullock). A bail does not care for being beaten with a small stick, he requires a goad; so it is with these men. The Sirkar's punishments have no effect upon them; in fact, they are a perfect laughing-stock. The laws of the English, no doubt, are very wise and good for them; but the laws of the Dharm Shaster (Hindu Code), which were made for us, are the best for us. Who can understand why a man should not punish his wife if guilty of adultery? Can money satisfy his revenge?

Yet we are not now allowed to punish either the wife or her paramour. This is not justice and causes great dissatisfaction. There is but one opinion on this point.

(8) From Keshub Chunder Sen's Lectures

As one deeply interested in the social and spiritual welfare of my country, I cannot but be aggrieved to see that, owing to unjustifiable conduct on both sides, there is a most injurious isolation between us and that nation with whose aid we are destined to rise in the scale of nations, and from whom we have to learn the inestimable riches of Christ's sublime morality. Among the European community in India there is a class who not only hate the natives with their whole heart, but seem to take a pleasure in doing so. The existence of such a class of men cannot possibly be disputed. They regard the nation as one of the vilest classes on earth, hopelessly immersed in all the vices which can degrade humanity and bring it to the level of the brutes. They think it mean even to associate with the natives.

Many a European adventurer in this country seems to believe that he has a right to trample on every unfortunate "nigger" with whom he comes in contact. This he believes to be heroism, and in this he seeks glory! But he forgets that to kick and trample upon one who is inferior in strength is not heroism, but

base cowardice. What glory is there in whipping and scourging a helpless native to death under the infatuating influence of brutal anger? Is this military prowess or is it Christian zeal? Evidently it is neither. If the European is at all anxious for the glory of his country and his God, he ought to seek it in a better and more generous treatment of the natives. If he is conscious of his superiority, a native should all the more be an object of his compassion and tender regards.

(9) An Indian in London

(From the *Autobiography of Lutfullah.*)

Upon the whole one might imagine that this vast city, whose population is no less than twenty lacs of inhabitants, contained the riches of the whole world. Surrounded by such wonders and curiosities, we travelled on to a quarter called Brook Street, and alighted at a magnificent house called Mivart's Hotel. Supplied with all kinds of luxuries suitable to princes, we lived in this inn for three days, and then our chief being frightened at the enormous charges of about two hundred rupees per diem, engaged a private lodging, No. 7 Sloane Street. Here we settled after our long voyage from the middle of the globe to the end of the world, where the sun appears, far to the south, as weak as the moon, and the polar star nearly vertical; where the country all over is fertile, and the people

ingenious, civil, and active ; where the language, customs, and manners are entirely different from our own ; where, in fine, the destiny of our sweet native land lies in the hand of some twenty-five great men. It cannot be, I am sure, without the will of that One Supreme Being that this small island, which seems on the globe like a mole on the body of a man, should command the greater part of the world, and keep the rest in awe. . . . After about half an hour's drive here and there, we were conducted to St. Paul's Cathedral, an edifice that, in my opinion, has not its equal in the world.

What I disliked most was the multitude of statues and images, all of them scientifically sculptured, it is true. I know they are not worshipped, according to the Protestant tenet ; but a temple dedicated to sacred purposes, whether humble or majestic, ought to be plain, so as not to withdraw the attention of the congregation from the sermons and proceedings.

. . . . .

I may now sum up the character of the English by saying that they are entirely submissive to the law and obedient to the commands of their superiors. Their sense of patriotism is greater than that of any nation in the world. Their obedience, trust, and submission to the female sex are far beyond the limit of moderation. In fact, the freedom granted to womankind in this country is great,

and the mischief arising from this unreasonable toleration is most deplorable. Seclusion of women from the society of men is considered a fault by the English, but a virtue by us Moslems. The English leave their women to remain uncontrolled in life, and permit them to enjoy the society of men both in public and private. Poor creatures! naturally weak, how many of them fall victims to the brutal intrigues of men! How many families of high name have been ruined by this unreasonable license! In London alone eighty thousand females are said to be registered in the black records. If you take an evening walk in one of the quarters of that greatest city of the world, called Regent Street, you will find many ladies of exquisite beauty and high accomplishments, forsaken by their relatives and friends. Who is to blame for all this? I say, nothing else but the license established by the establishers. Seclusion secures women from those delusions and temptations which excite the mind with fleeting joys, leaving behind the permanent sting of bitter remorse; while never having tasted the universal triumphs and dominion which beauty gives in European circles, the pang of lost power is not added to the painful sensation of fading charms.

CHAPTER IX

SCENES OF THE MUTINY

(From contemporary letters.)

(1) The Rev. T. C. Smith, Chaplain of Meerut

All remained quiet till the evening of Sunday the 10th of May, when I was driving down to church as usual (distant about a mile from my house) for the 7 p.m. service, and met on my way two of Her Majesty's 60th Rifles covered with blood and supported by their comrades. On reaching the church I found buggies and carriages driving away in great confusion, and a body of people running to me and pointing to a column of fire and smoke in the direction of the city. Frequent shots were then heard and the distant cries of a large mob. My colleague, the Reverend Mr. Rotton, and his wife came up at the moment; but finding that the people had all gone back, we abandoned, of course, the thought of commencing divine service; and I drove home about half-past seven or quarter to eight in the direction of the Rifle and Artillery lines, avoiding the public places of resort.

The inhabitants of the S[illegible]

city committed atrocities far worse than those of the sepoys, as in the case of Captain McDonald's wife, whom they pursued some distance and frightfully mutilated (though her children were happily all saved by the ayahs), and of Mrs. Chambers, who was murdered in her garden during Mr. Chambers's absence on duty, her clothes having been set on fire before she was shot and cut to pieces.

About ten o'clock a bungalow immediately opposite our house was set on fire by five troopers of the 3rd Light Cavalry, and an attempt (though happily unsuccessful) was made to fire the Brigadier's house. After eleven strong pickets and patrols of the English cavalry, artillery, and infantry were posted on the road near our house; but the firing of houses, etc., continued till close upon daybreak, principally caused by the neighbouring villagers after the firing of the lines.

(2) Account of the Cawnpore Massacre

(By a loyal sepoy, Nujoor Jewarre, of the 1st Nativ Infantry.)

When the Nana's guns opened on the boat in which Wheeler Sahib the General was, he cut its cable and dropped down the river. Some little way down the boat got stuck near the shore. The infantry and guns came up and opened fire. The large gun they could not manage, not knowing how to work the elevating screw, and did not use it. With the small gun they fired grape tied up in bags, and the infantry fired with their muskets. This went on all day. It did not hurt the sahibs much. They returned the fire with their rifles from the boat, and wounded several of the sepoys on the bank, who therefore drew off towards evening. The sepoys procured a very big boat into which they all got, and dropped down the river upon the sahibs' boat. Then the sahibs fired again with their rifles, and wounded more sepoys in the boat, and they drew off and left them.

At night came a great rush of water in the river, which floated off the sahibs' boat, and they passed on down the river; but owing to the storm and the dark night they only proceeded three or four koss. In the meantime intelligence of the sahibs' defence had reached the Nana, and he sent off that night three more companions of the native regiment (1st Oude Infantry), and surrounded the sahibs' boat,

and so took them and brought them back to Cawnpore. Then came out of that boat sixty sahibs and twenty-five mem-sahibs and four children—one boy and three half-grown girls. The Nana then ordered the mem-sahibs to be separated from the sahibs, to be shot by the Gillis Pultun (1st Bengal Native Infantry); but they said, "We will not shoot Wheeler Sahib, who has made our Pultun's name great, and whose son is our quarter-master; neither will we kill the sahibs. Put them in prison." Then said the Nadire Pultun, "What word is this? Put them in prison! We will kill the males."

So the sahibs were seated on the ground, and two companies of the Nadire Pultun placed themselves over against them with their muskets ready to fire. Then said one of the mem-sahibs —the doctor's wife she was; I don't know his name, but he was either superintending surgeon or medical storekeeper—"I will not leave my husband; if he must die, I will die with him." So she ran and sat down behind her husband, clasping him round the waist. Directly she said this, the other mem-sahibs said, "We will also die with our husbands, and they all went and sat down beside their husbands. Then their husbands said, "Go back," but they would not. Whereupon the Nana ordered his soldiers; and they, going in, pulled them forcibly away, seizing them by the arm; but they could not pull away the doctor's wife, who there remained.

Then just as they were going to fire, the padre (chaplain) called out to the Nana, and requested leave to read prayers before they died. The Nana granted it. The padre's bonds were loosed, so far as to enable him to take a small book out of his pocket, from which he read; but all this time one of the sahibs, who was shot in the arm and the leg, kept crying out to the sepoys, "If you mean to kill us, why don't you set about it, and get the work done? Why delay?" After the padre had read a few prayers he shut the book, and the sahibs shook hands all round. Then the sepoys fired. One sahib rolled one way, one another, as they sat; but they were not dead, only wounded, so they went in and finished them off with swords.

After this the whole of the women and children (that is, including those taken out of other boats), to the number of 122, were taken away to the yellow house, which was our hospital. This was the Bithoor Rajah's house in the civil lines, where I and four more sepoys were confined, and where I had the opportunity of talking to the sergeant-major's wife. After this, when we (sepoys) were taken down with the Nana to Futtehpore, the women and children were taken away to the house, where they were afterwards murdered.

Were any of our women dishonoured by the Nana or his people? Not that I know of, excepting in the case of General Wheeler's youngest daughter, and about this I am not certain. This was her circumstance. As they

were taking the mem-sahibs out of the boat, a sowar (cavalryman) took her away with him to his house. She went quietly, but at night she rose and took hold of the sowar's sword. He was asleep. His wife, his son, and his mother-in-law were sleeping in the house with him. She killed them all with the sword, and then she went and threw herself down the well behind the house. In the morning, when people came and found the dead in the house, the cry was, "Who has done this?" Then a neighbour said that in the night he had seen someone go and throw himself into the well. They went and looked, and there was Missee Baba, dead and swollen.

(3) From a native's journal kept at Cawnpore

On the 10th of June, as usual, the firing commenced from the twenty-four, eighteen, and four-pounders; and one lady and one grown-up young lady and three children were coming along in a carriage from the direction of the west, and on the road someone had killed the lady's husband; but not considering it proper to kill women and children, had allowed them to escape. However, the troopers of the 2nd Cavalry caught them, and brought them into the presence of the Nana, who ordered them to be killed at once, although the lady begged the Nana to spare her life; but this disgraceful man would not in any way hearken to her, and took

them all into the plain. At that time the sun was very hot, and the lady said, "The sun is very hot; take me into the shade." But no one listened. On four sides the children were catching hold of their mother's gown, and saying, "Mama, come to the bungalow and give me some bread and water." At length, having been tied hand to hand and made to stand up on the plain, they were shot down by pistol bullets.

On the 12th of June the firing commenced as usual, and it was reported that from the direction of the Punjab a number of Europeans were assembled. Immediately one troop of cavalry and two companies of infantry were sent to reconnoitre, when it was found that about 136 European soldiers and women and children had come in three boats from some station to the west. And when they heard that in every station disturbances had taken place, they immediately took to their boats and started with the intention of going to Calcutta; but the troopers seized them all, and took them to the Nana, who ordered that they should all be killed; and certain Rampoori troopers of the Mussulmans of the 2nd Cavalry killed them all. Among them was a young lady, the daughter of some general. She addressed herself to the Nana and said, "No king ever committed such oppression as you have, and in no religion is there any order to kill women and children. I do not know what has happened to you. Be well assured that by this slaughter the English will not become less; whoever may remain will

have an eye upon you." But the Nana paid no attention and showed no mercy, and ordered that she should be killed, and that they should fill her hands with powder and kill her by the explosion.

(4) A desperate Englishman

(From a private letter.)

About a dozen ruffians now made an attack on my house and began battering at the door. I called my friend, who had given me the news, and giving him a revolver, together with my two servants, each armed with a gun and myself armed with a revolving pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, I walked boldly down to the door, and let them in. As I opened the door I retreated behind it. The blacks came rushing in pell-mell, and were rushing up the passage when my friend and two servants came from their concealment and fired at them steadily, which brought three of them down; then, clubbing their guns, they rushed on the surprised blacks. At the moment the attack was made by my *coup de main*, I stepped out from my hiding-place behind the door, and shot the hindmost villain down with my pistol, and then with all the fury of ten thousand devils I went to work with my sword, wounding here, killing there, and shooting those that stabbed at me. At last there were but five blacks left, and they forced by me and gained the street. I

following close behind them, shut the door violently, thereby shutting them out. I went back and found that all three of my assistants had been so mortally wounded that I despaired of their lives; and my fears were quickly fulfilled by two of them dying shortly after in the most frightful agony, the other—my dear friend Hancock—dying shortly after. After our killing so many of their men, I knew the house would be attacked and no mercy shown; so I discoloured my face and assumed the garb of one of the dead blacks, and as I could speak their language, I thought I should pass for a black.

I got out by a back way and began hallooing and hooting and running and going about where the other blacks were, and so by those means avoided suspicion, incurring the greatest danger of being recognised. I met two or three times with a single black in a lonely place, and such was my hatred of them that I could not restrain myself from killing them.

One time after I had killed a man and was looking over him, a body of blacks came up and would have struck me to the earth had I not called out fiercely in their language that I would avenge him; and suddenly starting from my standing place, called out to an imaginary fellow to stop, swearing he was the murderer. I bounded away, the others with me, but failed to catch the fellow. When the blacks made a sortie, I smuggled myself in with them, and came over to the side of my friends, where I was

warmly received. I got wounded in the engagement, but revenged myself upon them, for I fought with all the desperation of madness.

(5) Rescued by Sepoys

In the midst of the mutiny, after my horse had been shot, three sepoys caught hold of me, and said they would try and save me. They threw off my hat, tore off my trousers and the remaining boot, covered me as well as they could with my horse-cloth, which my groom had brought along with us, and putting me between the two, the third walked in front; and what between knocking up one man's musket, whose bayonet was just at my back, and declaring I was one of their wives, we got through all the sentries and crossed the river. They then wanted me to make the best of my way off, saying that the chances were ten to one that my wife was killed by that time; but I told them plainly I would not try to escape without her. After a great deal of persuading, they took me down the banks of the river (the opposite side of which was regularly lined with sentries to prevent escape), till we came opposite our house, where they set me down, and one man said, "Now I will go and bring your wife to you if she is alive." So off he went, and after about twenty minutes of the most agonising suspense, dear M—— and I met again.

But how? As beggars, turned out of house and home, and without a farthing in the world; no clothes but those on our backs; and in this plight we commenced our journey, deeply thankful for our escape, but in despair at leaving our home and the little things that made it dear to us—all your likenesses hung up, our nice books, my dear old violin, and all our plate, glass, clothes, papers, even our money and letters—everything we had in the world.

My own guard at the house robbed the bearer of the money I gave him to do what he could for M——. Her watch and chain, which she had in her hand, were taken from her also. I must say the three sepoys with us behaved splendidly. Seeing poor M—— was unable to walk, they tied my horse-cloth in a sort of bag-fashion on to a musket, put her into it, and placing the butt and muzzle on their shoulders, carried her in this way seven miles, till we reached the Residency; by which time I could hardly put my feet to the ground, from walking barefoot over the thorny ground.

(6) A Critical Moment

(Letter from Major Macdonald.)

(Some men of the 5th Bengal Irregular Cavalry attacked their officers, wounded Major Macdonald and killed Sir Norman Leslie. Major Macdonald describes what afterwards occurred.)

Two days after my native officer said he had found out the murderers, and that they were three men of my own regiment. I had them in irons in a crack, held a drum-head court martial, convicted and sentenced them to be hanged the next morning. I took on my own shoulders the responsibility of hanging them first, and asking leave to do so afterwards. That day was an awful one of suspense and anxiety. One of the prisoners was of very high caste and influence, and this man I determined to treat with the greatest ignominy, by getting the lowest caste man to hang him. To tell you the truth, I never for a moment expected to leave the hanging scene alive; but I was determined to do my duty, and well knew the effect that pluck and decision had on the natives. The regiment was drawn out. Wounded cruelly as I was, I had to see everything done myself, even to the adjusting of the ropes, and saw them looped to run easy. Two of the culprits were paralysed with fear and astonishment, never dreaming that I should dare to hang them without an order from Government. The third said he would not be hanged, and called on the

Prophet and on his comrades to rescue him. This was an awful moment. An instant's hesitation on my part, and probably I should have had a dozen of balls through me; so I seized a pistol, clapped it to the man's ear, and said, with a look there was no mistake about, "Another word out of your mouth, and your brains shall be scattered on the ground." He trembled and held his tongue. The elephant came up; he was put on its back, the rope adjusted, the elephant moved, and he was left dangling. I then had the others up and off in the same way. And after some time, when I had dismissed the men of the regiment to their lines, and still found my head on my shoulders, I really could scarcely believe it.

(7) Escape of Dr. Batson

(Dr. Batson, escaping from Delhi, was stripped on the road to Kurnaul.)

I proceeded [he says], naked as I was born, towards Kurnaul, in the hope that I might overtake the officers and ladies who had fled in that direction; but before I had proceeded a mile, I saw two sowars (horsemen) who had evidently failed in overtaking their officers. They rode up to me with drawn swords and exclaimed, "Feringee hai! Maro! Maro!" ("It is an Englishman! Strike!") I threw myself in a supplicating

position, and being intimately acquainted with the Mohammedan religion and speaking Hindustani, I commenced uttering the most profound praises of their prophet Mohammed, and begged that they would spare my life if they believed that the Imam Mahdi would come to judge the world. I made every moral appeal to them (after escaping the first cut they made at my throat, which I did by falling down—they being mounted, could not well reach me). My entreaties were listened to, and they let me go, saying, "Had you not asked for mercy in the name of the Prophet, you would have died like the rest of the kafirs." I was dreadfully excited, and could hardly stand; but as I felt that I must proceed, I continued my journey. [He was saved from other furious Mohammedans by some benevolent Hindus.] A rumour now was set on foot that several sowars had been deputed to hunt for the Feringees in the different villages, and it was considered prudent that I should quit Badree under the escort of a Faqir. This man came and offered to escort me anywhere I pleased, but stated that it was not safe for me to remain a moment where I was. I then started for Bursooah, where I remained the night. This Faqir dyed all my clothes at his friend's, and gave me necklaces of beads, etc., to assume the garb of a Faqir myself. After making all preparations to pass as a Faqir, I commenced my pilgrimage with him. He took me to several villages and passed me off as a Cashmiri. In all

the villages that I passed I was cross-questioned, but understanding their religion and oaths, I met with every kindness, some giving me pice, others food. The Hindus all expressed the most merciful feelings towards the Feringees, while the Mohammedans could not disguise their murderous feelings. I was taken to a village to the house of Sewak Doss, Sant Faqir Kubbeeree. Understanding his code of religion, and being able to recite several Kubbeeree Kubbits, he received me with every kindness. I told him I was a Cashmiri; but the sage could not reconcile his mind to believe that I was a Cashmiri with my blue eyes. He said, "Your language, gestures, clothes, etc., are all complete, but your blue eyes betray you—you are surely a Feringee." I disclosed to him that I was. Nevertheless, as I had acquired the Kubbeeree oaths, he continued to behave the same. [Dr. Batson finally reached Raei in safety.]

(8) A Lady's Escape from Delhi

(From the *Panjabee Extra*, August 27th, 1857.)

Mrs. Leeson, the wife of Mr. Leeson, Deputy Collector, made her escape from Delhi on the morning of the 19th. Poor creature, she was almost reduced to a skeleton, as she was kept in a sort of dungeon while in Delhi. Two Chupprassies, who, it appears, have all along been faithful to her, aided her in making her attempt to escape. They passed through the Ajmere gate, but not wholly unobserved by the mutineers' sentries, as one of the Chupprassies was shot by them. It being dark at the time, she lay hidden among the long web-grass until the dawn of day, when she sent the Chupprassie to reconnoitre, and as luck would have it, he came across the European picket stationed at *Sabzi Mandi*. So soon as he could discover who they were, he went and brought the lady into the picket-house among the soldiers, who did all they could to procure her safety. As soon as she arrived inside the square, she fell down upon her knees and offered up a prayer to Heaven for her safe deliverance. All she had round her body was a dirty piece of cloth, and another piece folded round her head. She was in a terrible condition, but I feel assured there was not a single European but felt greatly concerned in her behalf; and some even shed tears of pity when they heard the tale of woe which she related. After being interrogated by

the officers for a short time, Captain Bailey provided a dooly for her, and sent her under escort safe to camp, where she was provided with a staff-tent and everything that she required.

(9) The Cawnpore Massacre

(From a letter from Corporal Lane, H.M. 84th Regiment.)

Sanders (i.e. Lieutenant Sanders, H.M. 84th) was brought before the Rajah Nana Sahib. He pulled out his revolver, shot five of the guard, and missed the Rajah with the sixth round. Then they crucified him to the ground. The whole of the Cavalry charged past him, and every one of them had a cut at him; he was cut to pieces by the whole of them.

Then, as soon as the scoundrels lost the battle of Cawnpore, they put to death the whole of the women and children whom they had imprisoned all together in a house under where our camp is at present. It would strike terror into the heart of the devil himself to go into that house, where 230 poor women and children were put to death in the most cruel manner by them. The whole of their clothing was torn to pieces, even the hair of the head pulled out by the roots, the heads and bodies hacked and mangled to atoms. They rest in a large well in the same compound which is formed into a grave over them; the whole of their bloody clothing and their other little things are lying there at the

present time; and when any of the sepoys or other persons are caught that had anything to do with the mutiny, they are brought to this building by orders of General Neill and made to clean up a portion of the blood of those so cruelly murdered, and then hanged on the same spot, and any person that is hanged is to remain so until eaten by the dogs and birds of prey, and any person found taking them down is served the same way by the authorities.

(10) The Siege of Lucknow

(From the journal of Lady Inglis.)

I shall never forget the first morning after the siege commenced. The enemy, having stopped firing at night, recommenced at daylight, and made an effort to storm the gate. Every man was at his post. We could gain no information as to what was going on, and to our inexperienced ears the cannonading and musketry sounded terrific. We all thought the place would be taken, and tremblingly listened to every sound, when Mrs. Case proposed reading the Litany, and the soothing effect of prayer was marvellous. We felt different beings, and though still most anxious, could feel we were in the hands of our heavenly Father, and cast our fears on Him. The enemy were completely repulsed that day and many others when they made similar attacks; but we soon got accus-

tomed to the firing, for it seldom ceased day or night, and settled ourselves down in our new abode—a small room which throughout the siege had been our dining and sleeping apartment, except for a short time, when we had the use of a large room in the same court. John (Brigadier Inglis) had, before we were shut up, laid in a very good supply of hermetically sealed provisions, arrow-root, sugar, and, most fortunately, food for our goats, so that the children have never been deprived of their milk. We had daily rations of meat, flour, rice, tea, and salt, and managed to live most comfortably considering the circumstances. We had no luxuries, but we were in want of few necessaries —bread and butter being what we missed most. For the former "chappatties"—small cakes made of flour and water—are an excellent substitute, and the latter we have by this time nearly forgotten the taste of. Numbers of servants ran away the first day, and many people were left with only two or three, some with even none; but nearly all ours remained with us. We lost a cook, ayah, bheestie (water-carrier), dhobi (washerman), and bearer. Our head man, who was with John all through Mooltan, proved himself invaluable; and one and all our servants have behaved, and are still (though on very small rations) behaving, admirably. A dhobi, or washerman, was a great loss to us, and we have often been obliged to wash our own clothes. In the evening our only amusement and change was to sit outside our

door, or walk up and down our courtyard filled with natives and half-castes. For four months and ten days we have had but one walk, and that was only a few yards from our quarters, and in a lane enclosed by walls, where on every quiet evening we paced up and down.

On the 3rd of July poor Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded by a shell from our own howitzer, and died on the fourth. I do not think a better, kinder-hearted man ever lived; to know him was to love him, and his death was indeed a blow to all. His loss to the garrison was irreparable, and each day was felt more acutely.

Major Bankes by his appointment succeeded him as Chief Commissioner. He was a clear-headed man, and would have fulfilled the duties of his responsible office well and bravely; but alas! he forgot, in the ardour of the soldier, how invaluable his life was, ran great risks, and unnecessarily exposed himself and was shot dead on the 31st.

(From the *Quarterly Review*, April, 1858.)

The escapes were literally hair-breadth. A cotton pillow was cut to pieces under a drummer's head, leaving him unhurt. A piece of a fuse was found sticking in Major Lowe's whisker, while the shell spread destruction around. Mr. Capper was caught by the neck between a falling beam and the verandah floor, and he was extricated after an hour's labour of men lying flat on their stomachs to avoid a rain of musketry, and working with both hands. On the other hand the accidents were as strange. A sergeant, with five medals on him, was killed by a bullet passing through a box, which should have been full of earth, but where the careless workman had left out a shovelful. Of three fellows thrown up in the air by the explosion of a mine, two lighted unhurt in the rubbish, and one was pitched over the ramparts into the midst of the enemy, who beheaded him. During the rescue by Havelock, a Highlander, who had fired off his rifle, saved himself from the uplifted sabre of a trooper by putting his pipes to his mouth and sending forth a screech that the foe bolted off as if shot.

Numerous letters from the camp before Delhi in the earlier periods of the outbreak describe the sense of an almost unnatural conflict produced on the army by seeing the enemy issue from the town in British uniforms with their bands playing the old familiar tunes: "The

British Grenadiers," "The girl I left behind me," even "God save the Queen," and the honoured colours of the regiments waving side by side with the green standard of civil revolt and religious hate, and the English words of command and well-known bugle-signals used for the purpose of their own destruction. It was an experience of what, thank God! has been long unknown to British troops, of the sentiments and passions of civil war, of that form of hostility in which personal take the place of national feelings—in which the excitement and so to say the pleasure of individual combat is substituted for the motives of military honour and patriotic duty.

But if this was the case where the contact was only occasional—in the sortie or the attack—what must it have been at Lucknow, where it was incessant for months together? Since the days of Ariosto's heroes there has never been such a combination of words and blows. The enemy were the very newsmongers of the garrison. Each fresh disaster to European power was triumphantly heralded to the anxious ears of the besieged. After Havelock's first advance, when every heart was on the acme of expectation, and shouts of delight had answered the booming of the distant guns, up ran the malicious foes. "So you think the reinforcements have come, do you? So they have, and we have beaten them off, and we have crowned our king." Again, the combatants are so near that there is no difficulty in recog-

nising faces. The son of a native Christian is recognised amongst the defenders, and a rebel finds shelter in a hut not five yards from the post he is guarding. "Come over to us and leave the cursed Feringees, whose mothers and sisters we have defiled, and all of whom we shall kill in a day or two." "Am I going to be unfaithful to my salt like you, you son of a dog? Take that!" and off goes his gun. "Wait a moment," cries the other, "and we shall be over the wall." "Come along, my bayonet is ready to catch you." And so on, till the dialogue is lost in a volley of oaths and musketry from the comrades who on each side have joined the disputants.

CHAPTER X

ON THE FRONTIER

(I) Peshawar.

(From J. Darmesteter: *Lettres sur l'Inde.*)

PESHAWAR is the frontier town of the extreme North-West and is the capital of British Afghanistan. It lies in the plain three leagues from the Khyber Pass; it is the point of arrival or departure for the armies or caravans which come from central Asia and return thither; it is the first stage for invasion or commerce. The opening of the railway from Attock to Peshawar united that city and Calcutta by one continual line, skirting the Ganges and the Himalayas, and makes the journey from Calcutta to the Ameer's frontier a matter of only three days. "It is a marvellous thing," says an Afghan poet of the train. "It goes and runs on the ground; it has neither feet nor hands, and goes backwards as well as forwards. It is an invention of the English, and one of the signs which herald the last judgment. Some day or to-morrow it will reach the Khyber; it has no feet nor hands, and goes equally well backward or forward."

Peshawar, like all the great centres in India, is divided into two distinct parts—the native

town, and two miles from it the English settlement, where are the garrison and government offices; this having a military character is called Peshawar Cantonment, in opposition to Peshawar city.

In Peshawar city there are no Europeans except a few missionaries.

The English settlement provides an agreeable surprise for the traveller from Europe, who arrives there with a certain uneasiness, expecting to find everywhere the European style of building with its monotony of frontage. For those who love air, light, and space the English settlement, though it boasts no minarets nor towers, answers better than the native city to our idea of India. It is a green oasis in which the large bungalows are nearly hidden by interlacing branches of palm trees, mulberry trees and willows, with hedges of jasmine and rose. That is in April, when Peshawar is at its best; between a polar winter and a torrid summer it enjoys a spring which is brief but none the less sweet.

Peshawar has seasons peculiar to itself, being out of the range of the monsoon; a summer of asphyxiating heat, then a pitiless winter. For ten* months it is hell; but there are two months of paradise and then I know no vista more beautiful, even at Paris and Bombay, than these broad avenues bright with sunshine and sweet-scented flowers, at the end of which one

* Exaggeration.

sees blue or black mountains wreathed in mist or capped with snow.

The population of the cantonment is about 20,000, of which about 6000 are soldiers, and some thousands of natives occupying the Sadr Bazaar, that is to say, the chief bazaar, which is found near all the camps and where Tommy Atkins is always sure of finding whisky abundant and cheap. The remainder of the cantonment is occupied by civilians, who are numerous, Peshawar being at the same time the headquarters of a district and of a division, or, as we say, of a prefecture and a province. The whole population consists of Government functionaries. There is not a single resident who is there by choice, not a settled tradesman nor an hotel.

Tourists are rare. Peshawar has not a good reputation, and has, moreover, nothing special to show worth the eighteen hours' railway journey which divides it from Lahore, the last point which the ordinary tourist visits. Thus life at Peshawar is pretty dull. From time to time the monotony is broken by some great event; the visit of an Australian theatre company which plays "The Private Secretary," by the author of "The Battle of Dorking"; or that of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick Roberts, who goes to Landi Kotal to see the condition of the passes and the Khyber Rifles.

Fortunately the Englishman does not greatly feel the need of change, and has the where-

withal to pass the time. Polo twice a week, an occasional gymkhana, and daily cricket; "ubi cricket, ibi patria." Be well assured that in every new cantonment the first site chosen is not that of the church, but the cricket-ground, and the chaplain himself in the bottom of his conscience knows that, if necessary, church and sermon and chaplain may be dispensed with, but cricket never.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, when the "kacharies," or law courts, are closed, all Peshawar arrives at the club; the officers in mufti, the Deputy Commissioner who has just been receiving a "jirga" (deputation) of the Bonervals and given them his ultimatum; the Commissioner, who has just finished his despatch to the Lieutenant-Governor recommending the "blockade" of a recalcitrant tribe, i.e. that they should not be allowed to come to Peshawar for trading purposes *till they have* paid the fines imposed on them; the assistant magistrate, who has just applied for a sentence of death against a rebellious chief; the Judge of assize, who is deliberating within himself whether to grant it, and the amiable Doctor F——, the soul and life of the club. The garden is gay with the white and pink dresses of ladies and swarms of children, who look as if they had just come out of a Kate Greenaway album; carriages arrive one after the other at the door of the club, while red-turbaned saises hold the heads of the ponies who impatiently paw the ground. Cricket or tennis over, you will dance,

if so inclined, till eight o'clock, the solemn hour when you must dress for dinner.

The club is on the "Mall," the Rotten Row of Peshawar. One of the transverse avenues is called St. John's Road; you look round involuntarily for the familiar roads of Maida Vale or Regent's Park, but only see the peaks of Boneyr, where the Wahabi conspiracy is smouldering. At the club you will find Marion Crawford's latest novel, the last fiction of the journal called "Truth," and the newest joke in "Punch." Five miles away is a house called "the last house in India," because beyond it is the end of civilisation—a chaos of the unknown and the barbaric in which appear confusedly the savage faces of Afghans, Tartars, and Russians.

Peshawar Cantonment is only forty years old; it may disappear, but will hardly change. Peshawar city dates from before Christ. It is like an old man who has seen many things, but has a bad memory.

Twenty centuries ago the name of Peshawar was a Sanscrit word, "Purushapura," the city of the Man-God, i.e. of Buddha. To-day one of the strongholds of Islam, it was once one of the Holy Places of Buddhism. Among the Tartar kings called the Indo-Scythians, who, when Alexander's empire dissolved, carved out a kingdom for themselves on both sides of the Indus, there was one named Kanishka, who held the new religion of Buddhism, as it then was, in profound contempt. But one day when he was hunting a hare in the marshes, the hare

disappeared and he saw a young shepherd boy who was carving a little "stoupa" * of wood. "What are you doing?" said the King to him. The boy replied, "Four hundred years ago Buddha predicted that there would come a great king who would build a large stoupa over his remains. The hour has come and you are the king he prophesied of."

Saying this, the child disappeared, and the unbelieving King, proud of having been the subject of a divine prediction, opened his heart to the faith and built on the spot a colossal five-storied stoupa, covering five bushels of relics. Now there is not one stone of the stoupa remaining, not even a broken tooth of Buddha, but the place where it stood is still held sacred by the Hindus, although Buddha is forgotten. It is called the Gorkhatri, or "Market of the Guru" (saint), so-called from a Guru who, having plunged into a spring in the vicinity, reappeared immediately afterwards three miles away in a pool on the Michni road, thence called the Guru Digghi, or Pool of the Guru. Every year during the fair in the month of Baisakh thousands of Hindus come to bathe there and so gain eternal life. Some miracle-mongers prone to exaggeration say that the Guru after his plunge reappeared not there, but fifteen hundred miles away in the Ganges; but the thing is unlikely, and the moderate-minded hold fast by the Guru Digghi.

* A Buddhist construction in the shape of a dome intended to shelter relics.

Buddhism at Peshawar died a natural death, as it did all over the rest of India, and was re-absorbed into Hinduism. Then, towards the year A.D. 1000, came Islam, and Peshawar saw pass in turn under its walls the Ghaznevide armies of Mahmoud, the Pathans of the Kings of Ghor and the Moguls of Baber. In the eighteenth century it was the centre of the vast Afghan Empire, founded by the genius of Ahmed Shah, the Durrani; in the early part of the nineteenth it was the bone of contention between Afghan and Sikh; finally it fell to Ranjit Singh, and French and Italian officers fortified it according to the rules of Vauban. In the great throw of the net of 1849 it followed the destiny of the Punjab and passed into the hands of the English, along with the whole Kingdom of Dhulip Singh.

All this history has left but little trace behind it. Peshawar has no monuments; all its mosques are of comparatively modern date except one, which is scarcely three hundred years old. But there is one whither the "gari-wala," or native cab-driver, takes you at once without your asking him. This causes you some slight surprise at first, for the Peshawar native is not fond of taking "Firinghis" to the mosque. But when you inspect it a little more closely, you see that the minarets are not constructed for the muezzin,* and that the Arabic inscription on the pediment speaks of Christ.

* The one who calls to prayer.

The apparent mosque is a church, the church of "All Saints," belonging to the Anglican Mission. There are some who dislike this oblique fashion of attracting to Christ under the colours of Allah and winning souls by a counterfeit; it seems to be an insult to both religions.* Inside the church the nave is for Europeans, the right transept for native Christians; thus both classes of the faithful see the priest and the altar without seeing each other.

In this strange church, however, there is a stone which makes up for and hallows all; it is the memorial tablet of Miss Norman:

ARRIVED AT PESHAWAR, MARCH, 1883
DIED ON ASCENSION DAY, MAY, 1884
AGED 26 YEARS

A daughter of the Governor of Jamaica, General Sir Henry Norman, young, beautiful, and rich, she had left her family, her friends, and her admirers to direct the Zenana mission in the fever-haunted streets of Peshawar, to teach and care for the native women and to extend a sister's hand to them, living their life in a house rented at thirty francs a month, spending her fortune in alms and remedies. Feeble in health, a prey to fever and to self-denial, she nevertheless possessed so much energy that it took her a whole year to consummate her

* M. Darmesteter's stricture was somewhat hasty. Every native knows the building to be a church.

martyrdom. When she consented to be taken to the hill-station of Murree, it was too late, and she died on the road.

The true monument at Peshawar is to be found in its bazaar—the mart of Central Asia. Every four days the great Cabul caravan comes thither through the Khyber Pass with the two-edged swords of Bokhara, the winter "postins" of the mountaineers, the conical caps embroidered with gold, the linen-cloths of the Afridis with designs traced on them in wax, the pottery-work of Cabul and Moscow. You will find there also all the products of India on their way towards Central Asia; the shields of Jaipur, the copper-work of Benares, brazen figures from Mouradabad incrusted with silver and gold, the green delf-ware of Multan, the embroideries of Delhi.

Peshawar is famous all over the Punjab for three things: its roast meat, its bread, and its religion. I did not take kindly either to its meat or its bread, but I would not for all that condemn them without appeal, nor discourage those who wish to try them. Its religion, however, can be appreciated at a glance; there are nowhere such saints as are to be found at Peshawar, and you cannot pass along the streets at night without hearing voices chanting the chapters of the Koran in nasal tones. In the days of the Afghan Empire Peshawar was the great university of Central Asia. Bokhara, the Holy herself, paid it homage and sent pupils

thither, and the learned men of Peshawar used to say, "Religion is neither at Stamboul nor at Mecca; it is at Peshawar."

The Sikh and English conquests gave successively severe blows to its religious prestige. The Peshawâris felt a grudge about this, and for a long time when a "Feringhi" passed through the bazaar, especially if he were an officer, he ran a great risk of being struck down, before he was aware, with a dagger in his heart. The assassin generally let himself be caught, for the pleasure of killing is nothing without glory; sometimes he disappeared in the crowd and in two hours was across the frontier, having taken his ticket for Paradise without having to mount thither by the uncomfortable ladder of the gallows. Cases of this kind are rarer now and murders are no longer committed at Peshawar for the love of God, but from worldly motives.

Besides, everyone at Peshawar is not an assassin. There are two elements in the population: one fixed, the other floating. The first consists of the Peshawaris properly so called, who are a special product. Mix together the scum of all the neighbouring races brought together during ten centuries of conquest and pillage, Punjabis, Kashmiris, Afghans, Poorbiahs and Bengalis, the last of whom have been drawn to Peshawar during the last forty years by the needs of the civil and military residents, and the resulting product is the Peshawari. He is one of the mixed creatures who make their appearance in all unsettled places where

there are convoys to be robbed and conquerors or conquered to bleed.

The floating population is principally recruited from the trans-frontier Afghans, especially the famous Afridis. These are a noble race; they will lie stoutly as witnesses in court and elsewhere as often as they are required to do so, and will betray their tribe for twopence a day; but their speciality is robbery and murder. "You see those Afridis?" the Reverend C—— said one day to me as he pointed out three tall, bearded men, who passed us rapidly on the road to Abbottabad. "How do you know they are Afridis?" I said. "By their quick looks to right and left and their half-closed hands; their habit of snatching at any likely booty in their way gives them that look." The Afridi kills for gain, for revenge, and also for the glory of killing. Between the Peshawari and the Afridi there is deadly hatred and mutual scorn; I suppose a dialogue between a hyena and a tiger would well express their feelings to each other.

The ring of disorder which surrounds Peshawar has created a functionary, "sui generis," the chowkidar. The chowkidar is a servant paid by his master, but licensed by the police. His official duty consists in watching during the night over your life and property for a monthly salary of three rupees; his habit is to wake you three times a night by a resounding cough in order to let you know that your throat is not

yet cut and that you can sleep in peace. The chowkidar is always an Afghan and generally belongs to one of the neighbouring tribes—Afridi, Kuki, Khel, Khalil, etc. He knows all the robbers in the vicinity, is on very good terms with them, and on occasion will show them where to make a good "coup"; but the chowkidar on duty is an honest man and would on no account guide robbers to your house. On the contrary, when these gentlemen hear your chowkidar cough they understand him to say, "Kindly don't come here," and will tactfully abstain from any inopportune visit. They naturally reserve the right to rob the neighbouring bungalow, and *your* chowkidar has nothing to say to that; he may even help them if the affair interests him; he is not responsible for the neighbouring bungalow; he is the special and sworn servant of the sahib only who pays him.

Be very careful to engage a *faithful* chowkidar, but not one too zealous, else you might find yourself in the same case as the unfortunate Loewenthal. The Reverend Isidore Loewenthal was a member of the American Presbyterian Mission, a fine man in intelligence and character and much superior in both to the majority of Indian missionaries. But one night he entered his bungalow without lighting his lantern; his chowkidar, who was very fond of him, took him for a robber, fired and shot him dead.

It is always a disagreeable thing to be killed by mistake, however well-meaning your slayer

may be; sometimes it involves something more serious—being subsequently exposed to ridicule by flattering friends. The chaplain of St. John's Church, wishing to do honour to Loewenthal as a missionary, but having a mind surcharged with Biblical texts, took the register and wrote with a sigh in the simplicity of his heart:

"1864, April 27. Isidore Loewenthal, missionary of the American Presbyterian Mission. Shot by his own chowkidar. 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant'!"

(2) Bannu

(From Sir Herbert Edwardes' *A Year on the Panjab Frontier.*)

In spring Bannu is a vegetable emerald, and in winter its many-coloured harvests look as if Ceres had stumbled against the great Salt Range and spilt half her cornucopia in this favoured vale. Most of the fruits of Cabul are found wild, and culture would bring them to perfection. As it is, the limes, mulberries and lemons are delicious. Roses, too, without which Englishmen have learnt from the East to think no scenery complete, abound in the upper parts at the close of spring. Altogether Nature has so smiled on Bannu that the stranger thinks it a paradise and, when he turns to the people, wonders how such spirits of evil ever found admittance.

The Bannuchis are bad specimens of Afghans. Could worse be said of any human race? They have all the vices of the Pathans rankly luxuriant, the virtues stunted. Except in Sindh I have never seen such a degraded people. They are not of pure descent from any common stock, but represent the ebb and flow of might, right, possession, and spoliation in a corner of the Cabul Empire whose remoteness and fertility offered to outlaws and vagabonds a secure asylum against both laws and labour. Let the reader take these people and arm them to the teeth, then throwing them down in the beautiful valley I have described, bid them scramble for its fat meads and fertilising waters, its fruits and flowers, and he will have a good idea of the state of landed property and laws of tenure as I found them. Owing no external allegiance, let us see what internal government this impatient race submitted to; in truth, none. Freed from a king, they could not agree upon a chief; but every village threw a mud wall round its limits, chose its own master, and went to war with all its neighbours. The introduction of Indian cultivators from the Punjaub, and the settlement of numerous low Hindus in the valley, have contributed by intermarriage, slave-dealing, and vice, to complete the mongrel character of the Bannu people. Every stature, from that of the weak Indian to that of the tall Durani; every complexion, from the ebony of Bengal to the rosy cheek of Cabul; every dress, from the

linen garments of the south to the heavy goat-skins of the eternal snows, is to be seen promiscuously among them, reduced only to a harmonious whole by the neutral tint of universal dirt.

But the Bannuchis do not constitute the entire population of Bannu; there are three other classes of men whose influence materially affects the valley. There are the Ulema or Mohammedan priests, the Hindus, and the Waziri interlopers. A more utterly ignorant and superstitious people than the Bannuchis I never saw. The vilest jargon was to them pure Arabic from the blessed Koran, the clumsiest imposture a miracle, and the fattest fakir a saint.

Far and near, from the barren, ungrateful hills around, the Mullah and Qazi, the Pir and the Sayyid descended to the smiling plain, armed in a panoply of spectacles and oil-like looks, miraculous rosaries, infallible amulets, and tables of descent from Mohammed—each newcomer held the keys of heaven; and the whole, like Irish beggars, were equally prepared to bless and curse to all eternity him who gave, or him who withheld. These were "air-drawn daggers," against which the Bannuchi peasant had no defence. For him the whistle of the far-thrown bullet, or the nearer sheen of his enemy's sword, had no terrors; blood was simply a red fluid; and to remove a neighbour's head at the shoulder as easy as cutting cucumbers. But to be cursed in Arabic or anything

that sounded like it; to be told that the blessed Prophet had put a black mark against his soul for not giving his best field to one of the Prophet's own posterity; to have the saliva of a disappointed saint left in anger on his door-post; or behold a Haji (pilgrim) who had gone three times to Mecca deliberately sit down and enchant his camels with the itch and his sheep with the rot—these are things which made the dagger drop out of the hand of the awe-stricken savage, his knees knock together, his liver turn to water, and his parched tongue to be scarce able to utter a full and complete concession of the blasphemous demand. In learning, scarcely any if at all elevated above their flocks; in garb and manners as savage; in no virtue superior; humanising by no gentle influence—these impudent impostors thrive alike on the abundance and the want of the superstitious Bannuchis, and contribute nothing to the common stock but inflammatory counsels and a fanatical yell in the rear of the battle.

(3) A Ghazi* Foiled

(From the same.)

After transacting cutcherry (office) business for an hour or two, I was sitting with Swahu Khan, Waziri, and his interpreter talking over Bannu affairs when the cry arose that "Swords were going." Swahu Khan, having no arms (according to camp rules), bolted out of the tent; while his "man Friday" began dancing about, wringing his hands and ejaculating, "Oh, that I had now a sword! This is the evil of taking away men's proper tools!" Having ever since the first attempt of this kind kept a double-barrelled pistol on my table, I now cocked both barrels and walked outside, for the row had grown quite deafening, and I thought there must be a dozen Ghazis at least; in which case one person inside a tent fourteen feet square would stand but a poor chance. Scarcely had I got out at one door than the Ghazi (for there proved to be only one) forced his way through the sentries and chuprassies and entered my tent at the other door. Hearing the rush, I turned round, and could see through the screens of the tent a Bannuchi with a naked sword plunging after me like a mad bull. (The outside door of an Indian tent turns up, and is supported on props during the day as a kind of porch to keep off the sun. It is very

* A fanatic who has taken an oath to kill an European.

low, and I knew that the Ghazi must stoop as he came out, so here I took my stand.) His turban was knocked off in stooping at the door, and when he stood up outside, he glared round for his victim, like a tiger who had missed his spring. Then his eyes met mine, and, seeing no resource, I fired one barrel into his breast. The shock nearly knocked him down, for there could not have been two feet between us. He staggered, but did not fall, and I was just thinking of firing the other barrel at his head when a stream of soldiers and camp-followers with all kinds of weapons rushed in and bore away the wretch some twenty yards towards a native's tent, into which, hacked and chopped in every direction, he contrived to crawl; but was followed up and was so mangled by the indignant crowd, before my people could interfere, that I wonder he survived a minute. He lingered, however, till night, when he died in spite of the remedies which the native doctor by my orders applied to him. The rage of the soldiery was beyond description, and I had great difficulty in preventing his being carried off to be burnt alive. Even late in the evening a deputation came to say that it was apparent the Ghazi could not live out the night, and "had he not better be hanged at once, while he had any life in him?" I said, "No; let him die. The example will be just as great, perhaps greater, if his body is exposed on the gallows afterwards."

My tent immediately after this startling

occurrence was besieged by the officers and soldiers—some half naked, just as they had rushed from the fort works, when they heard my pistol; and it was really quite sufficient compensation for the danger to see the unfeigned anxiety of the men, and hear their loud greetings and congratulations. All discipline was lost in such a moment of strong feeling. Thirty swords at least, covered with blood, were held out among the crowd, and as many voices shouted, "I hit the dog *this* way!" "I cut him *that!*" And certainly they had not left much of him untouched; though they had been too much in each other's way to deal very fatal blows. Then came all the officers and sirdars of the force, throwing down nuzzurs, and whirling money round my head, as is their custom on occasions of triumph or deliverance; and the sun set before I could get rid of the assembly. The worst part of the whole business is that the Ghazi slashed one of my syces (grooms) most severely before he entered my tent, and I am afraid he is anything but out of danger. The poor fellow was cooking his dinner, and the cowardly rascal sliced him with his tulwar all down the back.

(From the same.)

In the course of other business Ursula Khan, a fine young lad, sixteen years old, son of one of the Surauni Maliks, came in to impart to me his own and his father's uneasiness about past murders. "What," he asked, "is to be the law?" I asked him jokingly, "What does it signify to a lad like you? How many men have you killed?" He replied modestly, "Oh, I've only killed four, but father has killed eighty!" One gets accustomed to this state of society; but in England what monsters of cruelty would this father and son be considered! Indeed, few people would like to be in the same room with them. Yet, *cæteris paribus*, in Bannu they are rather respectable men.

(4) A Frontier Fray

(From the same.)

We pushed on through a very ugly night, and came in sight of the watch-fires of the Nassur camps about daybreak. The guides pointed out Shahzad's far away in the rear of all under the outer ridges, which lie like pebblestones beneath the mountain called Solomon's Throne; and I called a halt under the shelter of a ravine to look at it, breathe the horses, and let the stragglers close up. Great was then my surprise to discover by the morning light that the gallant

band of nearly three hundred men had dwindled down to about seventy or eighty. This was clearly quite inadequate to perform the feat for which we had come, viz. to seize Shahzad Khan in the midst of his people, and carry him off prisoner. The stout rebel who had fought with Dost Mohammad was not very likely to be overpowered by eighty men; yet I felt it would be more honourable and more wise, if I hoped for influence in this wild country, to be defeated in a bold attempt than not to make it after going twelve miles to do so; so getting the men together, with a heart not over light, I led them on at a gentle trot to the rebel camp.

The grey dawn was just removing the friendly veil that had hitherto concealed us, the watch-fires of the mountaineers were dying out, and we could see the savage Cabul dogs of the merchants spring up from beside the ashes, before their accursed howl of alarm and warning reached our ears. The Nassurs turned out at the baying of the dogs like a nest of hornets with jezails (guns), swords, clubs, and even stones. I thought the best chance I had was to make my few fellows fight, whether they would or no, so led them round to the rear of the Nassur camp, and got them between it and the hill under a dropping fire of bullets, which did little or no harm. I told Kaloo Khan to shout to them in Pushtu to surrender, a proposition to which the Nassurs only replied with a volley of both bullets and abuse. "Come on!"

they cried. "Come on, you Feringhee dog, and don't stand talking about surrender!" In truth it was no time, for the fire was getting thick; so seeing nothing else left, I drew my own sword, stuck the spurs into Zal, and calling on all behind me to follow, plunged into the camp.

It shames me to relate that out of seventy or eighty, not fifteen charged, and scarcely a dozen reached the middle of the camp. The dozen was composed of Mohammed Alim Khan (I think I see him now with his blue and gold shawl turban all knocked about his ears!), Kaloo Khan, and Lumsden's Duffadar of Guides;* each backed by a few faithful henchmen. The mêlée, therefore, was much thicker in our neighbourhood than was at all pleasant, and how we ever got out of it is unaccountable; but we did, after cutting our way from one end to the other of the Nassur camp. Somewhere about the middle of it a tall ruffian walked deliberately at me with his jezail, and sticking it into my stomach, so that the muzzle almost pushed me out of my saddle, fired! The priming flashed in the pan, and as he drew back the jezail I cut him over the head; but I might as well have hit a cannon ball; the sword turned in my hand, and the Nassur, without even resettling his turban, commenced repriming his jezail, an operation which I did not stay to see completed. Between 1845 and

* The famous Frontier regiment.

1849 there was no lack of peril on the Punjab frontier, and I, like all the rest, had my share; but I have always looked back to the moment when that jezail missed fire as the one of all my life when I looked death closest in the face.

CHAPTER XI

NATIVE LEADERS AND PROPHETS

(1) Guru Nanak, the Founder of the Sikhs

(From Sir John Malcolm : *A Sketch of the Sikhs.*)

NANAK SHAH was born near Lahore, A.D. 1469. His father, Calu, was of the Kshatriya (warrior) caste, and had no family except Nanak and his sister Nanaci. Nanak is stated by all Sikh writers to have been from his childhood inclined to devotion ; and the indifference which this feeling created towards all worldly concerns appears to have been a source of continual uneasiness to his father, who endeavoured by every effort to divert his mind from the religious turn which it had taken. With a view to effect this object, he one day gave Nanak a sum of money to purchase salt at one village, in order to sell it at another, in the hope of enticing him to business by allowing him to taste the sweets of commercial profit. Nanak was pleased with the scheme, took the money, and proceeded, accompanied by a servant named Bala, towards the village where he was to make his purchase. He happened on the road to fall in with some fakirs with whom he wished to commence a conversation, but they were so

weak from want of victuals, which they had not tasted for three days, that they could only reply to the observations of Nanak by bending their heads and other civil signs of acquiescence. Nanak, affected by their situation, said to his companion with emotion, "My father has sent me to deal in salt with a view to profit; but the gain of this world is unstable and profitless. My wish is to relieve these poor men, and to obtain that gain which is permanent and eternal." Bala replied, "Thy resolution is good; do not delay its execution." Nanak immediately distributed his money among the hungry fakirs, who, after they had gained strength from the refreshment which it obtained them, entered into a long discourse with them on the unity of God, with which he was much delighted.

He returned next day to his father, who demanded what profit he had made. "I have fed the poor," said Nanak, "and have obtained that gain for you which will endure for ever." As the father happened to have little value for the species of wealth which the son had acquired, he was outraged at having his money so fruitlessly wasted, abused poor Nanak and even struck him; nor could the mild representations of Nanaci save her brother from the violence of parental resentment. Fortune, however, according to the Sikh narrators of this anecdote of their teacher's early life, had raised him a powerful protector, who not only rescued him from punishment, but established his fame

upon grounds that at once put him above all fear of future bad usage from his low-minded father.

When Nanak was quite a youth, and employed to tend cattle in the fields, he happened to repose himself one day under the shade of a tree; and, as the sun declined towards the west, its rays fell on his face, when a large black snake, advancing to the spot where he lay, raised itself from the ground and interposed its spread hood between Nanak and the sun's rays. Ray Bolar, the ruler of the district, was passing the road near the place where Nanak slept, and marked in silence, though not without reflection, this unequivocal sign of his future greatness. This chief overheard Calu punishing his son for his kindness to the fakirs. He immediately entered and demanded the cause of the uproar; and when informed of the circumstances, he severely chided Calu for his conduct, and interdicted him from ever again lifting his hand to Nanak, before whom, to the astonishment of all present, he humbled himself with every mark of the most profound veneration.

Though Calu from this event was obliged to treat his son with more respect than formerly, he remained as solicitous as ever to detach him from his religious habits, and to fix him in some worldly occupation; and he prevailed upon Jayram, his son-in-law, to admit him into partnership in his business. Nanak, obliged to acquiesce in these schemes, attended at the granary of Daulet Khan Lodi, which was in

charge of Jayram; but though his hands were employed in this work, and his kindness of manner made all the inhabitants of Sultanpur, where the granary was established, his friends, yet his heart never stayed for one moment from its object. It was incessantly fixed on the Divinity, and one morning, as he sat in a contemplative posture, a holy Mohammedan fakir approached, and exclaimed, "Oh, Nanak! upon what are thy thoughts now employed? Quit such occupations, that thou mayest obtain the inheritance of eternal wealth."

Nanak is said to have started up at this exclamation, and after looking for a moment in the face of the fakir, he fell into a trance, from which he had no sooner recovered than he immediately distributed everything in the granary among the poor, and after this act proceeded with loud shouts out of the gate of the city, and running into a pool of water, remained there three days.

While Nanak remained in the pool, abstracted from all worldly considerations, poor Jayram was put in prison by Daulet Khan Lodi on the charge of having dissipated his property. Nanak, however, returned and told Daulet Khan that Jayram was faultless, that he was the object of punishment, and that as such he held himself ready to render the strictest account of all he had lost. The Khan accepted his proposal. Jayram's accounts were settled, and, to the surprise of all, a balance was found in his favour, on which he was not only re-

leased, but reinstated in the employment and favour of his master. We are told by the Sikh authors that these wonderful actions increased the fame of Nanak in a very great degree, and that he began from this period to practise all the austerities of a holy man; and by his frequent abstraction in the contemplation of the divine Being and his abstinence and virtue he soon acquired great celebrity through all the countries into which he travelled.

One author, Bhai Guru Vali, who treats of the great reform he made in the worship of the one true God, which he found degraded by the idolatry of the Hindus and the ignorance of the Mohammedans, relates his journey to all the different Hindu places of pilgrimage and to Mecca, the holy temple of the Mohammedans. He was accompanied by a celebrated musician of the name of Merdana and a person named Bala Sand'hu. It is stated in one of these accounts that a Rajah of Swan'ab'hu endeavoured to tempt Nanak, by offering him all the luxuries of the world, to depart from his austere habits, but in vain. His presents of rich meats, splendid clothes, and fair ladies only afforded the Sikh teacher so many opportunities of decrying the vanities of this world, and preaching to the Rajah the blessings of eternal life. He at last succeeded in making him a convert, and resided at Swan'ab'hu two years and five months, during which time he composed the Pran Sancali for the instruction of his followers.

After Nanak had visited all the cities of India,

and explained to all ranks the great doctrines of the unity and omnipresence of God, he went to Mecca and Medina, where his actions, his miracles, and his long disputations with the most celebrated Mohammedan saints and doctors are most circumstantially recorded by his biographers. He is stated on this occasion to have maintained his own principles without offending those of others, always professing himself the enemy of discord, and as having no object but to reconcile the two faiths of the Mohammedan and Hindu in one religion. This he endeavoured to do by recalling them to that great and original tenet, in which they both believed, the unity of God.

During his travels Nanak was introduced to the Emperor Baber (A.D. 1526), before whom he is said to have defended his doctrine with great firmness and eloquence. Baber was pleased with him, and ordered an ample maintenance to be bestowed upon him, which the Sikh priest refused, observing that he trusted in Him who provided for all men. When Nanak returned from his travels he cast off the garments of a fakir, but continued to give instruction to his numerous disciples; and he appears at this time to have experienced the most violent opposition from the Hindu zealots, who reproached him with having laid aside the habits of a fakir, and with the impiety of the doctrines which he taught. These accusations he treated with great contempt. When he visited Vatala he enraged the Yogiswaras (recluses) so much

that they tried all their powers of enchantment to terrify him. "Some assumed the shapes of lions and tigers, other hissed like snakes, one fell in a shower of fire, and another tore the stars from the firmament," but Nanak remained tranquil. When required to exhibit some proof of his powers that would astonish them, he replied, "I have nothing to exhibit worthy of you to behold. A holy teacher has no defence but the purity of his doctrine. The world may change, but the Creator is unchangeable." These words, adds the author, caused the miracles and enchantments of the Yogiswaras to cease, and they all fell at the feet of the humble Nanak.

Nanak went from Vatala to Multan, where he communed with the Pirs or holy fathers of the Mohammedan religion. From Multan he went to Kirtipur, where he threw off his earthly shape, and was buried near the bank of the River Ravi, which has since overflowed his tomb. Kirtipur continues a place of religious resort, and a small piece of Nanak's garment is exhibited to pilgrims as a relic at his Dharmsala, or temple.

The great eminence which he obtained, and the success with which he combated the opposition which he met, afford ample reason to conclude that he was a man of more than common genius; and this favourable impression of his character will be confirmed by a consideration of the object of his life, and the means he took to accomplish it. Born in a province on the extreme verge of India, at the

very point where the religion of Mohammed and the idolatrous worship of the Hindus appeared to touch, and at a moment when both of these cherished the most violent rancour and animosity towards each other, his great aim was to blend those jarring elements in peaceful union, and he only endeavoured to effect this purpose through the means of mild persuasion. His wish was to recall both Mohammedans and Hindus to an exclusive attention to that sublimest of all principles which inculcates devotion towards God and peace towards man. He had to combat the furious bigotry of the one and the deep-rooted superstition of the other; but he attempted to overcome all obstacles by the force of reason and humanity. And we cannot have a more convincing proof of the general character of that doctrine which he taught, and the inoffensive light in which it was viewed, than the knowledge that its success did not rouse the bigotry of the intolerant and tyrannical Mohammedan government under which he lived.

(2) Bayezid Ansari: an Afghan Heretic

(From the *Asiatic Researches*, Vol. XI.)

In the district of Kanigoram on the borders of Candahar there lived, among the Afghans of the tribe of Vurmud, a person named Abdullah, of the class of Ulema (learned men). He had a son named Bayezid whom he carefully instructed in learning. When this young man had made some progress in learning, he deserted science for traffic, and took to the profession of a travelling dealer in horses. On one occasion he was conveying two horses from Samarcand to Hindustan; he happened to tarry some time in the district of Kalinjir. There he fell in with a person of the name of Mullah Suleiman, who was a Mulhid (heretic). Becoming attached to his society, he frequented it, till he imbibed his notions and principles.

On the return of Bayezid to Kanigoram these principles soon began to display themselves; he began to adopt the manners of a solitary recluse, and in a short time retired to a cell in the solitude of the mountains. But that his object was not merely solitude appeared from the manner in which he was accustomed to address his visitors, "Enter into this recess, fix your minds in profound meditation, and within it you will see God." But as a prophet has no honour in his own country, Bayezid quickly perceived that this was the most in-

auspicious place that he could have chosen for the propagation of his opinions. The Moslems of the vicinity, alarmed at his pretensions, reported his proceedings to his father Abdullâh, who seized a long sword, and repairing to his son's cell, wounded him severely, and did not quit him till he had exacted of him a solemn promise to renounce his errors and perform the usual acts of devotion, according to the law of Islam, as long as he lived. Bayezid, assailed in this summary manner by his own father, found it necessary to temporise; but no sooner had he recovered from the wound which he ha received, than he broke the promise which ha been exacted from him, and abandonin Kanigoram, his native country, retired to th region of Ningrahar, where he took up h residence in the house of the chief, Sulta Ahmed. Here he assumed the character of Mullah, and being of an acute genius and sharp wit, he for some time met with considerable success. But the Tajik tribes in Ningrahar were soon startled by the extravagance of his opinions, and being well versed in the doctrines of the Sunna, or Orthodox Tradition, they opposed such a serious resistance to his heresies that he quickly determined to abandon Ningrahar and to choose a more favourable scene of action. Accordingly he took up his residence among the Afghans of Gharikhel who resided in the vicinity of Peshawar. They were in a great measure devoid of learning, and he had little difficulty in seducing to his

purposes men of this rude and simple character. He announced himself as a Peshwa, or religious leader, and Pir, or spiritual guide; he informed them that no one but an able and perfect religious instructor could display the true way of God, and that no one could be approved of God who did not choose for himself a religious instructor. "Now, therefore," said he, "come unto me, that I may bring you unto God; for the holy Koran directs you to seek after the divine union, and it is only through the intervention of a perfect Pir that this union can be accomplished."

When he perceived that a person was strongly attached to the Shariat, or Law of Islam, he concealed himself under the cloak of the law in order to gain his confidence. When he had gained his confidence, he imposed on him such grievous and heavy burdens, such severe devotional exercises, according to the law, as could not fail to canker his mind with disgust and aversion.

Having thus perverted the purpose of the law, he informed him that no person without renouncing the law could attain the Tariqat, or means of perfection, but that those who were perfect in the law might afterwards safely lay aside useless severities. When by such means he had rendered his followers ripe for renouncing the law, he proposed to them such apologues as the following:

"A slave who takes up a load of wood, and knows not the master to whom he is to bear

his burden, must for ever carry his load on his head, and suffer lasting distress and misery; but he who knows his master knows where to deposit his load, and quickly relieves himself from his burden. Therefore, come now, O disciple! and learn to know the Creator of the world, and having already perfected thyself in the law, throw down the authority of the ordinances from thy head."

After having thus chilled the religious zeal of his disciples respecting the external ordinances, he gradually explained to them his own doctrines, and initiated them in his principles by a variety of gradations. His mystic doctrines were graduated into eight degrees of knowledge, each of which was termed Zikr, and his disciples were in the same manner arranged in eight classes which he denominated Khilwat.

Bayezid composed for his disciples, when they had entered on his different degrees of religious exercise, formularies of instruction; these were eight in number, adapted to the different degrees or classes into which his followers were divided. To the Afghans he delivered his instructions by means of treatises composed in the Afghan language, to the Hindus in Hindi, and to the Persians in Persian; and such was the singular versatility of his genius that his writings in all these languages are admitted, even by his enemies, to have been composed in the most alluring and attractive style. When his disciples had reached the eighth mystic degree of devotion, he informed

them that they had now attained perfection, and had nothing further to do with the ordinances or prohibitions of the law. He told them that they might now eat of what they pleased, whether lawful or prohibited; and though he had stated in a prior Risaleh, or treatise, "that no food should be eaten but what is lawful," yet this he now explained away by declaring "that it was unlawful to eat what was obtained by dint of request or beggary, but that whatsoever was acquired by violence, robbery, or the edge of the scimitar, was lawful." His purpose in the prohibition of beggary was to compel his followers to collect themselves into a body, and to accustom them to procure their subsistence by robbery and depredation.

No sooner had he accustomed his followers to the use of arms than he took up his residence in the mountains of Afghanistan, plundered merchants, levied contributions, propagated his doctrines by force of arms, massacred the learned who opposed him, and soon extended his power so much as to strike even princes with terror. Bayezid was now followed by great multitudes both of men and women, who revered him as a prophet and divine teacher. Having fully matured his plans, he exhibited to his disciples a book which he had composed, entitled "Khair-ul-bayan" ("The Excellence of Explanation"), which he claimed to have received by inspiration like another Koran. He also composed from time to time a variety of treatises in which he introduced many

maxims, which had no obvious heterodox tendency, but which by their force and beauty produced a deep impression on the simple reader. Thus in one of his later Risalehs he asserts that whatever exists in form is the mirror of the deity, whatever is heard or seen is God Who alone exists, while the material world is nothing but thought or idea. He is said to have denied the Moslem doctrines of the resurrection and final judgment, pronouncing prosperity to be Paradise and adversity Hell.

He now proceeded to the district of Hashtnagar and took up his residence at Umarzai. Thence he issued circular letters in every direction, addressed both to the learned and the ignorant, in the following terms: "Come unto me, for I am a perfect Pir; whoever lays hold of the skirt of my garment shall obtain salvation, and whoever does not shall utterly perish."

He now assumed the appellation of "Pir Roshan," the "Saint of Light," and his sect were termed "Rosheniyah," or "the Enlightened." His enemies, on the other hand, called him "Pir Tarik," "the Saint of Darkness." The alarm of the orthodox Moslems was now extreme. Bayezid had firmly established his influence among the Afghans, and the country was overrun with infidelity. The matter had now assumed a serious aspect, and required the vigorous interposition of the Mogul Government. The Moguls had occupied Kandahar, Cabul, Ghazni, and a few more important posts, but

had scarcely attempted to penetrate into the deep recesses of the mountains. Mahsan Khan Ghazi was at this time governor of Cabul. He made a sudden irruption into the district of Hashtnagar, and having seized Bayezid conducted him to Cabul, where he exhibited him as a spectacle to the populace, with his hair shaven on one side of the head and left untouched on the other.

But Bayezid had a genius too fertile in expedients to be easily disconcerted ; and by dint of artifice he not only extricated himself from this disgraceful situation, but had the skill to preserve his credit unimpaired among his followers. He affected a profound veneration for the Shariat, or outward ordinances of the law, boldly denied the charges of innovation, affirmed that he had constantly conformed to the ritual observances of religion, and asserted that his opinions had been grossly misrepresented by the ignorant and malevolent. In the discussions which ensued he defended himself with great vigour and extorted the admiration of all the learned. At last some learned men interceded for him with Mahsan Khan, and he was set at liberty.

Bayezid, having effected his release, immediately on his return from Cabul collected his friends and adherents and retired to the mountainous country of Tirah. In this rough and dangerous country he immediately set about retrieving his disgrace, and prosecuted his plans with increased ardour and activity. His sect

began to assume a national character, and his doctrines to be considered as the peculiar religion of the Afghans, to whom it now stood in nearly the same relation as the religion of Mohammed originally occupied with respect to the Arabs. His treatment at Cabul rankled in his mind, and no sooner had he collected his bands than he renewed his ravages with greater fury than ever, slaughtered the Moslem Ulema who opposed him, and openly announced that he would abolish the religion of Mohammed, and substitute his own in its place. His views expanded with his power; he announced his intention of conquering both Hindustan and Khorassan. He told his followers that he would levy an army and overthrow the Emperor Akbar, and such was his arrogance that he already began to partition out the different provinces of the empire among his adherents. One of these to whom he assigned Delhi refused it, alleging that it lay almost desolate.

The Moguls of Cabul, when they learned that Bayezid was levying an army, proceeded to act against him vigorously, but it was necessary to proceed with caution, as in the mountainous district of Tirah he could no longer be taken by surprise. In the meanwhile Bayezid, having collected his forces, attacked Ningrahar and sacked the town of Barœ. As he slowly retired towards the mountains he was pursued by Mahsan Khan Ghazi, who made a vigorous attack on his rear. Bayezid had impressed his followers with the belief that as soon as he

should set eyes on Mahsan Khan, that chieftain would fall dead from his horse. By such representations he prevailed on them to withstand the Mogul attack; but no sooner did they feel the sharpness of the Mogul sabre than their irregular bands were thrown into confusion, and they were quickly dispersed by the impetuosity of the onset of the Mogul cavalry. The pursuit was continued to the mountains, and many of the fugitives were slaughtered. Bayezid himself escaped on foot with much difficulty amid the general rout, and made good his retreat to Hashtnagar; but the extreme fatigue which he had endured and exposure to the sun brought on a fever, which, heightened by chagrin of mind, quickly put a period to his existence. He died at Sherpao, in the western part of Hashtnagar, and thus, as one of his opponents said, "the father of darkness went into the night." Such was the fate of Bayezid Ansari, whose genius, though subtle and acute, and whose powers, though great and versatile, seem to have been more of a literary and philosophical than of a political or martial cast. He was evidently better fitted for founding a sect than an empire, and yet he nearly succeeded in accomplishing both.

(3) Rammohun Roy (Founder of the Brahmo Somaj)

(From a letter written by him to Mr. Sandford Arnot.)

My ancestors were Brahmins of a high order, and from time immemorial were devoted to the religious duties of their race, down to my fifth progenitor, who about a hundred and forty years ago gave up spiritual exercises for worldly pursuits. His descendants ever since have followed his example. But my maternal ancestors being of the sacerdotal order by profession as well as by birth, have up to the present day uniformly adhered to a life of religious observances and devotion, preferring peace and tranquillity of mind to the excitements of ambition.

In conformity with the usage of my paternal race, and the wish of my father, I studied the Persian and Arabic languages, these being indispensable to those who attached themselves to the Courts of the Mohammedan Princes; and agreeably to the usage of my maternal relations, I devoted myself to the study of Sanscrit.

When about the age of sixteen, I composed a manuscript calling in question the validity of the idolatrous system of the Hindus. This, together with my known sentiments on that subject, having produced a coolness between me and my immediate kindred, I proceeded on my travels, and passed through different countries, chiefly within but some beyond the bounds of Hindu-

stan, with a feeling of great aversion to the establishment of the British power in India. When I had reached the age of twenty my father recalled and restored me to his favour, after which I first saw and began to associate with Europeans, and soon after made myself tolerably acquainted with their laws and form of government. Finding them generally more intelligent, more steady and moderate in their conduct, I gave up my prejudices against them; feeling persuaded that their rule, though a foreign yoke, would lead most speedily and surely to the amelioration of the native inhabitants.

My continued controversies with the Brahmins on the subject of their idolatry and superstition, and my interference with their custom of burning widows and other pernicious practices, revived their animosity against me; and through their influence with my family my father was again obliged to withdraw his countenance openly, though his limited pecuniary support was still continued to me.

After my father's death I opposed idolatry with still greater boldness. Availing myself of the art of printing now established in India, I published various works and pamphlets against their errors in the native and foreign languages. This raised such a feeling against me that I was at last deserted by every person, except two or three Scotch friends, to whom, and the nation to which they belong, I always feel grateful. The ground which I took in all

my controversies was not that of opposition to Brahminism, but to a perversion of it; and I endeavoured to show that the idolatry of the Brahmins was contrary to the practice of their ancestors and the principles of the ancient books and authorities which they profess to revere and obey. Notwithstanding the violence of the opposition, several persons, both among my own relations and others, began to adopt the same sentiments.

I now felt a strong wish to visit Europe and obtain a more thorough insight into its manners, customs, religion, and political institutions. In November, 1830, I embarked for England, as an appeal to the King in Council against the abolition of the practice of burning Hindu widows was to be heard before the Privy Council, and His Majesty the Emperor of Delhi had likewise commissioned me to bring before the authorities in England certain encroachments on his rights by the East India Company. I accordingly arrived in England in April, 1831

(Note by Mr. Sandford Arnot.)

The great object of his life was to establish a new sect in his native country, of whose creed the keystone should be the pure doctrine taught alike, he contended, by Manu and by Moses, by Christ and by Mohammed—the doctrine of the Unity of the Deity; and amongst his countrymen he has made many converts and followers, comprising among them many men of intelligence, united in a religious society according to the principles he has established. If this party, to whom the advancing liberality of the world seems propitious, keep its ground and raise a fairer structure on the ruins of the tottering temple of 'Hinduism, he may be revered in a future age as the founder of a new faith.

In regard to his literary attainments, he was acquainted more or less with ten languages: Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, Bengali, English, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French. The two first he knew critically as a scholar, the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth he spoke and wrote fluently; in the eighth, perhaps, his studies did not extend much beyond the originals of the Christian Scriptures; and in the latter two his knowledge was apparently more limited. He has published works in Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian, Bengali, and English. His acquaintance being eagerly courted in Europe, he was oppressed from the moment of his landing in

England with visitors of all ranks and classes, and often by two or three invitations to parties every day in the week. He with difficulty stole a few hours a day for business. Even Sunday brought him no rest, for to please all parties he often had to attend church two or three times, even when indisposed.

Three maxims in politics, in ethics, and in religion he often repeated, and with these I shall sum up this brief sketch of his life and character. The first he expressed in an Arabic sentence, "Insan abid ul ihsan" ("Man is the slave of benefits"). The second, a couplet from the Anwar Suheili, "The enjoyment of two worlds (this and the next) rests on these two points—kindness to friends, civility to enemies." And the third, from the philosophic Sa'di, which he often repeated, and often expressed a wish to have inscribed on his tomb:

"The true way of serving God is to do good to man."

CHAPTER XII

MISSIONARY WORK

(1) The Emperor Akbar and the Portuguese Priests

(From the *Calcutta Review*, 1847.)

AKBAR'S strong hankerings after Christianity are well known. He certainly appears to have entertained very serious thoughts of professing himself a convert. Whatever might have been his secret convictions, it is unquestionable that his expressed opinions and his more than liberal toleration gave great uneasiness to the Mullahs and bigoted Moslems about the Court. It was, indeed, an extraordinary thing to behold the Emperor of the Indies, and the Commander of the Faithful, receiving the Holy Bible from the hands of Christian *padres* and placing the sacred volume on his head in token of profound respect. Nothing can be more convincing as an illustration of the struggle of the carnal mind with the impressions of divine truth than the conduct of Akbar on this momentous occasion. He felt like Agrippa, almost persuaded to be a Christian; but there were bonds that fettered him, and he was a willing slave. It is impos-

sible to reflect on the dilemma in which he felt himself placed, without a sigh for human nature and respect for the ingenuous frankness that characterised the reply of a great sovereign who confesses that he felt he was acting against right, and yet could not help it. He confessed to the priests of God, when hard pushed by them, that the season of conversion was yet remote. "I find myself," he said, "bound to Mohammedanism by ties which I am unable to break asunder. The mullahs of the palace, and the Sultaness, my mother, never cease to inveigh against the new religion which I protect. I have an opposition still more difficult to sustain with the women of my harem from their apprehension of being all discarded as soon as Christianity shall have reduced me to make choice of a single companion; they spare no caresses that they may tear from my heart the religion of Jesus Christ. In a word, the Gospel is too pure and my manners too corrupt."

(2) The Emperor Jahangir and the Christian Convert

(From Coryat's *Crudities.*)

The Emperor had an Armenian in his service named Scander, whom he one day asked if he thought any of the *padres* had ever converted a single Mohammedan to be a true Christian for conscience sake and not for money. Scander answered with great confidence that he had one as his servant, who was a sincere Christian, and would not be of any other religion for any consideration. The King immediately caused this man to be sent for, and bidding Scander depart, he examined the convert as to his reasons for having become a Christian. In reply the convert quoted certain feeble jesuitical reasons, declaring his determination to be of no other religion, though the King made him many fair speeches and large offers to return to Mohammedanism, offering him a pension and the command of a troop of horse. He said he had now only four rupees a month, which was a poor recompense for becoming a Christian, but if he would recant he would give him high dignities and large means. The fellow answered that he had not become a Christian for such small wages, as he was able to earn as much in the service of a Mohammedan; but was a Christian in his heart and was determined so to continue.

Finding this method ineffectual, the King turned his tune and tried him with threats of severe punishment unless he returned to the faith of Mohammed. But the proselyte manfully declared he would suffer anything, being ready to endure whatsoever the King was pleased to order. Upon this declaration, when all the bystanders expected present and severe castigation to be inflicted on him, the King suddenly changed his manner towards him, highly commending his constancy and resolution, bidding him return to his master and serve him faithfully, and ordered him an allowance of one rupee a day for his integrity.

About two months afterwards the King returned from hunting wild hogs, an animal which is held in abhorrence by all Mohammedans, and which kind of venison therefore the King used to distribute among his Christians and Rajputs. On this occasion the King sent for the converted catechumen above mentioned, and commanded him to take up a hog for his master, which no Mohammedan will touch. He did so, but on going out of the court gate he was so hooted at by the Mohammedans that he threw down his burden in a ditch and went home, concealing what had passed from his master.

Some four days afterwards, the Armenian being on duty in the presence of the King, he asked him if the hog he had sent him was good meat. The Armenian replied that he had not seen or heard of any. The King therefore immediately ordered the convert to be sent for,

who confessed that he had not carried home the hog, being mocked by the Mohammedans for touching so great an abomination; he had, for shame, thrown it away. On this the King observed, "By your Christian law there is no difference of meats. Are you ashamed of your law, or do you outwardly forsake it to flatter the Mohammedans? I now see that you are neither a good Christian nor a good Mohammedan, but a knave dissembling with both. When I believed you sincere, I gave you a pension, which I now take from you for your dissimulation, and I further condemn you to receive one hundred stripes." These were presently paid him, instead of his money; and the King desired all to take warning by this example, that, having given liberty to all religions, he would have all to adhere to what they professed.

(3) A Christian Colony

(From Sleeman's *Rambles and Recollections.*)

During the war with Nepaul, in 1814 and 1815, the division with which I served came upon an extremely interesting colony of about two thousand Christian families at Beteeah, in the Tirhoot district, on the borders of the Turac forest. This colony had been created by one man, the Bishop, a Venetian by birth, under the protection of a small Hindu prince, the Rajah of Beteeah. This holy man had been some fifty years among these people with little or no support from Europe or from any other quarter. The only aid he got from the Rajah was a pledge that no member of his church should be subjected to the Purveyance system, under which the people everywhere suffered so much; and this pledge the Rajah, though a Hindu, had never suffered to be violated. There were men of all trades among them, and they formed one very large street, remarkable for the superior style of its buildings and the sober industry of its inhabitants. The masons, carpenters and blacksmiths of this little colony were working in our camp every day while we remained in the vicinity, and better workmen I have never seen in India; but they would all insist upon going to divine service at the prescribed hours. They had built a splendid pucka (solid) dwelling-house for their Bishop, and a

still more splendid church, and formed for him the finest garden I have seen in India, surrounded with a good wall and provided with admirable pucka walls. The native Christian servants who attended at the old Bishop's table, taught by himself, spoke Latin to him; but he was become very feeble, and spoke himself a mixture of Latin, Italian, his native tongue, and Hindustani. We used to have him at our messes and take as much care of him as of an infant, for he was become almost as frail as one. The joy and excitement of being once more among Europeans and treated by them with so much reverence in the midst of his flock, were perhaps too much for him, for he sickened and died soon after.

The Rajah died soon after him, and in all probability the flock has disappeared. No Europeans, except a few indigo planters of the neighbourhood, had ever before known or heard of this colony; and they seemed to consider them only as a set of great scoundrels, who had better carts and bullocks than anybody else in the country, which they refused to let out at the same rate as the others, and which they (the indigo lords) were not permitted to seize and employ *at discretion*.

(4) Henry Martyn's First Convert

(From Mrs. Sherwood's Life.)

Sometimes Mr. Martyn's garden has contained as many as five hundred of these people (fakirs) on a Sunday evening, and as I dare not let my imagination loose to describe them, I will copy from my Indian journals what I have written of them. "No dreams or visions excited in the delirium of a raging fever can surpass these realities. These devotees vary in age and appearance; some clothed with abominable rags, some nearly without clothes, some plastered with mud and cow-dung; others with matted, uncombed locks streaming down to their heels; others with heads bald or scabby, every countenance being hard and fixed, as it were, by the continual indulgence of bad passions, the features having become exaggerated and the lips blackened with tobacco, or blood-red with the juice of the henna. One little man generally comes in a small cart drawn by a bullock, his body and limbs so shrivelled as to give, with his black skin and large head, the appearance of a gigantic frog. Another has his arm fixed above his head, the nail of the thumb piercing through the palm of the hand; another, and a very large man, has his ribs and the bones of his face externally traced with white chalk, which, striking the eye in relief above the dark skin, makes him appear, as he approaches, like a moving skeleton.

When Mr. Martyn collected these people, he gave each a pice; but he was most carefully watched by the British authorities, and had he attempted anything which could have been represented to be an attack on the religion of these poor people he certainly would have incurred a command to collect them no more. He therefore was compelled to be very careful of what he said to them, and on this account he kept much to discourses upon the moral law. Though he used the greatest caution, he was often interrupted with groans, hissings, cursings, blasphemies, and threatenings; the scene altogether was a fearful one.

Nor was Mr. Martyn aware that these addresses to the beggars had produced any fruit until the very last Sunday of his residence in Cawnpore. Mr. Martyn's bungalow was next to one in which some wealthy natives resided, and on the wall of one of these gardens was a summer-house which overlooked his domain. One Sunday a party of young Mussulmans were regaling themselves in this kiosk with their hookahs and their sherbet, at the very time when Mr. Martyn was haranguing the mendicants below. This was a fine amusement for the idle youths, and they no doubt made their comments upon the foolishness of the Feringhi *padre*. But after a little while these young men felt disposed to see and hear more of what was going forward; so down they came from their kiosk and entered the garden, made their way through the crowd, and placed themselves

in a row before the front of the bungalow, their turbans placed jauntily on one side and their countenances and their manner betraying the deepest scorn.

They listened with much assurance, made their remarks, and after a while returned to their kiosk. Amongst these young men was Abdul Masih, afterwards so well known in the religious world of India. He was born at Delhi about the year 1776. Under his father's instruction he had become well versed in Persian and Arabic. When of age he had come with his father to Lucknow; there he became a munshi to two English gentlemen. He was then a fiery Mussulman, who wanted but the power to convert the whole earth by the force of the sword. The fruit of his zeal was only one poor fellow-servant, whom he persuaded to abandon his idolatries and become a Mussulman. Being probably much excited by his success in this instance, he became so forward and troublesome in the family that his master found it necessary to reprove him. This he was by no means disposed to put up with; he therefore left his service, vowing never again to attend upon a Feringhee. He subsequently visited Cawnpore, where he was present when Mr. Martyn so stated the purity of the Divine Law as to bring the conviction to the mind of this auditor at least that, as by the deeds of the law no flesh can be saved, some atonement beyond the reach of man was requisite for man's salvation. From thus hearing the Gospel, Abdul

Masih resolved to look deeper into the Christian doctrines. He had already become dissatisfied with the Mussulman creed, so that on his return to Lucknow he begged his father to procure him employment in Cawnpore. (He was subsequently baptized, and in 1825 ordained by Bishop Heber, being the first native to enter the ministry.)

(5) Missions a Support to the Government

(From the *Quarterly Review*, 1809.)

"But our Empire in India is insecure." Heaven knows it is—a column upon the sand is but a feeble emblem of its insecurity. India is perpetually in danger—not from Buonaparte—that would be the last object of his ambition; he is not idiot enough to believe that England is to be conquered there, nor is it for Asia that Providence seems to have appointed him an executioner upon worn-out dynasties and degraded nations. But no century has ever elapsed in which Asia has not produced some Buonaparte of its own, some villain, who collects the whole contemporary force of evil about him and bears down everything in his way. A French army in India would be less perilous than a single adventurer. Some new Timur or Kuli Khan may rush down from Tartary like a hurricane, some Aurangzib or Sivaji rise in the peninsula like a whirlwind, and sweep us from the land, and not a wreck should we leave be-

hind us. The empire of the Portuguese has passed away, but their language is still spoken along the whole coast; their progeny still subsists, and a large and widely extended body of Catholic Christians still bear witness to the wisdom of Albuquerque and of Juan de Castro and the solidity of their measures. They struck root in the land, and though the tree has been cut down, suckers are springing up on all sides The Dutch have left vestiges in Ceylon, where their language and religion prevail along the belt of semi-civilised country to which we have succeeded. But if England were dispossessed of its dominion in India, the natives would retain nothing of all which we have taught, except that improved discipline which they would exercise first to our destruction, and then to their own. Not a trace of our language would remain; and as for our religion, the Hindu historian would argue that we had none, just as travellers do of the Hottentots, because they have perceived among them no symptoms of religious belief. That the people are happier under our government than they have been at any time within the reach of history is beyond all doubt; yet the very circumstance which renders them so does in some degree lessen our security. By taking the exercise of authority into our own hands, we preserve them from the cruel extortion and oppression to which they had always heretofore been exposed; and that whole class of men, who would otherwise have thriven by oppressing them, are thereby made

our enemies. Thus it is that even in Mysore, Dr. Francis Buchanan tells us, the Brahmins are the most discontented part of the inhabitants, though Tippoo Sultan threatened and attempted to exterminate their superstition.

The Hindus and Mohammedans are our subjects, not our adherents; and being merely subjects, would care little for a change of masters. It is adherents that we stand in need of, and how are they to be obtained? Not by colonisation; colonisation is forbidden by the Company, and it is forbidden also by the higher authority of Nature. It is only by Christianising the natives that we can strengthen and secure ourselves. The path of duty and policy is always the same, and never was it more palpably so than in this instance. The interest and existence of the native Christians would be identified with those of the British Government, and the Church in India be truly the bulwark of the State. It is not pretended that this would render our Empire permanent—what foreign empire ever was, or can be so?—but it would render it as permanent as it ought to be. India would be trained up in civilisation and Christianity, like a child by its guardian, till such tutelage was no longer needed; our protection might be withdrawn when it ceased to be necessary, and the intercourse between the two countries would continue undiminished, just to that extent which would be most beneficial to both. This is looking far before us! but in an age when there are serious apprehensions

entertained of overstocking the world it is surely allowable to look on for some half a millennium.

(6) Anti-Christian Proclamation at Madras

(*Asiatic Journal*, 1843.)

These mlechas, or infidels, who worship an impostor that rode on an ass, who suffered death upon the cross and was buried, have come to India and have established missions of different names, such as the American, the Baptist, the London, the Wesleyan, and the Church Mission. Thinking to teach the low caste people with the high caste indiscriminately, they have opened schools in almost all towns, and tempt and compel children of high caste to attend the schools, and thus corrupt their young minds with all kinds of insinuations. The vulgar, beast-like *padres* thus have jumped near our field with their uplifted horns (tracts), such as "The Imperfect Blind-way," the insults against the three gods Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and are ruining our plants, the children. Thus within the last forty years the *padres* seized and teased 700,000 souls of our community, plunged them into the illegal pit of their religion, and disfigured their faces by not allowing them to use any mark on their foreheads. Securing them thus in the desert of thick darkness called blameful Protestantism,

they turn upon us with all their insinuation to deceive us and our children. To encounter their attempts in this as well as to oblige them to run back to their own country, without a remnant to be seen here, we took up our mighty bow of discussion, and shooting at them with arrows of different kinds (i.e. tracts), such as "A Check to the Christian Religion," "A Disgust to the Christian Religion," "A Sun to dispel the Darkness of Christianity," and discussions. To accomplish this more fully we have opened a room in Salay Street called the room for preaching the Sirhanthams, or Shastras, of the Hindu religion. In this room two hundred young men shall be taught in Tamul, grammar, arithmetic, poetical works, Shastras attached to the Siva and Vishnu sects, objections to Christian religion, etc. The preaching shall be performed on every Friday.

(7) The most Effectual Form of Missionary Work

(From *Short Essays* by Punjabee.)

Men who have more of fanaticism in them than ever the monastic orders had, are careful in counting up the bad deeds done by these orders in their aftertime of giddy success, but are hasty in forgetting the social impurities and corruptions from which their rise delivered mankind. Until Indian missionaries become transformed into figures like these—in the spirit, not in the letter—any hope of direct conversion to an universal or general extent is futile. Whether missionary enterprise in India is capable of taking this form is another question. The fact remains, however, that no other description of religious enterprise has been or will be successful.* The proof of this lies in the success of every religious mendicant in India, and in the success of occasional religious reformers. A life of self-sacrifice kindles devotional feelings everywhere, but most intensely among an ignorant people. In half-civilised countries there is always a mass of sentiment willing to attach itself to and be moulded by a personal leader. In such a state of society the only divine credentials are personal valour or personal sanctity and rectitude

* Written before the establishment of Medical Missions in the Punjab.

of life. As the chief vice of such a society is the absence of self-control, so the virtue in principal request, and therefore in principal adoration, is that of self-restraint. Indian missionaries roaming the country after the manner of the ancient apostles, would touch the people in their quickest point; and, obedient to such a wizard touch, the mental springs would leap up and disclose all those thousand aspects in which the multitude are wont to be moved by the instructed few. It was some such springs that Nicholson touched, and which made the people bend before him as before a divinity.

Whether a scheme of asceticism is compatible with our modern notions of social life may be doubted. A scanty strip of clothing and a string of beads are, perhaps, bad substitutes for English broadcloth and American drill. If missionary enterprise in India, however, refuses on whatever ground to climb the heights along the route by which alone those heights are directly accessible, the only proper inference to make is that we are unequal to the task. But, in pursuing the more circuitous routes, we ought to have the frankness to confess to ourselves that, as we have adopted an easier and less telling method, so our results will be also less imposing.

(8) A Christian Faqir

(By the Rev. G. Würth.)

When travelling last year in the southern parts of the Dharwar Collectorate, I met with a man who told me that there was a Lingaite Swami in a village called Maruli, who advised the people to throw away the Linga, which they wear on their breast, and to put no confidence in their idols, but to believe in Christ. I was very much surprised to hear this, and went one day to the village where the Swami resided. I did not, however, find him at home; but some of his disciples telling me that the Swami would be very glad to see me, I wrote him a letter, inviting him to come and pay me a visit. He very readily complied with my request, and came to the temple where I was, followed by many of his disciples (Lingaite priests), who carried with them a great number of books. Among these were the New Testament, Genesis, the Psalms, and the Prophets, all in Canarese.

The Swami having taken his seat in the midst of his disciples, I thus addressed him: "You have, I see, many of our sacred books; you have read them; do you believe what is written in them?" He said, "Why should I keep them, if I did not believe their contents? I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and though the people call me a madman, I shall not give up this my conviction." Then,

taking the Evidences of Christianity in Canarese, he read from it the article on the Divinity of Christ, to show me that he entirely approved of what was written there on the doctrine. He has formed a circle of disciples round him, who are to believe that of which their master is convinced. I was quite astonished to hear a Swami of the Lingaites speak in this way, though he was never in close connection with a missionary. He had drawn his knowledge from tracts and the Scriptures.

(9) Frontier Medical Missions

(From *The Pioneer*, Allahabad, and *With the Afghans.*)

There are two institutions in Peshawar which claim the admiration and deserve the support and sympathy of every human being with a heart. One is the hospital for native women, under the charge of Miss Mitcheson; the other a medical mission, under Dr. Lankester. Nothing surprised me more than the cheerfulness, patience, and hopefulness shown by those who are carrying on this grand work of humanity in the very teeth of hatred, bigotry, and fanaticism. I went all over Dr. Lankester's wards. There was an old man of sixty with a frightful bullet-wound in his leg. His village is four days' journey away. He was coming into Peshawar when he was shot. Who shot him? Oh, he didn't know; it was all in the day's work.

After being shot, he walked on two days' journey to the hospital. When Baron Hugel visited Peshawar, seventy years ago, he saw two men rolling about in the mud, groaning, in front of Avitabile's* house. Their hands had been cut off and the stumps dipped into boiling tar. When I stood in front of Avitabile's house the other day, I was thinking of this by force of contrast. There were two English ladies with me who had turned his house into a hospital, and who spent their lives doing good.

Professor George Adam Smith, who visited Peshawar towards the close of 1903, wrote: "In the mind of one who for the first time visits that wonderful city and district, missions have to contend with some powerful interests. There is the fascination of seeing about you what is more a part of Central Asia than of India; there are the caravans and bazaars, the strange wild mixture of peoples, the military history of the place, and the Khyber Pass. That with such rivals Dr. Lankester's work should more than hold its own in securing the interest of a visitor is perhaps the best testimony I can give to its reality. I was prepared for much by what I had heard of Dr. Lankester's name throughout the Punjab, but I saw with my own eyes much more than I expected. I visited the hospital, saw the out- and in-patients, examined the registers, and saw besides, on our visit to the Khyber with Dr. Lankester, the

* The Governor of Peshawar under the Sikhs.

number of wild men who welcomed him for what he had done for themselves or their friends. All this represents an incalculable amount of relief of suffering that must otherwise have remained unrelieved."

Both comic and tragic aspects of the work are not wanting. The comic arises from the ingrained suspiciousness of the Pathan, as in the following by a lady medical missionary. "The other day a woman from Central Afghanistan steadily refused to have a bath and clean clothes, and on pressing her for a reason for her objection, it was found that she had an idea that a change of clothes meant a change of religion, and that cleanliness involved Christianity! The father of another patient then came to the rescue and assured her that though his daughter had gone through the ordeal of a bath, she was still a true Mohammedan."

The tragic aspect arises from the unrelenting persecution to which converts to Christianity are exposed. Not long ago a Pathan woman at Quetta, after receiving Christian instruction in the hospital there, told her husband that she wanted to become a Christian. His reply was to take her across the frontier and murder her.

(10) The Best Policy for India

(From a speech by Sir Herbert Edwardes shortly after the Mutiny.)

In former storms we had a Hyder Ali to contend with, or a Tippoo Sahib, and we have found native courage not inferior to our own. We have found that an Asiatic army, led on by an Asiatic leader of ability, was no child's play; and had there risen in 1857 one Hyder Ali or one Tippoo Sahib, I should not probably have stood here to tell you the story. No, we must have been driven out; no earthly power could have saved us in this extremity. And I say, if in these two years no man came forth able to lead our enemies to victory, it is attributable only to Him who alone can rule the heart, and who chose to confound their counsels. These things are wonderful. In them, indeed, if we may humbly say it, we hear the voice of God. And what says that Voice? Does it say that you had errors in your administration? Does it say, "Reform your foolish laws—reform those things which were weak in your Court polity?" Does it say, "Disarm the people, if you want to hold the empire?" Does it say, "Demolish the forts in which these chiefs take refuge, and which give you trouble when the struggle comes?" Are these the lessons which the Voice proclaims to us? Or does it say, "India is your charge. I am the Lord of the

world. I give kingdoms as I list. I gave India into the hands of England. I did not give it solely for your benefit. I gave it for the benefit of my 180,000,000 of creatures. I gave it to you, to whom I have given the best thing man can have—the Bible, the knowledge of the only true God. I gave it to you that you might communicate this light and knowledge and truth to these my heathen creatures. You have neglected the charge I gave you. You ruled India for yourselves, and I have chastened you; I have humbled you in your pride; I have brought you even to the dust, I have brought you within one step of ruin. But I have condoned your offences. I have raised you up. When no mortal hand could save you from the results of your own policy, I, the God whom you have offended, have come to your assistance. I have lifted you up again, and I say to you, England, that I once more consign this people to your charge. I say to you that I once more put you upon your trial, and I say to you, 'Take warning from the past.'"

And, my friends, let us take warning. Let us not only take warning, but let us take courage. It is not the language of fanaticism which says, "Christianise your policy." It is the language of sound wisdom—it is the language of experience. I say that hitherto we have been living on in India without a policy at all, that we have been living from hand to mouth, and that now, at this late hour, we want a policy, and can only find a sound and hopeful policy for the

future in standing forth and boldly Christianising our government. What, then, shall we do? Let us in all our several spheres, men and women, influence our friends. Let us give our votes. Let us, if any of us have a seat in the Legislature, open our mouths and speak the thing which we believe to be true. Let us not be afraid of men. Let us do as Wilberforce did, lift our voice in the councils of the nation, and tell these men who are legislating without a God in the midst of them, that in God only can empires and legislatures be safe.

You know, my friends, that between us and the Indian people the great want is the want of a link. We are divided by our religions. There is no amalgamation between the races. There is nothing to twine one within the other and cement our interests. We stand aloof—the heathen on one side and the Christian on the other, and find nothing in our worldly policy to bridge the space. We shall only find that link in Christianity. If we Christianise one man, we have made one friend. If we Christianise a race, we have got an army. If we Christianise a province, we have founded a Government. Let us observe that the war of 1857 is one of those great throes in which new eras are produced. A new era has been born to us in 1857, and it is useless for us to try to return to the old order of things. We cannot do it if we would. The Government of India has been transferred to the Crown. Every single operation of this change serves to draw England

and India more closely together. All our commerce, all our finance, and the new Minister who has been recently sent out to inquire into that subject, draw us nearer and nearer. The people of India are awake. They are not looking to their own kings and rulers. Their ken is abroad. They look to Europe. They understand European war and European alliances. They understand the affairs of Russia, of France, of Constantinople. They perceive now that Asia and Europe are inseparably knit together. Oriental thought is on the march, and you cannot stop it, do what you will. If you ask me what is safe for the future—if you ask me to indicate a safe and expedient policy to the Government, I say an open Bible. Put it in your schools. Stand avowedly as a Christian Government. Follow the noble example of your Queen. Declare yourselves in the face of the Indian people a Christian nation, as Her Majesty has declared herself a Christian Queen, and you will not only do honour to her, but to your God, and in that alone you will find that true safety rests.

CHAPTER XIII

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

(1) Sombre and Le Vassoult

(From Sleeman's *Rambles and Recollections.*)

WALTER REINHARD was a native of Saltsburg. He enlisted as a private soldier in the French service and came to India, where he entered the service of the East India Company and rose to the rank of sergeant. Reinhard got the sobriquet of "Sombre" from his comrades while in the French service, from the sombre cast of his countenance and temper. An Armenian, by name Gregory, the minister of Kasim Ali Khan, took him into his service when the war was about to commence between his master and the English. Kasim Ali was a native of Cashmere, and not naturally a bad man; but he was goaded to madness by the injuries and insults heaped upon him by the servants of the East India Company, who were not then paid in adequate salaries, but in profits upon all kinds of monopolies; and they would not suffer the recognised sovereign of the country in which they traded to grant to his subjects the same exemption from the transit

duties which they themselves enjoyed, as it would, they argued, tend greatly to diminish their incomes.

Mr. Ellis, one of those Civil Servants and chief of the factory at Patna, whose opinions had more weight with the council in Calcutta than all the wisdom of such men as Vansittart and Warren Hastings, because they happened to be more consonant with the personal interests of the majority, precipitately brought on the war; and assumed the direction of all military operations, of which he knew nothing, and for which he seems to have been totally unfitted by the violence of his temper. All his enterprises failed; the city and factory were captured by the enemy, and the European inhabitants taken prisoners. Kasim Ali, smarting under the reiterated wrongs he had received, and which he attributed mainly to the counsels of Mr. Ellis, no sooner found the latter within his grasp than he determined to have him and all who were taken with him, save a Dr. Fullerton, to whom he owed some personal obligations, put to death. His own native officers were shocked at the proposal and tried to dissuade him from his purpose; but he was resolved, and not finding any among them willing to carry it into execution, he applied to Sombre, who readily undertook, and with some of his myrmidons performed, the horrible duty.

Kasim Ali was beaten in several actions by our gallant little band of troops under Colonel Adams; and at last driven to seek shelter with

the Nawab, Vizier of Oude, into whose service Sombre afterwards entered. This chief being in his turn beaten, Sombre went off and entered the service of the celebrated chief of Rohilcund, Hafiz Rahmat Khan. This he soon quitted from fear of the English.

He raised two battalions, in 1772, which he soon afterwards increased to four, and let out always to the highest bidder—first to the Jat chiefs of Deeg; then to the chief of Jeypoor; then to Najaf Khan, the prime minister; and then to the Mahrattas. His battalions were officered by Europeans, but Europeans of respectability were unwilling to take service under a man so precariously situated, however great their necessities; and he was obliged to content himself for the most part with the very dross of society—men who could neither read nor write, nor keep themselves sober. The consequence was that the battalions were often in a state of mutiny, committing every kind of outrage upon the persons of their officers; and at all times in a state of insubordination bordering on mutiny.

These battalions seldom obtained their pay till they put their commander into confinement and made him dig up his hidden stores, if he had any, or borrow from bankers if he had none. If the troops felt pressed for time, they put him astride upon a hot gun without his trousers. When one battalion had got its pay out of him in this manner, he was often handed over to another for the same purpose.

It was a rule, it is said, with Sombre, to enter the field of battle in column at the *safest point;* form line facing the enemy, fire a few rounds in the direction where they stood, without regard to the distance or effect; form square, and await the course of events. If victory declared for the enemy, Sombre sold his unbroken force to him to great advantage; if for his friends, he assisted them in collecting the plunder and securing all the advantages of the victory. To this prudent plan of action his corps always afterwards steadily adhered; and they never took or lost a gun, till they came in contact with our forces at Adjuntee and Assaye.

Sombre died at Agra, on the 4th May, 1778, and his remains were at first buried in his garden. They were afterwards removed to consecrated ground in the Agra churchyard by his widow, an Indian Begum,* who was baptized at the age of forty by a Catholic priest under the name of Joanna. On the death of her husband, she was requested to take command of the force by all the Europeans and natives that composed it, as the only possible mode of keeping them together, since her son was known to be altogether unfit. She consented, and was regularly installed in the charge by the Emperor Shah Alam. Her chief officer was a Mr. Pauly, a German, who soon after took an active part in providing the poor imbecile old Emperor with a prime minister; and

* Princess.

got himself assassinated on the restoration a few weeks after of his rival.

After Pauly's death, the command of the troops under the Begum devolved successively upon Badurs, Evans, and Dudrenee, who after a short time all gave it up in disgust at the beastly habits of the European subalterns. At last the command devolved on Le Vassoult, a French gentleman of birth and education. The battalions had been increased to six, with their due proportion of guns and cavalry; part resided at Sirdhana, the Begum's capital, and part at Delhi, in attendance upon the Emperor. A very extraordinary man entered her service about the same time with Le Vassoult, George Thomas, who, from being a quartermaster on board a ship, raised himself to be chief of a principality in Northern India. Thomas on one occasion raised his mistress in the esteem of the Emperor and the people by breaking through the old rule of central squares; gallantly leading on his troops and rescuing His Majesty from a perilous situation in one of his battles with a rebellious subject, Najaf Khan. The Begum was present in her palanquin, and reaped all the laurels, being from that day called "the most beloved daughter of the Emperor."

As his best chance of securing his ascendancy against such a rival, Le Vassoult proposed marriage to the Begum and was accepted. She was married to Le Vassoult by Father Gregorio, a Carmelite monk, in 1793. George Thomas left

her service in consequence and set up for himself, and was afterwards defeated by the united armies of the Sikhs and Mahrattas, commanded by European officers, after he had been recognised as a general officer by the Governor-General of India. Thomas had latterly twelve small disciplined battalions officered by Europeans. He had good artillery, cast his own guns, and was the first person that applied iron calibres to brass cannon. He was unquestionably a man of very extraordinary military genius, and his ferocity and recklessness as to the means he used, were quite in keeping with the times. His revenues were derived from the Sikh states which he had rendered tributary, and he would probably soon have been sovereign of them all in the room of Ranjit Singh, had not the jealousy of Perron, and other French officers in the Mahratta army, interposed.

The Begum tried in vain to persuade her husband to receive all the European officers of the corps at his table as gentlemen, urging that not only their domestic peace but their safety among such a turbulent set required that the character of these officers should be raised, if possible, and their feelings conciliated. Nothing, he declared, should ever induce him to sit at table with men of such habits; and they at last determined that no man should command them who would not condescend to do so. Their insolence and that of the soldiers generally became at last unbearable; and the Begum determined to go off with her husband and

seek an asylum in the East India Company's territory with her little property of one hundred thousand rupees in money, and her jewels, amounting perhaps in value to one hundred thousand more. Le Vassoult did not understand English, but with the aid of a grammar and dictionary he was able to communicate her wishes to Colonel MacGowan, who commanded at that time, 1795, an advanced post of our army at Anoopshahr on the Ganges. He proposed that the Colonel should receive them in his cantonments, and assist them in their journey thence to Furuckabad, where they wished in future to reside free from the cares and anxieties of such a charge.

The Colonel had some scruples, under the impression that he might be censured for aiding in the flight of a public officer of the Emperor. It was at last settled that the Begum should resign the command and set out secretly with her husband. Le Vassoult was to be received into our territories, treated as a prisoner of war upon his parole, and permitted to reside with his wife at the French settlement of Chandernagore.

The battalions on duty at Delhi got intimation of this correspondence, made the son of Sombre declare himself their legitimate chief, and march at their head to seize the Begum and her husband. Le Vassoult heard of their approach, and urged the Begum to set out with him at midnight for Anoopshahr, declaring that he would rather destroy himself than sub-

mit to the personal indignities which he knew would be heaped upon him by the infuriated ruffians who were coming to seize them. The Begum consented, declaring that she would put an end to her life with her own hand should she be taken. She got into her palanquin with a dagger in her hand, and as he had seen her determined resolution and proud spirit before exerted on many trying occasions, he doubted not that she would do what she declared she would.

He mounted his horse and rode by the side of her palanquin, with a pair of pistols in his holsters and a good sword by his side. They had got on as far as Kabree, on the road to Meerut, when he found the battalions from Sirdhana, who had got intimation of the flight, gaining fast upon the palanquin. Le Vassoult asked the Begum whether she remained firm in her resolve to die, rather than submit to the indignities that threatened them.

"Yes," replied she, showing him the dagger firmly grasped in her right hand. He drew a pistol from his holster without saying anything, but urged on the bearers. He could have easily galloped off and saved himself, but he would not quit his wife's side.

At last the soldiers came up close behind them. The female attendants of the Begum began to scream, and looking in, Le Vassoult saw the white cloth that covered the Begum's breast stained with blood. She had stabbed herself, but the dagger had struck against one

of the bones of her chest, and she had not courage to repeat the blow. Her husband put his pistol to his temple and fired. The ball passed through his head and he fell dead on the ground. One of the soldiers who saw him told me that he sprang at least a foot off the saddle into the air as the shot struck him. His body was treated with every kind of insult by the European officers and their men; and the Begum was taken back into Sirdhana, kept under a gun for seven days, deprived of all kinds of food, save what she got from her female servants, and subjected to all manner of insolent language.

(2) George Thomas

(From the *Asiatic Annual Register*, 1802.)

George Thomas, an Irishman, ran away from a ship, of which he was cabin-boy on the Coromandel coast. He found his way to Hyderabad, the capital of the Nizam, where he served as a private soldier. He did not like this service, and, spurred on by the spirit of adventure, he crossed the peninsula and arrived at the Begum Sombre's, who had a country about a hundred and fifty miles north-west of Delhi. She took him into her service, and he obtained her favour and confidence. She married him to an adopted daughter of her own, and appointed him to the management of a province, the revenues of which he very soon nearly doubled.

The expenses of his mistress exceeded her income. He felt his position sufficiently secure to attempt a reform. She had many Frenchmen in her service whom she supported at great expense, and who were entirely useless to her. These Thomas intended to have reduced. The Sikhs at this time committing depredations upon the Begum's country, Thomas attacked them, as he had before done successfully. During his absence the Frenchmen found means to make his mistress believe that his plan was to take her country from her, and for that reason he had wished for their dismissal.

She took the first opportunity of showing Thomas the change of her sentiments towards him by insulting his wife while he was absent. He immediately returned for the protection of his wife and left the Begum's service. He had not 500 rupees in the world, a proof of his honesty, for he had been for many years collector of a province, which at first yielded a revenue of 70,000 rupees, but which he doubled before he left it. He now went into the service of a Mahratta chief, named Appa Row Cunda. This man ordered him to raise some corps, and gave him some districts for the payment of them. The districts were inadequate for the payment of his troops, but he managed to support them by the plunder he got during his various expeditions. The Mahratta chief was drowned, and as he was considerably in debt to Thomas, the latter assumed possession of the districts under his charge. He augmented his troops,

formed an army for himself, and by conquest added to his original territory. He was often called in as an ally by the different contending powers in that quarter. On one occasion he was paid a subsidy of 50,000 rupees per month. His former mistress, some time after he left her, was imprisoned and treacherously deprived of her command. He marched to her relief and reinstated her. His capital, Hansi, which was one of the strongest places in India, was about eighty miles west of Delhi. From this point he entered the country of the Sikhs, beat them wherever he could find them, and took possession of a territory upon the banks of the Sutlej, yielding nearly two lacs of rupees per annum.

In one of his letters he proposes that we shall attack the Sikhs; and he says that these people are the enemies both of the Mahrattas and of the English. All he desires is that our Government will request the Mahrattas not to assist the Sikhs. He wants no money, no arms, no troops; and he engages in three years to deliver to the East India Company his whole army and all that country called the Punjab,* yielding a revenue of two crores (millions) of rupees per annum. He will only require to be paid for his cannon. His ambition is to serve his country, and it is by this means he can do it.

The plan may be thought wild and im-

* Written in 1801. The Punjab was annexed in 1849.

practicable by those unacquainted with the Sikh nation and with Thomas. With the former I have done all I could to get acquainted; the latter I believe to be equal to anything possible to be performed, and I am fully convinced he will accomplish all he has promised, if the Mahrattas will not interfere.

(October, 1801.) George Thomas is now opposing the Mahrattas, and is nearly overpowered by the superiority of their resources, but he struggles hard and hitherto victory has attended him. The last time I saw him he was not worth more than 500 rupees, exclusive of his horse. The Frenchman who now opposes him is high in the service of the Mahrattas. A few years ago he was a cook at Calcutta.

(February, 1802.) I left George Thomas contending with the Mahrattas. He fought several battles with them, in all of which he compelled them to retreat; but they were too numerous for him to gain anything but a name by the victories he had obtained. Finding that arms would not reduce him, they had recourse to means more certain, though less honourable, and they succeeded but too well. They bribed his chiefs, and deserted by his army he was obliged to fly to his strong fortress. It was distant one hundred miles. He reached it in one night upon one horse. He was soon followed. The few men who remained with him fought bravely for some time, but his enemies subdued them with gold. He found his efforts were in vain and reluctantly dictated terms of capitu-

lation. He got 50,000 rupees for giving up his fort, and was besides permitted to carry off his property. (On the way to Calcutta he died of fever on board his pinnace, August 22nd, 1802.)

CHAPTER XIV

ANGLO-INDIAN ECCENTRICS

(1) Thomas Coryat

(From Anderson: *The English in Western India.*)

THIS eccentric man was born in 1577 at Odcomb, in Somersetshire, and having early in life set his heart upon visiting foreign countries, he began with Europe. On his return he published a laughable account of his travels, styled "Coryat's Crudities." Among other strange matters the author declares that he had walked nineteen hundred and seventy-five miles in one pair of shoes, which he had occasion to mend but once. He is also said to have hung these shoes up in the church of his native village as a donarium in token of gratitude for his safe return.

Coryat desired to know and to be known, so as to obtain contemporary and posthumous fame. Unrestrained by poverty, he again started with a determination of traversing Asia, limiting his expenses to twopence a day, which he expected to procure by begging. His designs were vaster than his actual labours, for he planned not only a journey through Tartary

and China, but also a visit to "the Court of Prester John, in Ethiopia."

In 1612 he sailed from London to Constantinople, thence to Alexandria. After seeing enough of Cairo and the Pyramids, he explored all the venerated places of the Holy Land, and then passed with a caravan from Aleppo to the sites of ancient Nineveh and Babylon. Persia, Candahar, Lahore, and Agra, where he found an English factory, were all traversed by him. Mixing with the natives of the countries through which he passed, he acquired with facility a knowledge of many foreign languages. He had some acquaintance with Turkish and Arabic, but in Persian and Hindustani his proficiency was considerable. At Agra he appeared before the Great Mogul and pronounced an oration in florid Persian. The Mohammedan potentate was pleased to hear himself compared by Coryat to Solomon, and to be told that as the Queen of Sheba had heard of the Jewish monarch's fame, so the Englishman had heard of the Emperor's, and like her, acknowledged that what he saw far surpassed all that had been reported. The flatterer was rewarded with a hundred rupees, and thus enabled to prosecute his travels.

Less remunerative, but more amusing and creditable to him as a linguist, was his next feat. Having joined Sir Thomas Roe's suite, he found amongst them a washerwoman whose native language was Hindustani, and who was celebrated for being a fluent and pertinacious

scold. "One day," writes his companion, "Coryat undertook her in her own language, and by eight of the clock in the morning so silenced her that she had not one word more to speak."

On another occasion he heard a mullah uttering from the summit of a mosque his usual call to devotion. Suddenly all Coryat's religious fervour was awakened, and standing on an eminence opposite the Mussulman devotee, he cried out at the top of his voice, "La allah illilahu, wa Isa Ibn Ullah" ("There is no God but God, and Christ is the Son of God"), adding, moreover, that Mohammed was an impostor. With another mullah he entered into argument, and after both the disputants had become very hot and very angry, Coryat closed the controversy by asserting that he himself was the orthodox Mussulman, or true believer, and that the mullah was the pseudo-Mussulman, or false believer. Happily for himself he was considered a lunatic, and as, before the introduction of European reforms, such persons belonged in all Mussulman countries to a privileged class, and were allowed to do almost as they pleased, Coryat's insults were left unrevenged, and he could indulge his freaks without paying the penalty of a broken head.

Inordinate vanity seems to have been the motive cause of all his eccentric acts. Great men must feel an interest in him, and the world must regard him as a distinguished traveller—this was his aim. What, then, was his delight

to be told by Richard Steele, the merchant, that King James had inquired about him. The eager fop immediately wished to know all his Majesty's words; but alas! after hearing that Coryat was well, all that the monarch said was, "Is that fool yet living?" Equally mortified was he to discover that, in a letter which Sir Thomas Roe had written on his account to the consul at Aleppo, he was styled "an honest poor wretch."

Coryat's vagaries were brought to an abrupt termination at Surat in December, 1617. His health had for some time been failing when he arrived, and his death was hastened by an act of imprudence. Although ordinarily a temperate man, he could not resist the seductions of a little sack, which he heard was to be had in the factory. "Sack, sack!" exclaimed the thirsty wanderer; "is there any such thing as sack? I pray you give me some sack." The unusual draught was too much for his weak stomach. He was taken ill, and died, as Fryer says, "killed with kindness by the English merchants, who laid his rambling brains at rest," and was buried on the shore near Swally. As no one was to be found who could engrave an epitaph, his name was unrecorded.

(2) Job Charnock (the Founder of Calcutta)

(Job Charnock went to India about 1655, and as head of the factory at Hugli, transferred the head-quarters to Calcutta (thus founding the city) in 1686-90. He died in 1693.)

(From the *Calcutta Review*, 1847.)

On a sultry day of the year 1690, several boats stopped off the bank of the River Hugli, close to the dirty straggling village of Chuttanutti. One is a large budgerow (house-boat) with the English flag flying at her masthead. She is crowded with armed men both European and native, and the other boats are full of people. A somewhat portly-looking man stands on her deck, over whose head is a chattah (umbrella) covered with scarlet cloth. He is dressed in a suit of half Flemish, half Spanish fashion. On his head is a broad-leafed Flemish beaver hat, with two feathers falling to the left side, from beneath which may be seen his long grey locks. He wears a short doublet of fawn-covered satin with a short, light cloak of tussa or country silk. Down his neck is a ruff and falling collar of lace. Round his waist he wears a broad buff belt, girt with a massive gold buckle. From the belt hangs a long rapier, and the ornamented stocks of a pair of pistols are seen above the upper edge of the belt. His bushy eyebrows and grizzled moustaches, his quick remarks and abrupt tones give him an air of sternness as he

is carried ashore, where a salaaming crowd receives him.

He then steps into a tonjon (sedan-chair), and pointing to a wide-spreading peepul tree, desires to be carried there. Thither he is borne accordingly, his chattah carried over his head, and while sitting under the grateful shade of that tree, and conversing with the Naib and headmen of the village there at the place now known as the Boitakannah, the Patriarch of Chuttanutti determines that the capital of British India shall thenceforward be fixed. But it appears that his Tusculum, his country residence, was at Barrackpore, whither he resorted, not perhaps so much to avoid the dust and bother of his bustling capital, "fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ," as to be near that grave where rested one with whom his heart still beat in sympathy.*

About 1678 he united himself in marriage with a young and beautiful Hindu girl, whom he and his guards had rescued by force from the funeral pile. By her he had several children, and appears to have lived with her about eight years. Upon her decease he enclosed a large piece of ground in the suburbs of his factory, on which he erected a mausoleum, and there deposited her remains. We have the authority of Hamilton, of Asiaticus, and other writers for asserting the fact, however extraordinary it may appear, that during the remainder of his life

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1824.

he annually offered a cock to the memory of this much-lamented wife in her mausoleum, thus converting it into a heathen temple.

On the 10th of January, 1692, Job Charnock died. He was buried in the same mausoleum with his wife, and from that time the cemetery, which had been originally appropriated to the sole use of his family, became the receptacle for the remains and tombs of the English population of Calcutta.

(3) Thomas Legge

(By Colonel James Tod.)

It was the day after Christmas, 1807, while I was in my tent, near which the camp was, that a servant announced a respectable native as desirous to speak with me. Figure to yourself a square-built, good-looking Rohilla, about forty-five years of age, clad in a yellow chintz alkbalik, red turban, etc., taking off his turban with his right hand, and with a forecastle bow greeting me in the purest Hibernian, "Good morning to your honour," while, as he uncovered his head, there fell down his back a long trebly-plaited tail that would have done credit to a Chinese mandarin. One of my first questions was on the state of his appetite, as he had just come off a long journey, during which he had fallen among robbers, who had plundered him of everything "but his mantle and his book,"

and he was indebted to a good Samaritan for the wardrobe in which he stood before me. I told him, if he was not afraid of pork, there was the cold chine of a wild boar, and mustard withal. "In truth, sir, but I shall be obliged to your honour, for I have not seen either these five-and-twenty years."

Having eaten moderately and quaffed a single glass of beer, he gave me the outline of his life. His recollections of home were scanty. He was a native of the North of Ireland, I think of Donaghadee, where his father was the owner of two small vessels, then constantly employed in carrying emigrants to America. He was very wild, and on his father wishing him to adopt some mechanical employment unsuited to his taste, being then about sixteen, he ran away from home and entered himself on board a sloop of war then bound for Madras.

Arrived in India, his vagrant inclinations increased with his strength. He ran away from his ship and begged his way to Hydrabad, in Scinde, with whose ruler he obtained service.

It was at this period that Nathan Craw, a name connected with the earliest knowledge we have of that region, had established a factory at Tatta, which excited so much jealousy that the Scinde ruler resolved on its annihilation. Tom Legge was deputed as ambassador, and anything but his own phraseology would mar the most laconic and emphatic speech in the annals of diplomacy. "Mr. Craw, sir, I am sorry to be the bearer of bad news to your

honour, but you must bate a retrate, and that immediately, sir," and he specified the time.

Altogether he was at that court and in Upper Scinde five or six years. Thence he went to Mooltan, and remained some time, then passed through the Indian desert to Jeypoor; but he did not sojourn long with the Rajpoots. He then entered the service of the Jat ruler of Gohud-Gwalior, where an Englishman, by name Sangster, commanded what were called the Irregulars, a man of skill and ingenuity, under whom Tom learnt the art of casting guns, and whatever belonged to their management.

After a time he bade adieu to Colonel Sangster and steered his course across the Indus to Cabul. Here his talents gained him three rupees a day, and he remained some years under very kind treatment, rendering himself so useful that he was obliged to go without leave, seeing he could not obtain it fairly. He steered right north across the Hindu Kush for Badakhshan, where he was so well received that he stayed longer than at Cabul. On quitting Badakhshan he found a new master in Bokhara, where for a time he sojourned, exercising his art; and there, as elsewhere, his only difficulty was to get away. He afterwards served at Herat, or Candahar, or at both, and in this way passed more than twenty years of his life, serving almost every power between the Indus and the Caspian.

Once more, being at length tired of this nomad existence, he crossed the Indus and

made for Jeypoor, where he determined to settle for the rest of his days, his preamble to which was to marry an illegitimate daughter of the hakim, or Dr. De Silva, sent out by the King of Portugal. By this alliance Tom obtained the command of a Nujeeb battalion, but almost the first service he was sent on proved the last of his eventful career. It was against a refractory chief, and he gallantly led the escalade, and was stepping over a parapet when, to use his own language, "I was poked down with a pike and a shot through my thigh. I have come to your honour's camp to get cured, for they can make no hand of it at Jeypoor."

Having listened to this and much more, which made so deep an impression on me that for years I could and often did repeat the adventures of Tom Legge nearly verbatim to my friends, I sent to request our doctor, Kenneth Macaulay, to come to me. His pleasure was not inferior to my own in listening to the variegated history of this singular being, who had retained amidst these strange vicissitudes an artlessness of manner and goodness of heart displayed in many notable instances during his abode of some months in our camp. One of his most prominent characteristics, next to that of a love for wandering, was evinced in the store of wild legends he had picked up, his easy belief and accurate retention of which were alike extraordinary. Of his benevolence we had ample proof in his disposal of the sums of money we advanced for his use. They went to the sick

and poor whom he had learnt to commiserate, and who had at the same time his advice and his medicines.

But perhaps the most striking feature of his mind, considered with reference to his motley life, was his reverence for the sacred volume. I mentioned his having been plundered of everything but his "mantle and his book"; that book was his Bible, which had never quitted him in all his wanderings. In short, piety, credulity, benevolence, a straightforward and honest simplicity, formed a strange compound in Tom Legge.

But his wound healed not. During the first few weeks the applications produced exfoliation, and he looked better and felt happier than he had done for years, for he met with unwearying kindness in return for the amusement afforded by his daily visits. But "hope deferred" at length began to prey upon him. Yet there was resignation mixed with his despondency when he found himself gradually wasting away. In these moments he would say to me, "I do not fear death, your honour, and could I get my life written, and my boy sent to Calcutta, I should die contented."

At length Tom expressed a desire to return to Jeypoor. A camel, a pony, clothes, money, everything was provided for him by the kindness of the resident, Mr. Mercer. He had not quitted us long, however, before despair overtook him. He threw away his clothes, and taking post in a deserted *mut*, proclaimed himself a fakir. In

this condition he was discovered by the wife of Scindia's general, Jean Baptiste, who acted the Samaritan towards him, but it was too late, and he died.

(4) Colonel Gardner

(From Mrs. Parkes: *Wanderings of a Pilgrim.*)

Colonel Gardner, who is a connection of the noble family bearing that name, came out to India in the King's service, which he soon afterwards quitted. The cause of his resignation is variously related. At this period it was impossible to foresee that the tide of fortune would bring the British Government of India into actual warfare with the sovereigns of provinces so far beyond the frontier that human ambition dared not contemplate their subjugation. Many loyal Englishmen were therefore induced to follow the banners of native princes, under the impression that they could never be called upon to bear arms against their own country; but Fate decreed it otherwise, and in the Mahratta war those officers who had enlisted in Holkar's service found themselves in a very awkward predicament, especially as they were not permitted a choice or even allowed to remain neutral, their new masters endeavouring to force them, upon pain of death, to commit treason to the land of their birth by fighting in the ranks of a hostile force.

In some of the native courts the English were

immediately put to death upon the approach of the enemy, or on the slightest suspicion of their fidelity. Upon more than one occasion Colonel Gardner, who, independent of his military skill, possessed a thorough knowledge of the native character, penetrated the designs of his employers, and withdrew in time from meditated treachery; but his escape from Holkar was of the most hazardous description. Anxious to secure the services of so efficient an officer, after all fair means had failed, Holkar tied his prisoner to a gun, and threatened him with immediate death should he persist in refusing to take the field with his army. The Colonel remained staunch, and, perhaps in the hope of tiring him out, the execution was suspended, and he was placed under a guard, who had orders never to quit him for a single instant.

Walking one day along the edge of a bank, leading by a precipitous descent to a river, Colonel Gardner suddenly determined to make a bold effort to escape. He shouted out "Bismillah!" ("In the name of God!"), and flung himself down some forty or fifty feet. None were inclined to follow him; but the guns were fired, and an alarm sounded in the town. He recovered his feet, and making for the river, plunged into it. After swimming for some distance, finding that his pursuers gained upon him, he took shelter in a friendly covert, and, with merely his mouth above the water, waited until they had passed. He then landed on the opposite side, and proceeded by

unfrequented paths to a town in the neighbourhood, which was under the command of a friend, who, though a native and a servant of Holkar, would, he thought, afford him protection. This man proved trustworthy; and after remaining concealed some time, the Colonel ventured out in the disguise of a grass-cutter, and reaching the British outposts in safety, was joyously received by his countrymen.

The marriage of Colonel Gardner forms one of the most singular incidents in his romantic history. In the midst of his hazardous career he carried off a Mohammedan princess, the sister of one of the lesser potentates of the Deccan, who, though now reduced to comparative insignificance, were personages of considerable consequence during the rise and progress of the Mahrattas.

The sacred recesses of the zenana were penetrated by the enterprising lover who bore away his prize in triumph, and sought an asylum in another court. A European of popular manners and military experience could in those days easily place himself at the head of a formidable body of soldiers ready to follow his fortunes, and trusting to his arrangements with the princes, whose cause he supported, for their pay, which was frequently in arrears, or dependent upon the capture of some rich province. In the command of such a troop Colonel Gardner was a welcome guest wherever he went; and, until the affair with Holkar, he

had always contrived to secure his retreat whenever it was prudent to commence a new career in another quarter.

The account Colonel Gardner gave me of his marriage with the Princess was this: "When a young man I was entrusted to negotiate a treaty with one of the native princes of Cambay. Darbars (levées) and consultations were frequently held. During one of the former, at which I was present, a parda (curtain) near me was gently moved aside, and I saw, as I thought, the most beautiful black eyes in the world. It was impossible to think of the treaty; those bright and piercing glances, those beautiful dark eyes completely bewildered me.

I felt flattered that a creature so lovely as she of those deep, black, loving eyes must be, should venture to gaze upon me. To what danger might not the veiled beauty be exposed, should the movement of the parda be seen by any of those at the darbar! On leaving the assembly, I discovered that the bright-eyed beauty was the daughter of the Prince. At the next darbar my agitation and anxiety were extreme to behold again the bright eyes that had haunted my dreams by night and my thoughts by day. The parda was again gently moved, and my fate was decided.

"I demanded the Princess in marriage; her relations were at first indignant, and positively refused my proposal. However, on mature deliberation the ambassador was considered too influential a person to have a request

denied, and the hand of the young Princess was promised. The preparations for the marriage were carried forward. "Remember," said I, "it will be useless to attempt to deceive me; I shall know those eyes again, nor will I marry any other."

On the day of the marriage I raised the veil from the countenance of the bride, and in the mirror that was placed between us, beheld the bright eyes that had bewildered me. I smiled; the young Begam smiled also."

It is difficult to say what sort of a bridal contract is gone through between a Moslem beauty and a Christian gentleman, but the ceremony is supposed to be binding; at least, it is considered so in India, a native female not losing the respect of her associates by forming such a connection. Colonel Gardner has, of course, adopted many of the opinions and ideas of the people with whom he has passed so great a portion of his time, and in his mode of living he may be termed half an Asiatic. This, however, does not prevent him from being a most acceptable companion to the European residents, who take the greatest delight in his society whenever he appears among them.

(5) Effects of the Climate

(From the *Diary of an Assistant Surgeon.*)

Putting aside jungle fever and cholera, most of the acute and chronic diseases incident to India are incident to England; but there are some matters of pathology which may perhaps be more strongly marked in the former than in the latter country. One instance occurs in that terrible consequence of habitual inebriety, "the horrors"; another occurs in the singularity and variety of monomaniacal affections, of which I have met with some singular cases.

Major C——, of the cavalry, fancied that he had a glass *seat*, and that it was dangerous for him to continue any equestrian exercise, lest it might cause a fracture. So strong was *this* idea that he actually invalided from the service. The Major also invariably carried with him his own bread for fear of being poisoned. Except upon these two points, he was as sane as anybody else.

W——, of the —th, laboured under most singular monomaniacal delusions. At one time he fancied himself a duck, and occasionally would utter a cry of "Quack! quack!" At another time he fancied himself a shilling; and I remember his wife complaining to Colonel C——, of her husband's absurd fancies, and particularly of his being a shilling, to which the

Colonel dryly replied, "Then why don't you change him, Mrs. W——?" The most extraordinary case, however, was that of McK——. The precise nature of it I never knew, because L——, whose care he was under, never revealed his patient's delusion to a human being; but I know that it was of a most terrible nature, and in the end urged him to a dreadful act of suicide. I was once sent for by an officer of a regiment, just as I was about to start on a regimental picnic, at which I fully expected to have seen him. I dismounted from my horse and went into his quarters, where I found him suffering under a slight accession of fever. I inquired in what way he felt ill, to which he replied, "Why, I should be pretty well if it were not for these cursed Italians in my belly."

(6) Major Hook, E.I.C.

(From the *Worcester Herald.*)

This singular character died on the 13th November, at his house, Ham Street, Ham Common. He was a major in the East India Company's service, and had attained his seventy-fifth year. His residence was a marked spot by its gloomy and neglected appearance. By the will of a relation, he was entitled to an annuity "whilst his wife was above ground." To fulfil the tenor of this important document, after her death, he caused her body to be preserved and a glass case put over it. In this situation it has remained for upwards of thirty years. It is said that he never permitted any person to enter the room but himself.

CHAPTER XV

SPORT IN INDIA

(1) Cheetah-hunting

(From Forbes' *Oriental Memoirs.*)

THE diversion of hunting with the cheetah is much admired and pursued by the princes and chieftains of Hindustan, both Mohammedans and Hindus. The cheetah, though of the leopard species, differs from it materially. In height the cheetah considerably exceeds the leopard, and greatly excels it in form and beauty. Its head is smaller in proportion; its eyes are brown or hazel; its spots are black and solid; its body is long, loins slender, chest deep, legs straight and taper, and its paws not larger than those of a common-sized dog; its tail is long and gracefully turned. The cheetah is as much superior to the leopard in the docility and generosity of its nature as in the elegance of its shape.

I shall now describe the method of hunting with this animal. An Indian carriage, called by the English "a hackery," is used for the cheetah. On this cart, which is drawn by oxen, he leaps without hesitation. He is then hooded, and his

keeper, sitting by him, secures him by a string through his collar on the neck. In this manner he is conveyed to the scene of action, having a belt round his loins, the use of which will be hereafter explained.

Antelopes are very common in the northern parts of Gujerat, and there is seldom any doubt of sport. When the game is descried, the sportsmen generally leave their horses and attendants and get on hackeries or country carts like that of the cheetah, as being less likely to alarm the antelopes. All the followers on foot likewise keep close behind the hackeries; for exclusive of the risk of frightening the game, the cheetah himself is apt to be alarmed, when carried out to hunt by a crowd, which he might disregard in the town; and so strongly has instinct implanted in him the fear of man, that should a person appear at a distance on a line with the game, he will scarcely ever run.

Every sportsman being thus mounted on his vehicle, they proceed in pursuit of the antelopes, and the subsequent manœuvres depend upon the nature of the country. If it is woody, the cheetah may be unhooded at any distance, for the astonishing sagacity of the animal curbing his impulse to run, on first getting sight of his prey, he leaps carefully off the cart, and creeps on with the greatest cunning from bush to bush, narrowly observing the game, and most artfully avoiding discovery. If by these means he can get within the distance of about seventy yards, he rushes forth at full speed, and seldom misses.

This method is by far the most entertaining, as it discovers the animal in every point of view, and shows the extent and turn of his force and genius.

If the cheetah finds that he cannot proceed undiscovered, or if he perceives the game to be alarmed, he crouches and lies close to the ground. When he is thus posted, the hackeries take a circuit, leaving the cheetah, and getting on the other side of the antelopes; and then, edging down, get them towards the ambuscade, which if they pass within the distance of seventy or eighty yards, there is every reason to expect success.

But sometimes, with every advantage of distance, the cheetah will not run, and in this respect, so trying to an eager sportsman, he is very inferior to the dog, who never fails to do his utmost. When the cheetah resolves to exert himself, his velocity is astonishing; for although the antelope is esteemed the swiftest species of the deer, and the course generally begins at the distance of seventy or eighty yards, yet the game is usually caught, or else makes his escape, within the space of three or four hundred yards, the cheetah seldom running a greater distance. On coming up with the game, especially if a doe or a fawn, it is difficult to describe the celerity with which it overthrows its prey. But the attack on an old buck is a more arduous task; his great strength sometimes enables him to make a hard struggle, though seldom with success; for although I have known a buck to

get loose two or three times, yet I never knew one escape after being fairly seized.

The cheetah, on overtaking the deer, by a most powerful and dexterous use of its paws, overthrows it, and in the same instant seizes it by the throat; when, if it is young or a doe, as already observed, it does not quit its hold until it finds the respirations cease; but if it is a buck, whose neck is very thick and powerful, it is obliged to be more cautious, and to avoid in the struggle not only a blow from the horns, which, from the mere convulsive motion of terror and agony, might be very dangerous, but from the hoofs, whose sharpness renders them equally so. The artful care with which he avoids these weapons is truly astonishing. The deer, thus seized by the throat, loses all capacity of struggling, and in the interim the cheetah-keeper comes up, and instantly cuts the throat of the antelope, it being an abomination among the Mohammedans, as with the Jews, to eat an animal killed in any way but with the knife.

The cheetah, finding the animal dead, would commence the work of laceration, but is prevented by its keeper, who either catches the blood from the throat in a ladle kept for that purpose and presents it to the cheetah to lap, or nimbly cuts off the last joint of the leg, and putting it into its mouth, quickly carries off the game, to secure it behind the hackery. The cheetah having amused himself with his ladle or bone, his keeper leads him to the cart, which he

ascends without taking any further notice of the game, though tied under his nose.

It sometimes happens that the cheetah is thrown out and misses his prey; he then lies down, and the keeper drives the hackery to him. Disappointment sometimes sours his temper, and he shows signs of anger, but I never saw them attended with any danger. The keeper, after soothing him a little, takes him by the collar round his neck and waist, and conducts him to the cart, on which he readily leaps.

One of my cheetahs having frequently disappointed me by refusing to run, I resolved to keep him without food until he killed for himself; but although I had him out every day in sight of game, he forced me to keep my resolution until the eighth day, when he ran with surprising velocity and killed a black buck, though he had not eaten anything during the whole time.

(2) Alligator Shooting

(From Bellew: *Memoirs of a Griffin.*)

In the little patch of grass-meadow which lay nearly opposite to us, two or three miserable, stunted, white cattle were feeding, one of them considerably nearer the margin than the others. Whilst looking towards them, I thought I discerned something dark slowly emerging from the water where the muddy shelving shore dipped into it. I kept my eye steadily fixed upon the object, which evidently moved and presented to my view the resemblance of two large foot-balls at the end of a rough log of wood. I directed my companion's attention to it, at the same time asking him what it was. "Oh, I perceive the rascal," said he; "it's a huge alligator making a point at that poor beast of a cow; but I'll spoil his sport. Bearer, banduk lao jaldi! Bring up the rifle quickly."

Ere the gun, however, could be brought, the monster, as if anticipating our attentions, suddenly rushed from his concealment with a rapid and wriggling motion, and in an instant had the unsuspecting cow by the nose. The poor brute struggled, her tail crooked with agony, her two fore-feet stuck out, and bellowing lustily whilst the alligator backed rapidly towards the water, dragging the cow along with him. "Quick! quick!" shouted A——, as the servant blundered along, capsizing a bucket or

two in his hurry, and handed up the gun. "Click" went the lock, the rifle was pointed, but it was too late. The scaly monster sank with his prey as the bullet cracked sharply over the eddy, a few bubbles and a slight curl of the deep waters alone marking the spot where the poor cow had disappeared. "What a ferocious monster!" I exclaimed. "Do they often carry away animals in this way?" "Oh, yes," replied A——, vexed that he had been foiled. "Alligators in the salt and brackish waters of the lower parts of Bengal are dangerous and ferocious; but as you recede from the sea for some reason or other they become comparatively harmless, and seldom molest man or beast. Near my factory they are continually carrying off the villagers from the ghauts,* and I have heard and believe, though I have never witnessed a case, that they sometimes adroitly knock the fishermen from off their boats by a blow of the tail, and then snap them up in a moment." "Why do not the people hunt and destroy such monsters?" I asked. "They require more salt to be put upon their tails than your sparrows at home," said A——. "However," he continued, "after a good many poor devils have been carried off, blacky's apathy is a little aroused, and he does sometimes catch them in the following manner: They row slowly up the stream, dragging a number of hooked lines; when these are arrested by

* Landing places.

the horny hide of the alligator as he lies in the mud at the bottom, they slowly raise the torpid brute, who seldom makes any resistance till he appears above the surface. They then simultaneously dart a number of small barbed harpoons into him, to the heads of which stout cords are fastened, and thus they secure his body. To prevent his doing mischief with his jaws, they present him a stick, and when he seizes it with a snap, they belay a cord round these formidable instruments of destruction. . . ."

We were one morning at the factory on the river, quietly smoking in the little summer-house, when a great hubbub below and the noise of people running saluted our ears. A—— rose hastily, and ran out to see what was the matter, I following him, at the same time dispatching a servant to ascertain the cause of the uproar. He soon returned and stated that a youth had been carried off from the ghaut by an alligator, which had snapped him up whilst in the act of washing his cloth, or dhoti. Excited by this account, we posted off to the ghaut, where a clamorous crowd was collected, many of them looking and pointing towards the centre of the river. On inquiry we learnt that the alligator was there, playing with his victim; and casting our eyes to the middle of the stream, there, sure enough, in the centre of the rapid current, his long, jagged tail rising above and occasionally lashing the surface, was the alligator, tossing and shaking the

lifeless body of the poor black boy, and amusing himself as a cat does with a mouse before she makes a meal of it.

A—— sent immediately to the bungalow for his rifle, which soon made its appearance. It was a piece of the kind commonly called in India "a bone-breaker," and carrying a weighty ball eight or ten to the pound. Having loaded it, he took a deliberate aim at the alligator. I waited in breathless suspense for the result. Bang went the rifle, and the ball dashed up the spray within a foot of the creature's head, and then went ricochetting over the expanse of water.

"A close shave," said Augustus. "But come, we'll try him again." Once more the rifle was loaded and fired, but on this occasion with more success, a dull, lumpish sound telling that the ball had taken effect. It requires, however, ordinarily many balls to kill an alligator; but down sank the head of the monster, his long serrated tail waving in the air as he descended to the depths of the river. This fellow, it appeared, had long been carrying on his depredations in this part of the river, and the boatmen and fishermen determined at last to make an attempt to capture him.

We slept at the factory of Gurrialpore that night, and were agreeably surprised the next morning, shortly after breakfast, by a man running in to inform us that the alligator had been captured, and that the fishermen were then in the act of towing him on shore. We

immediately proceeded to the river's brink, and there we observed two canoes fast approaching and lashed closely side by side. As they came near, we perceived that the alligator was between them, well secured; his head above the water, and projecting in front between the prows, and his long tail laving in the wake behind. In his huge jaws was a stout stick, well belayed with a cord above and below. On the boats touching the shore, we stepped on board, and looking between them, found the space, a breadth of a foot or two, occupied by the horny and rugged back of their prize, into which were wedged the barbed heads of some half a dozen small iron harpoons with cords attached in the manner above-mentioned.

By means of ropes and bamboo poles, the natives, who showed themselves wonderfully adroit at the business, soon had him on the shelving bank, when A—— proceeded very deliberately to put ball after ball through his head, to the number of four or five. This for any description of landsman would have been more than enough; but an alligator is an inordinate glutton in the way of punishment, and requires much to give him his quietus. However, he was considerably damaged, no doubt—sufficiently so to admit of his being easily thrown on his back, care being still taken to prevent his doing mischief by the pressure of long bamboo poles on his body and tail. One of the fishermen now with a sharp axe proceeded to cut him open, and having done so, he

removed the intestines. A—— now gave the order to remove the pressure from without, when, strange to relate, but nevertheless perfectly true, the *unkillable* monster sprang bodily up, recovered his natural position, and lashing his tremendous tail right and left, made both the dust and the crowd to fly. Thus he continued to lash his tail and move his jaws for some time after, though unable to stir from the spot. This extraordinary tenacity of life is common to all reptiles and cold-blooded creatures. A post-mortem examination of the alligator showed us A——'s rifle-ball firmly wedged into the thick part of the tail; and an analysis of the contents of the stomach brought to sight two legs, half an arm, and sundry rings and silver bangles which had once adorned the slender limbs of some hapless village maiden.

(3) Pig-sticking

(From Hugo James: *A Volunteer's Scramble through Scinde.*)

Pig-sticking is one of the noblest sports in India. Even as these lines are being penned fancy raises before me the excited throng of horsemen, nearly all mounted upon fiery little Arabian steeds, spear in hand, waiting impatiently outside the jungle for the wild boar's charge. Three or four hundred men, assisted by numerous dogs of all descriptions, have already commenced beating up the quarters of the jungle, for our hunters, who aspire to nobler game, permit the deer, jackals, and foxes to rush unheeded by.

Anon, the cries and noise produced by men and dogs become more audible. Nearer, still nearer they approach. The pig-stickers, who, with almost maddening excitement, are anxiously expecting the charge, strain every muscle of the eye as they watch the slightest wavings of the tall grass, or hear the slightest crackling in the thicket.

With what an indescribable sensation does each heart palpitate until the enemy makes his appearance; then one and all raise a loud shout, and for a time no one speaks, as the boar is fiercely, madly pursued by the hunters. Tremendous is the pace for the first half-mile, when, perhaps, the boar suddenly turns round,

his diminutive grey eye savagely twinkling at his opponents, uncertain who shall first taste his anger. Short is the time allowed him for cogitation. A moment longer, and behold yonder daring horseman, together with his steed, are rolling on the field. Quick as thought another rider takes advantage of the moment, and plants a spear very gently in the back of the boar. The ice once broken, spear after spear follows in rapid succession; but the foe has no intention of tamely yielding up his life. He likewise watches his opportunity, and singling out another of his tormentors, whose horse, swerving through terror, offers too tempting a chance for the hog, who forthwith rushes savagely at the steed, ripping it up and bringing horse and rider to the ground. But still the odds are fearfully against him. Vain are his efforts to gain a neighbouring strip of jungle. Loss of blood diminishes his speed, and again he is obliged to face his pursuers. With bloodshot eye and foaming mouth he makes a fresh attack, which is repulsed by some experienced hand. Raising himself with difficulty and pain, again he flies at one of his foes, and again is vanquished. Slowly he sinks down, willing even yet to make a charge if it were possible, until finally he gloriously bites the dust, dying game to the last.

(4) Capturing Wild Elephants

(From Greenwood's *Narrative of a Campaign in Afghanistan.*)

In the rainy season, at which time the wild elephants are very numerous in the Terai, the hunters go out on two or three very powerful tame elephants, provided with some strong ropes. There is no howdah or pad of any kind upon their backs, so that it requires some degree of skill for the riders to hold on. They then go in search of a herd, and as soon as they fall in with one the tame animals mix themselves up with the others as if they belonged to them. They manage to keep clear of the old elephants, which are very cunning and powerful, and then manœuvre so as to cut off any young one which may have strayed a short distance from the others. As soon as they have so far succeeded in their intention as completely to surround him, they wait, as if grazing, until the remainder have got some distance off. The young one meanwhile seeing companions so near him, takes no notice of the departure of the main body.

When these have gone sufficiently far away, the hunter who is mounted on the nearest elephant advances close to his victim, and throwing a rope in the manner of a lasso, entangles him in its coils. The other end of the rope being fastened about the elephant which

he rides, he at once starts off, and drags the unwilling captive after him. Should he struggle much, the other hunters close round, and throw additional ropes until he is completely entangled, and escape is hopeless. He is then taken to the camp, and secured with ropes, and in a very short time, by kind usage, is domesticated.

They only try this plan on small elephants. The old ones, in the wild state, are very fierce, and more than a match for half a dozen of those which are domesticated. The large ones are generally taken in pitfalls, numbers of which I have seen in Terai. Sometimes also they are entrapped by means of a female elephant fastened in the jungle with a broad trench dug round her. The wild males hearing her cry, come to the spot, but the trench stops them. No elephant is able to get across any chasm that is wider than he can stretch his fore-feet over. They cannot jump; and if the place is deep, they never attempt to cross, knowing well that if they once be in a hole, their immense weight makes it extremely difficult to get out again. They remain on the edge of the trench, therefore, paying their devoirs to the lady at a distance.

Meanwhile the hunters creep in among them and fasten on their legs strong chains, which are secured to trees in the neighbourhood, or to thick posts driven into the ground. When they find out the snare, they are at first outrageous; but the natives picket a tame female elephant

on each side of them, which alternately fondles and beats them into good behaviour. Being kept without food for some days, their spirit is broken, and they soon allow a mahout near them, who for a short period feeds and caresses them, and then mounting on their necks, renders them meek, gentle, and willing slaves.

(5) Tiger Shooting

(From F. de Lavoye: *L'Inde Contemporaire.*)

In the course of conversation the Rajah spoke of a tiger which had committed great ravages in the neighbourhood, and asked if we were disposed to storm his jungle. I, for my part, hailed the proposal with all the eagerness of a man who, after more than a year passed in India, still felt the shame of never having seen a tiger except in a menagerie.

We found the Rajah's beaters guarding the jungle, and an immense concourse of amateurs from the neighbouring villages, exhibiting in their countenances the same exhilaration and excitement as is seen in England on some great race day. The Rajah was mounted on a little elephant bred in the Terai. On the other hand, the Commissioner's two elephants, upon which he and I were mounted, were of the largest size from the forests of Arracan. The Rajah was seated on a low howdah with two or three loaded muskets beside him. The Commissioner

was also furnished with a formidable battery of every calibre, which from his position he could make use of over his mahout's head. I was satisfied with a fowling-piece and a pair of pistols.

We marched in silence for some twenty minutes, when suddenly our elephants, raising their trunks, uttered a shrill cry, and set to stamping violently with their fore-feet. After a moment of hesitation, however, they resumed their march, slowly, indeed, but firmly, with raised trunks, ears stretched, and their intelligent little eyes fixed on the dense jungle in front of them. "We are not far off now," said the Commissioner, "and if the tiger gets up before you, fire wherever you see the grass move." He had scarcely spoken when my elephant began to stamp more violently than ever, and my mahout immediately exclaimed, "There he is! There he is! I see his head!" At the same instant there was a sort of growl, and then I saw the tall grass bending and waving as with the passage of some large animal beneath. I fired where I guessed the animal to be, and the motion of the grass became still more visible; and then I fired a second shot at a yellowish body, which passed like a flash through the reeds. A terrible roar showed that I was not mistaken. The tiger's flight became more precipitate, and we could trace him no longer. Yet when we reached the limits of the jungle the beaters assured us that he had not escaped. "In that case," said the

Rajah, " you must have hit him ; for otherwise he would have made for the plain and thence for the forest. We must now beat him up with the elephants, but if he is at all badly wounded it will be a serious business."

Hearing this, the amateurs on foot and horseback, who had hitherto followed us, began to beat a retreat in every direction ; whilst, followed only by a few beaters armed with lances, we made for the point where, it was supposed, the tiger must have ensconced himself. In vain, however, we searched. Twice we passed up and down, through the whole length of the jungle, without any other sign of the vicinity of a tiger than the manifest uneasiness of our elephants. This uneasiness gradually extended itself to the mahouts. " Oh, sahib," said my mahout to me, " this tiger is a man-eater ; you may be sure ; that's why he's so crafty."

Night meanwhile was drawing on ; and we were about very reluctantly to cease our attempts, when, just as we reached for the third time the further limit of the jungle, the Rajah's little elephant suddenly bolted in spite of all the mahout's efforts, and to the Rajah's mortification, and placed itself just in front of S——.

As I was speculating on the motives of this proceeding of the Rajah's elephant, I felt myself gently pulled from behind. It was the man who held my umbrella ; his dark features were livid with terror. Pointing with out-

stretched arm and haggard eyes to the furrow of twigs and grass which was reclosing in our wake, he gasped out, "There, sahib! there! the man-eater!" and there, in fact, in the very track which the Rajah's elephant had just vacated, gliding like a serpent, cautiously and noiselessly, was a huge black and yellow thing with smoking jaws, tongue protruded and eyes fixed with all the expression of fierce appetite upon the young Hindu prince, whom he seemed to have selected as victim, and had now dogged for two hours with an infernal pertinacity, and who, utterly unsuspicious of the danger impending over him, had just returned from politeness towards his European guests, to place himself actually within the spring of the terrible man-eater!

I saw the tiger gather himself up, like a spring about to go off, and I had barely the time to take aim and press the trigger. The ball struck the monster in mid-leap, and he fell, his shoulder shattered, within two yards of my elephant, who, rushing upon him like an avalanche, first crushed his loins with a furious kick, then transfixed him with his tusks, and finally hurled him to a distance with the force of a catapult, and left him to die full ten yards off.

CHAPTER XVI

INDIAN FABLES AND FOLK-LORE

(1) Man Born to Trouble

(From Abbé Dubois: *Description of the People of India.* 1817.)

A TRAVELLER having missed his way was overtaken by darkness in the midst of a thick forest. Being apprehensive that such a wood must naturally be the receptacle of wild beasts, he determined to keep out of their way by mounting into a tree. He therefore chose the thickest he could find, and having climbed up, he fell asleep, and so continued until the light of the morning woke him, and admonished him that it was time to continue his journey. In preparing to descend, he cast his eyes downwards, and beheld at the foot of the tree a huge tiger sitting and eagerly on the watch, as if impatient for the appearance of some prey, which he was ready to tear in pieces and devour. Struck with terror at the sight of the monster, the traveller continued for a long while immovably fixed to the spot where he sat. At length, recovering himself a little and looking all round him, he observed that the tree on which he was had many others contiguous to it,

with their branches so intermixed that he could gradually pass from one to another, until at last he might get out of the reach of danger. He was on the point of putting his design into execution, when, raising his eyes, he saw a monstrous serpent suspended by the tail to the branch immediately over him, and its head nearly reaching his own. The monster appeared, indeed, to be asleep in that posture; but the slightest motion might wake it and expose him to its fury. At the sight of the extreme danger which environed him on all sides, a frightful serpent above and a devouring tiger beneath, the traveller lost all courage; and being unable from fear to support himself longer, he was on the point of falling into the jaws of the tiger, who stood ready gaping to receive him. In awful consternation he remained motionless, having nothing before him but the image of death, and believing every moment to be his last. He had yielded to despair, when, once more raising his head, he saw a honeycomb upon the top of the highest branches of the tree. The comb distilled its sweets drop by drop, close by the side of the traveller. He stretched forth his head and put out his tongue to catch the honey as it fell; and in the delicious enjoyment thought no more of the awful dangers which environed him.

(2) The Four Deaf Men

A deaf shepherd was one day tending his flock near his own village, and though it was almost noon his wife had not yet brought him his breakfast. He was afraid to leave his sheep to go in quest of it, lest some accident should befall them. But his hunger could not be appeased; and upon looking round, he spied a Talaiyari, or village hind, who had come to cut grass for his cow, near a neighbouring spring. He went to call him, though very reluctantly, because he knew that, though these servants of the village are set as watchmen to prevent theft, yet they are great thieves themselves. He hailed him, however, and requested him just to give an eye to his flock for the short time he should be absent, and that he would not forget him when he returned from breakfast.

But the man was as deaf as himself, and, mistaking his intentions, he angrily asked the shepherd, "What right have you to take this grass which I have had the trouble to cut? Is my cow to starve that your sheep may fatten? Go about thy business and let me alone!" The deaf shepherd observed the repelling gesture, which he took for a signal of acquiescence in his request, and therefore briskly ran towards the village, fully determined to give his wife a good lesson for her neglect. But when he approached the house he saw her before

the door, rolling in the pains of a violent colic brought on by eating over-night too great a quantity of raw green peas. Her sad condition and the necessity he was under to provide breakfast for himself detained the shepherd longer than he wished; while the small confidence he had in the person with whom he left his sheep accelerated his return.

Overjoyed to see his flock peaceably feeding near the spot where he left them, he counted them over; and finding that there was not one missing, "He is an honest fellow," quoth he, "this Talaiyari; the very jewel of his race! I promised him a reward, and he shall have it." There was a lame beast in the flock, well enough in other respects, which he hoisted on his shoulders, and carried to the place where the hind was, and courteously offered him the mutton, saying, "You have taken great care of my sheep during my absence. Take this one for your trouble."

"I!" says the deaf hind. "I break your sheep's leg! I'll be hanged if I went near your flock since you have been gone, or stirred from the place where I now am." "Yes," says the shepherd, "it is good and fat mutton, and will be a treat to you and your family or friends." "Have I not told thee," replied the Talaiyari in a rage, "that I never went near thy sheep; and yet thou wilt accuse me of breaking that one's leg. Get about thy business, or I will give thee a good beating!" And by his gestures he seemed determined to put his threats in execu-

tion. The astonished shepherd got into a passion also, and assumed a posture of defence. They were just proceeding to blows when a man on horseback came up. To him they both appealed to decide the dispute between them; and the shepherd, laying hold of the bridle, requested the horseman to alight just for a moment, and to settle the difference between him and the beggarly Talaiyari. "I have offered him a present of a sheep," says he, "because I thought he had done me a service; and in requital he will knock me down." The villager was at the same time preferring his complaint that the shepherd would accuse him of breaking the leg of his sheep, when he had never been near his flock.

The horseman to whom they both appealed happened to be as deaf as they, and did not understand a word that either of them said. But seeing them both addressing him with vehemence, he made a sign to them to listen to him, and then frankly told them that he confessed the horse he rode was not his own. "It was a stray that I found on the road," quoth he, "and being at a loss I mounted him for the sake of expedition. If he be yours, take him. If not, pray let me proceed, as I really am in great haste."

The shepherd and the village hind, each imagining that the horseman had decided in favour of the other, became more violent than ever, both cursing him whom they had taken for their judge, and accusing him of partiality.

At this crisis there happened to come up an aged Brahmin. Instantly they all crowded around him—shepherd, Talaiyari, and horseman, each claiming his interposition and a decision in his favour. All spoke together, everyone telling his own tale. "I know," said he, "you want to compel me to return to her" (meaning his wife); "but do you know her character? In all the legions of the devils I defy you to find one that is her equal in wickedness. Since the time I first bought her, she has made me commit more sin than it will be in my power to expiate in thirty generations. I am going on a pilgrimage to Kasi (Benares), where I will wash myself from the innumerable crimes I have been led into from the hour in which I had the misfortune to make her my wife. Then will I wear out the rest of my days on arms in a strange land."

While they were all four venting their exclamations, without hearing a word, the horse-stealer perceived some people coming towards them with great speed. Fearing they might be the owners of the beast, he dismounted and took to his heels. The shepherd, seeing it was growing late, went to look after his flock, pouring out curses as he trudged against all arbitrators, and bitterly complaining that all justice had departed from the earth. Then he bethought himself of a snake that crossed his path in the morning, as he came out of the sheepfold, and which might account for the troubles he had that day experienced. The

Talaiyari returned to his load of grass; and finding the lame sheep there, he took it on his shoulder to punish the shepherd for the vexation he had given him; and the aged Brahmin pursued his course to a choultry that was not far off. A quiet night and sound sleep soothed his anger in part; and early in the morning several Brahmins, his neighbours and relations, who had traced him out, persuaded him to return home, promising to engage his wife to be more obedient and less quarrelsome in future.

(3) The Four Simple Brahmins

In a certain district proclamation had been made of a Samaradanam about to be held. This is one of the public festivals given by pious people, and sometimes by those in power, to the Brahmins, who on such occasions assemble in great numbers from all quarters. Four individuals of the caste from different villages, all going thither, met upon the road; and finding that they were all upon the same errand, they agreed to walk in company. A soldier, happening to meet them, saluted them in the usual way by touching hands and pronouncing the words, always applied on such occasions, to Brahmins of "Dandam-arya," or "Health to my lord." The four travellers made the usual return, each of them pronouncing the customary benediction of "Asirvadam"; and going on, they came to a well, where they

quenched their thirst and reposed themselves in the shade of some trees. Sitting there, and finding no better subject of conversation, one of them asked the rest whether they did not remark how particularly the soldier had distinguished him by his polite salutation. "You!" says another; "it was not you he saluted, but me." "You are both mistaken," says a third, "for you may remember that, when the soldier said 'Dandam-arya' he cast his eyes upon me." "Not at all," replied the fourth; "it was me only he saluted; otherwise should I have answered him as I did by saying 'Asirvadam'?"

Each maintained his argument obstinately; and as none of them would yield, the dispute had nearly come to blows when the least stupid of the four, seeing what was likely to happen, put an end to the brawl by the following advice: "How foolish it is in us," says he, "thus to put ourselves in a passion! After we have said all the ill of one another that we can invent, nay, after going stoutly to fisticuffs like Sudra rabble, should we be at all nearer to the decision of our difference? The fittest person to determine the controversy, I think, would be the man who occasioned it. The soldier who chose to salute one or other of us cannot be yet far off. Let us therefore run after him as quickly as we can, and we shall soon know for which of us he intended his salutation."

The advice appeared wise to them all, and was immediately adopted. The whole of them set off in pursuit of the soldier, and at last over-

took him, after running a league and all out of breath. As soon as they came in sight of him they cried out to him to stop; and before they had well approached him they had put him in full possession of the nature of their dispute, and prayed him to terminate it by saying to which of them he had given his salutation. The soldier, instantly perceiving the nature of the people he had to do with, and being willing to amuse himself a little at their expense, coolly replied that he intended his salutation for the greatest fool of all the four; and then turning on his heel, he continued his journey.

The Brahmins, confounded with this answer, turned back in silence. But all of them had deeply at heart the distinction of the salutation of the soldier, and the dispute was gradually renewed. Even the awkward decision of the warrior could not prevent each of them from arrogating to himself the pre-eminence of being noticed by him, to the exclusion of the others. The contention therefore now became which of the four was the stupidest; and strange as it was, it grew as warm as ever, and must have come to blows had not the person who gave the former advice interposed again with his wisdom and spoken as follows:

"I think myself the greatest fool of you all. Each of you thinks the same thing of himself. And after a fight shall we be a bit nearer the decision of the question? Let us therefore have a little patience. We are within a short distance of Dharmapuri, where there is a

choultry, at which all little causes are tried by the heads of the village; and let ours be judged among the rest."

All agreed in the soundness of the advice; and having arrived at the village, they eagerly entered the choultry to have their business settled by the arbitrators. They could not have come at a better season. The chiefs of the district, Brahmins and others, had already met in the choultry; and no other cause offering itself, they proceeded immediately to that of the Brahmins. All the four advanced into the middle of the court, and stated that a sharp contest having arisen among them, they were come to have it decided with fairness and impartiality. The court desired them to proceed and explain the grounds of their controversy. Upon this one of them stood forward, and related to the assembly all that had happened from their meeting with the soldier to the present state of the quarrel, which rested on the superior degree of stupidity of some one of them over the others.

The details created an universal shout of laughter. The president, who was of a gay disposition, was delighted beyond measure to have fallen in with so diverting an incident. But he put on a grave face, and laid it down, as the peculiarity of the cause, that it could not be determined on the testimony of witnesses, and that, in fact, there was no other way of satisfying the minds of the judges than by each in his turn relating some particular occurrence of his life,

on which he could best establish his claim to superior folly. He clearly showed that there could be no other means of determining to which of them the salutation of the soldier could with justice be awarded. The Brahmins assented, and upon a sign being made to one of them to begin, and to the rest to keep silence, the first thus commenced his oration:

"I am poorly provided with clothing, as you see; and it is not to-day only that I have been covered with rags. A rich and very charitable Brahmin merchant once made me a present of two pieces of cloth to attire myself, the finest that had ever been seen in our Agragrama.* I showed them to the other Brahmins of the village, who all congratulated me on so fortunate an acquisition. They told me it must be the fruit of some good deeds that I had done in a preceding generation. Before I put them on, I washed them, according to the custom, in order to purify them from the soil of the weaver's touch, and hung them up to dry with the ends fastened to two branches of a tree. A dog then happening to come that way, ran under them, and I could not discern whether he was high enough to touch the clothes or not. I asked my children, who were present, but they said they were not quite certain. How, then, was I to discover the fact? I put myself on all fours so as to be of the height of the dog, and in that posture I crawled under the

* Village inhabited by Brahmins.

clothing. 'Did I touch it?' said I to the children who were observing me. They answered 'No,' and I was filled with joy at the news. But after reflecting awhile I recollected that the dog had a turned-up tail, and that, by being elevated above the rest of his body, it might well have reached my cloth. To ascertain that, I fixed a leaf to my rump, turning upwards; and then, creeping again on all fours, I passed a second time under the clothing. The children immediately cried out that the point of the leaf had touched the cloth. This proved to me that the point of the dog's tail must have done so too, and that my garment was therefore polluted. In my rage I tore down the beautiful raiment, and tore it in a thousand pieces, loading with curses both the dog and his master.

"When this foolish act was known, I became the laughing-stock of all the world; and I was universally treated as a madman. 'Even if the dog,' they all said, 'had touched the cloth and so brought defilement upon it, might you not have washed it a second time, and so have removed the stain? Or might you not have given it to some poor Sudra rather than tear it in pieces? After such egregious folly, who will give you clothes another time?' This was all true, for ever since, when I have begged clothing of anyone, the constant answer has been that no doubt I wanted a piece of cloth to pull to pieces."

"Enough, enough!" said the president.

"What we have both heard and seen goes a great way in his favour. But let us now hear what the next of you has to say for himself, in proof of his stupidity." The second accordingly began by expressing his confidence that, if what they had just heard appeared to them to be deserving of the salutation of the soldier, what he had to say would change that opinion.

"Having got my hair and beard shaven one day," he continued, "in order to appear decent at a public festival of the Brahmins, which had been proclaimed through all the district, I desired my wife to give the barber a penny for his trouble. She heedlessly gave him a couple. I asked of him to give me one of them back, but he refused. Upon that we quarrelled, and began to abuse each other; but the barber at length pacified me by offering in consideration of the double fee to shave my wife also. I thought this a fair way of settling the difference between us. But my wife, hearing the proposal, and seeing the barber in earnest, tried to make her escape by flight. I took hold of her and forced her to sit down, while he shaved her poll in the same manner as they serve widows. During the operation she cried out bitterly; but I was inexorable, thinking it less hard that my wife should be close shaven than that my penny should be given away for nothing. When the barber had finished, I let her go, and she retired immediately to a place of concealment, pouring down curses on me and the barber. He took his departure, and meeting my mother in

the way, told her what he had done, which made her hasten to the house to inquire into the outrage; and when she saw with her own eyes that it was all true, she also loaded me with invectives.

"The barber published everywhere what had happened at our house; and the villain added to the story that I had caught her with another man, which was the cause of my having her shaved; and people were no doubt expecting, according to our custom in such a case, to see her mounted on an ass, with her face turned towards the tail. They came running to my dwelling from all quarters, and actually brought an ass to make the usual exhibition in the streets. The report soon reached my father-in-law, who lived at a distance of ten or twelve leagues, and he, with his wife, came also to inquire into the affair. Seeing their poor daughter in that degraded state, and being apprised of the only reason, they reproached me most bitterly, which I patiently endured, being conscious I was in the wrong. They persisted, however, in taking her with them, and kept her carefully concealed from every eye for four whole years, when at length they restored her to me.

"This little accident made me lose the Samaradanam, for which I had been preparing by a fast of three days; and it was a great mortification to me to be excluded from it, as I understood that it was a most splendid entertainment. Another Samaradanam was announced

to be held ten days afterwards, at which I expected to make up for my loss. But I was received with the hisses of six hundred Brahmins, who seized my person and insisted on my giving up the accomplice of my wife, that he might be prosecuted and punished, according to the severe rules of the caste.

"I solemnly attested her innocence, and told the real cause of the shaving of her hair, when an universal burst of surprise took place, everyone exclaiming how monstrous it was that a married woman should be so degraded without crime on her part! 'Either this man,' they said, 'must be a liar, or he is the greatest fool on the face of the earth.' Such I dare say, gentlemen, you will think me; and I am sure you will consider my folly as being far superior to that of the render of bodily clothing."

The court agreed that the speaker had put in a very strong case; but justice required that the other two should also be heard. The third claimant was indeed burning with impatience for his turn; and as soon as he had permission he thus began:

"My name was originally Anantya. Now all the world call me Betel Anantya; and I will tell you how this nickname arose. I had only been married about a month, when, one evening, after we had retired, I happened to say carelessly to my wife that all women were prattlers. She retorted that she knew men who were not less prattlers than women. I perceived at once that she alluded to myself; and being somewhat

piqued at the sharpness of her retort, I said, 'Now let us see which of us shall speak first.' 'Agreed,' quoth she. 'But what shall the loser forfeit?' 'A leaf of betel,' said I; and our wager being thus agreed, we both addressed ourselves to sleep without speaking another word.

"Next morning, as we did not appear at our usual hour, after some interval, they called us, but got no answer. They again called, and then roared stoutly at the door, but with no success. The alarm began to spread in the house. They began to fear that we had died suddenly. The carpenter was called with his tools. The door of our room was forced open, and when they got in they were not a little surprised to find both of us broad awake, in good health, and at our ease, though without the faculty of speech. My mother was greatly alarmed, and gave loud vent to her grief. All the Brahmins in the village of both sexes assembled, to the number of one hundred; and after close examination everyone drew his own conclusion on the accident which was supposed to have befallen us. The greater number were of opinion that it could have arisen only from the malevolence of some enemy, who had availed himself of magical incantations to injure us. For this reason a famous magician was called to counteract the effects of the witchcraft and to remove it. As soon as he came, after steadfastly contemplating us for some time, he began to try our pulses, by

putting his finger on our wrists, on our temples, on the heart, and on various other parts of the body; and after a great variety of grimaces, the remembrance of which excites my laughter as often as I think of him, he decided that our malady arose wholly from the effect of malevolence. He even gave the name of the particular devil that possessed my wife and me and rendered us dumb. He added that this devil was very stubborn and difficult to lay, and that it would cost three or four pagodas for the expense of the offerings necessary for compelling him to fly.

"My relations, who were not very opulent, were astonished at the grievous imposition which the magician laid on. Yet, rather than that we should continue dumb, they consented to give him whatsoever should be necessary for the expense of his sacrifice; and they farther promised that they would reward him for his trouble as soon as the demon by whom we were possessed should be expelled.

"He was on the point of commencing his magical operations when a Brahmin, one of our friends who was present, maintained in opposition to the opinion of the magician and his assistants that our malady was not at all the effect of witchcraft, but arose from some simple and ordinary cause, of which he had seen several instances, and he undertook to cure us without any expense.

"He took a chafing dish filled with burning charcoal and heated a small bar of gold very

hot. This he took up with pincers and applied to the soles of my feet, then to my elbows and the crown of my head. I endured these cruel operations without showing the least symptom of pain or making any complaint, being determined to bear anything and to die, if necessary, rather than lose the wager I had laid.

"'Let us try the effect on the woman,' said the doctor, astonished at my resolution and apparent insensibility. And immediately taking the bar of gold well heated, he applied it to the sole of her foot. She was not able to endure the pain for a moment, but instantly screamed out, 'Appa, enough!' and turning to me, 'I have lost my wager,' she said; 'there is your leaf of betel.' 'Did I not tell you,' said I, taking the leaf, 'that you would be the first to speak out, and that you would prove by your own conduct that I was right in saying yesterday, when we went to bed, that women are babblers?'

"Everyone was surprised at the whole proceeding; nor could any of them comprehend the meaning of what was passing between my wife and me, until I explained the kind of wager we had made over-night, before going to sleep.

"'What!' they exclaimed, 'was it for a leaf of betel that you showed such constancy, and suffered burning from the feet to the head upwards? Never in the world was there seen such folly!' And from that time I have been

constantly known by the name of Betel Anantya."

The narrative being finished, the court were of opinion that so transcendent a piece of folly gave him high pretensions as a claimant in the suit; but it was necessary first to hear the fourth and last of the suitors, who thus addressed them:

"The maiden to whom I was betrothed, having remained six or seven years at her father's house on account of her youth, her parents informed mine that she was in a situation to fulfil all the duties of a wife, and might therefore join her husband. My mother being at that time sick, and the house of my father-in-law being at the distance of five or six leagues from ours, she was not able to undertake the journey. She therefore committed to me the duty of bringing home my wife, and counselled me so to conduct myself in words and actions that they might not see that I was only a fool. 'Knowing thee as I do,' said my mother, as I took leave of her, 'I am very distrustful of thee.' But I promised to be on my good behaviour; and so I departed.

"I was well received by my father-in-law, who gave a great feast to all the Brahmins of the village on the occasion. He made me stay three days, during which there was nothing but festivity. At length, the time of our departure having arrived, he suffered my wife and myself to leave him after pouring out blessings upon us both, and wishing us a long

and happy life, enriched with a numerous posterity.

"It was then the summer solstice, and the day was excessively hot; and the sand, being heated by the burning sun, scorched the feet of my young wife, who, being brought up too tenderly in her father's house, was not accustomed to such severe trials. She fell a-crying, and being unable to go on, she lay down on the ground, saying she wished to die there.

"I was in dreadful trouble and knew not what step to take, when a merchant came up travelling the contrary way. He had a train of fifty bullocks loaded with various merchandise. I ran to meet him and told him the cause of my anxiety with tears in my eyes, and entreated him to aid me with his good advice in my distress. He immediately answered that a young and delicate woman such as my wife was could neither remain where she lay nor proceed on her journey under so hot a sun, without being exposed to certain death. Rather than that I should see her perish, and run the hazard of being suspected of having killed her myself, and be held guilty of one of the five crimes which the Brahmins esteem the most heinous, he advised me to give her to him, and then he would mount her on one of his cattle and take her along with him. That I should be a loser he admitted; but all things considered, it was better to lose her, with the merit of having saved her life, than equally to lose her, under the suspicion of being her murderer. 'Her

trinkets,' he said, 'may be worth fifteen pagodas. Take these twenty and give me your wife.'

"The merchant's arguments appeared unanswerable; so I yielded to them, and delivered to him my wife, whom he placed on one of his best oxen, and continued to journey without delay. I continued mine also, and got home in the evening, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and with my feet almost roasted with the burning sand, over which I had walked the greater part of the day. Frightened to see me alone, 'Where is your wife?' cried my mother. I gave her a full account of everything that had happened from the time I left her. I spoke of the agreeable and courteous manner in which my father-in-law had received me, and how, by some delay, we had been overtaken by the scorching heat of the sun at noon, so that my wife must have been suffocated and myself suspected of her murder had we proceeded, and that I had preferred to sell her to a merchant who met us for twenty pagodas. And I showed my mother the money.

"When I had done, my mother fell into an ecstasy of fury. She lifted up her voice against me with cries of rage, and overwhelmed me with imprecations and awful curses. Having given way to these first emotions of despair, she sank into a more moderate tone. 'What hast thou done, wretch!' said she. 'Sold thy wife, hast thou! delivered her to another man! A Brahminari is become the wife of a vile mer-

chant! Ah! what will her kindred and ours say when they hear the tale of this brutish stupidity, of folly so unexampled and degrading?'

"The relations of my wife were soon informed of the misfortune that had befallen their unhappy girl. They came over to attack me, and would certainly have murdered me and my innocent mother, had we not made a sudden escape. Having no direct object to direct their vengeance upon, they brought the matter before the chiefs of the caste, who unanimously fined me two hundred pagodas as a reparation to my father-in-law, and issued a prohibition against so great a fool being ever allowed to take another wife; denouncing the penalty of expulsion from the caste against anyone who should assist me in such an attempt. I was therefore condemned to remain a widower all my life and to pay dear for my folly. Indeed, I should have been excluded for ever from my caste but for the high consideration in which the memory of my late father is still held.

"Now that you have heard one specimen of the many follies of my life, I hope you will not consider me as beneath those who have spoken before me, nor my pretensions altogether undeserving of the salutation of the soldier."

The heads of the assembly, several of whom were convulsed with laughter, while the Brahmins were telling their histories, decided, after hearing them all, that each had given such absolute proofs of folly as to be entitled in justice to a superiority in his own way; that

each of them therefore should be at liberty to call himself the greatest fool of all, and to attribute to himself the salutation of the soldier. Each of them having thus gained his suit, it was recommended to them all to continue their journey, if it were possible, in amity. The delighted Brahmins rushed out of court, each exclaiming that he had gained his cause.

(4) The Men Tigers

(From Sleeman: *Rambles of an Indian Official.*)

The Sureemunt came to call on me after breakfast, and the conversation turned on the number of people that had of late been killed by tigers between Saugor and Deoree, his ancient capital, which lies about midway between Saugor and the Nerbudda River. One of his followers who stood behind his chair said, "that when a tiger had killed one man he was safe, for the spirit of the man rode upon his head and guided him from all danger. The spirit knew very well that the tiger would be watched for many days at the place where he had committed the homicide, and always guided him off to some other more secure place, where he killed other men without any risk to himself. He did not exactly know why the spirit of the man should thus befriend the beast that had killed him; but," added he, "there is a mild[illegible] inherent in spirits, and the better

the man the more mischievous is his ghost, if means are not taken to put him to rest." This is the popular and general belief throughout India; and it is supposed that the only sure mode of destroying a tiger, who has killed many people, is to begin by making offerings to the spirits of his victims, and thereby depriving him of their valuable services!

The belief that men are turned into tigers is no less general throughout India. The Sureemunt, on being asked by me what he thought of the matter, observed, "There was no doubt much truth in what the man said; but he was himself of opinion that the tigers which now infest the woods from Saugor to Deoree were of a different kind—in fact, that they were neither more nor less than men turned into tigers—a thing which took place in the woods of Central India much more often than people were aware of. The only visible difference between the two," added the Sureemunt, "is that the metamorphosed tiger has no tail, while the 'bora,' or ordinary tiger, has a very long one. In the jungle about Deoree there is a root which if a man eat he is converted into a tiger on the spot; and if in this state he can eat of another, he becomes a man again—a melancholy instance of the former of which occurred in my own father's family when I was an infant. His washerman, Rughoo, was, like all washermen, a great drunkard; and being seized with a violent desire to ascertain what a man felt in the state of a tiger, he went one

day to the jungle and brought home two of these roots, and desired his wife to stand by with one of them, and the instant she saw him assume the tiger's shape, to thrust it into his mouth. She consented; the washerman ate his root, and became instantly a tiger; but his wife was so terrified at the sight of her old husband in this shape, that she ran off with the antidote in her hand. Poor old Rughoo took to the woods, and there ate a good many of his old friends from the neighbouring villages; but he was at last shot and recognised from the circumstance of his having no tail. You may be quite sure, when you hear of a tiger without a tail, that it is some unfortunate man who has eaten of that root; and of all tigers he will be found most mischievous."

How my friend had satisfied himself of the truth of this story I know not, but he religiously believes it, and so do all his attendants and mine; and out of a population of thirty thousand people in the town of Saugor, not one would doubt the story of the washerman if he heard it.

I was one day talking with my friend, the Rajah of Myhere, on the road between Jubbulpore and Mirzapore, on the subject of the number of men who had been lately killed by tigers at the Kutra Pass on that road, and the best means of removing the danger. "Nothing," said the Rajah, "could be more easy or more cheap than the destruction of these tigers, if they were of the ordinary sort; but the tigers that kill men by wholesale, as these do,

are, you may be sure, men themselves converted into tigers by the force of their *science;* and such animals are of all the most unmanageable."

"And how is it, Rajah Sahib, that these men convert themselves into tigers?"

"Nothing," said he, "is more easy than this to persons who have once acquired the science; but how they learn it or what it is, we unlettered men know not. There was once a high priest of a large temple, in this very valley of Myhere, who was in the habit of getting himself converted into a tiger by the force of this science, which he had thoroughly acquired. He had a necklace which one of his disciples used to throw over his neck the moment the tiger's form became fully developed. He had, however, long given up the practice, and all his old disciples had gone off on their pilgrimages to distant shrines, when he was one day seized with a violent desire to take his old form of the tiger. He expressed the wish to one of his new disciples, and demanded whether he thought he might rely upon his courage to stand by and put on the necklace. "Assuredly you may," said the disciple; "such is my faith in you, and in the God we serve, that I fear nothing!" The high priest upon this put the necklace into his hand with the requisite instructions, and forthwith began to change his form. The disciple stood trembling in every limb, till he heard him give a roar that shook the whole edifice, when he fell flat upon his face and

dropped the necklace on the floor. The tiger bounded over him and out at the door, and infested all the roads leading to the temple for many years afterwards."

"Do you think, Rajah Sahib, that the old high priest is one of the tigers at the Kutra Pass?"

"No, I do not; but I think they may be all men, who have become imbued with a little too much of the high priest's science. When men once acquire this science, they can't help exercising it, though it be to their own ruin and that of others."

"But supposing them to be ordinary tigers, what is the simple plan you propose to put a stop to their depredations, Rajah Sahib?"

"I propose," said he, "to have the spirits that guide them propitiated by proper prayers and offerings; for the spirit of every man or woman who has been killed by a tiger rides on his head, or runs before him, and tells him where to go to get prey and to avoid danger. Get some of the Gonds or wild people from the jungles who are well skilled in these matters—give them ten or twenty rupees, and bid them go and raise a small shrine, and there sacrifice to these spirits. The Gonds will tell them that they shall on this shrine have regular worship and good sacrifices of fowl, goats, and pigs, every year at least, if they will but relinquish their offices with the tigers and be quiet. If this is done, I pledge myself that the tigers will soon get killed their slain or cease from killing

men. If they do not, you may be quite sure that they are not ordinary tigers, but men turned to tigers, or that the Gonds have appropriated all you gave them to their own use, instead of applying it to conciliate the spirits of the unfortunate people."

CHAPTER XVII

FORMER DURBARS AT DELHI

(The author desires to thank the editor of the *Times* for permission to make the two following extracts.)

(1) The Proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India

(From the *Times*, January 8th, 1877.)

IT is impossible to convey by words any clear idea of the picturesque scenes along the road. We met at every turn gorgeously caparisoned elephants bearing gilded howdahs, camel carriages, dak gharries, tongas, palanquins, and every imaginable variety of Indian vehicle. The multitude on foot with many-coloured dresses gave the hot, dry plain the appearance of a garden gay with flower-beds. The regiments with their bands playing were threading their way in long, thin lines through the crowds, every now and then stopping our carriage while they marched across the road in front. At one moment we found ourselves in the midst of a neat soldier-like body of our own Punjab Cavalry; at another we were side by side with the motley and ragged followers of some native chief. One body of the latter struck me especially from the extraordinary

variety of weapons with which the men were armed; some bore blunderbusses of ancient type, others half-modern-shaped knives at the ends of long poles, the lance, sword, carbine, and halbert being all represented in this gallant band. Then we passed a battery of camel artillery, each man with what looked like an enormous musket slung across his saddle-bow. Next, a camp of British Infantry would come in sight, the soldiers standing ankle-deep in dust, watching the passing crowd and awaiting the order to fall in. These various interruptions greatly retarded our progress, and it was nearly eleven before we reached the dais.

The dais and amphitheatre were, I believe, designed by Mr. Kipling,* the Principal of the Lahore School of Arts, and reflect much credit on his taste. The dais was hexagonal, the platform raised eight or ten feet from the ground. The sides were painted pale blue and relieved by panels alternately square and oblong. Of these panels of cloth the square ones were embroidered with the Royal Arms, the oblong with a trellis-work of leaves surrounding the Imperial Crown and the letters V.I. in gold. The vice-regal throne was in the centre. Over the dais was a canopy in the form of a cone with a very broad base and sharp point. Silver pillars supported the canopy. From the top of each a long rope, decked with red, white, and blue pennons, ran to the ground. The lower

* Father of Rudyard Kipling.

part of the canopy was embroidered with the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The upper part to the point of the cone looked like a sheet of solid silver, though probably of cloth. The Imperial crown of gold was on the top, but instead of it being on the point of the cone, a gilded cushion interposed which quite destroyed the proportions.

Facing the Viceroy's throne was an amphitheatre, in shape nearly a semicircle, and marked off into territorial blocks for officials and chiefs from various parts of the country, furnished with chairs covered with blue, and having the Imperial crown worked in gold on their backs. Overhead was a canopy of dark blue and white pillars ornamented with festoons of flags surrounding spears and axes. Behind the dais were two blocks of reserved seats for spectators, the decorations of which were simple. There were three entrances to the circle, one between each end of the territorial amphitheatre and the block of reserved seats next to it, and the third or grand entrance between the two blocks of reserved seats. This was intended for the Viceroy only. From it a red carpet led to the dais steps. At intervals around the dais guns were placed, each surrounded by a group of Artillerymen. A guard of honour stood on each side, and Infantry lined the way from the entrance to the steps. On the plain outside south of the dais and behind the reserved seats British troops were drawn up, and the massed bands in front.

The Artillery in half-batteries were to fire salvoes on the extreme right and left. Between the two bodies of Artillery the Infantry were arrayed in two long lines. The troops of the various chiefs were placed on the north, behind the territorial blocks. Little could be seen of them from where I sat, except that the first row consisted of elephants, their howdahs and trappings glittering with silver and gold, their tusks loaded with brass rings, and their foreheads painted all the colours of the rainbow. Each chief as he arrived drove to the entrance of his block, where the guard of honour presented arms and an officer met and conducted him to his place. The amphitheatre now presented a brilliant appearance, chiefly due to the banners placed over each dignitary's chair. The distance was too great to distinguish features or dress, but here and there a crimson standard with arms of evidently Western origin marked the position of a Governor or Lieutenant-Governor.

Green banners generally distinguished the Mussulmans, but in most cases the arms had been so recently invented that they furnished no clue to their owner. For the most part the chiefs remained in their seats, but one of them, the young Gaekwar, resplendent in velvet and diamonds, was led across the arena by Mr. Melville, the Agent at Baroda. In the front row of the reserved seats were places assigned to foreign potentates and embassies. Conspicuous among these was the Khan of Khelat,

with his wild-looking Belooch attendants. Near them were swarthy Arabs of the Muscat deputation; next the Siamese, plainer and more European in appearance than any Oriental present. At the extreme end were the members of the Nepaulese embassy in scarlet uniforms, their little skull caps blazing with diamonds and surmounted by plumes. The Governor-General of Goa and the foreign consuls were close by.

About half-past twelve the Viceroy drove up to the grand entrance, preceded and followed by bodies of Cavalry. The procession advanced to the throne, the Chief Herald and trumpeters leading. Lord Lytton wore the light blue and silver robes of the Order of the Star of India. Lady Lytton and her two children followed, the company all standing, and the bands played a grand march. His Excellency ascended to the dais and took his seat on the throne, the guards of honour presenting arms. Then by the command of the Viceroy, the Chief Herald, Major Barnes, who, in his many-coloured tabard, looked by far the most gorgeous personage present, advanced to the steps of the dais, and read aloud the Proclamation, whereby Her Majesty declared that under the powers granted to her by Parliament she had been pleased to assume the title "Empress of India."



me told us that the Royal w be hoisted and saluted. right first fired thirty-four

salvoes of three guns each ; then the Infantry fired a *feu de joie*. The batteries on the left then took up the salute, and so on, till 101 salvoes and three *feux de joie* had been fired. The effect as it rolled down one long line, then doubled back and rattled up the other, was really magnificent and worthy of the occasion, only the elephants and horses seemed not to appreciate it. The former after each discharge turned tail in wild stampede, and were with difficulty brought back to their places. Then Lord Lytton rose and proceeded to read the speech, but failed to make himself heard over the whole of the wild circle, and only a word or two were audible where I sat. This would have been tantalising had not printed copies been distributed beforehand. As a matter of fact, the speech announced nothing new, except that the Order of the Star of India was to be enlarged, and an entirely new Order, that of the Indian Empire, was to be instituted. For the rest it merely praised everybody, and conveyed to all races and classes the Queen's approbation of their loyalty, and concluded with a greeting from the Empress to her subjects received that morning by telegraph. After the speech had been delivered, the Viceroy resumed his seat, and the whole assembly rose and joined the troops in giving three cheers for the Empress, taking time from the Commander-in-Chief. The proceedings now closed. The Viceroy declared the assemblage dissolved, and left the dais with the same ceremonies as were observed

on his arrival. The chiefs and their retinues followed, crowding the roads for hours and making it a work of no small difficulty to return to the camp.

Thus ended the Imperial Assemblage at Delhi, and thus was Her Majesty's accession to the throne of the Moguls proclaimed in their ancient capital. It was a great occasion, and the arrangements were in every way worthy of it. Some mistakes there may have been, but none of them were great enough to mar the splendour of the ceremony. We who witnessed it have had the pleasure of seeing a pageant which no spectator can ever forget, and which will form a most conspicuous landmark in the history of India.

(2) The Proclamation of King Edward VII as Emperor

(From the *Times*, January 2nd, 1903.)

With Royal punctuality at a quarter past twelve the Duke of Connaught drove into the arena. His escort consisted of a squadron of the 9th Lancers, who by the special desire of the Duke furnish His Royal Highness's guard of honour during his stay at Delhi. Almost before they alighted at the dais the head of the Viceroy's procession was seen approaching. First came a regiment of British cavalry, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and then the bright scarlet of the Viceroy's bodyguard, with dark eyes gleaming out of dark faces under blue and gold turbans, and lastly the Viceroy's other bodyguard of princes, the Imperial Cadet Corps, their dazzling uniforms the most exquisite arrangement imaginable of white and pale blue and gold.

All rose in their places as the Viceroy, accompanied by Lady Curzon, drove into the arena in a State carriage with four splendid horses and outriders and chuprassies in viceregal scarlet and gold. Then, as His Excellency ascended the dais, a Royal salute boomed forth, and the Viceregal standard was unfurled on the flagstaff behind the central cupola. The Viceroy took his seat on a throne of gold and silver in the centre of the dais, slightly in ad-

vance of the throne occupied by the Duke of Connaught. Both these monumental chairs were of massive silver with designs in gold in high relief, and the seats were upholstered in crimson velvet, the Duke's being slightly lower and less profusely ornamented than that of the King-Emperor's representative. A golden crown rising out of silver lotus leaves surmounted the back of the Viceroy's throne, which was emblazoned with the Star of India in gold, while the arms and legs of the throne were fashioned into golden lions rampant. The Viceroy's beautiful consort took her seat in the rear of the dais by the side of the Duchess of Connaught. . . .

The guns are still slowly roaring out a Royal salute, and the Viceroy, calm and dignified, has time to take a rapid survey of the scene which owes so much to his own energy and forethought and infinite attention to detail. As the roar of the last gun dies away, the Foreign Secretary walks up towards the dais, and halting before the Viceroy, with a profound obeisance, requests permission to declare the Durbar open.

The Viceroy having assented, Sir Hugh Barnes makes another obeisance, and turning towards the arena, gives a signal to the bandmaster. The drums roll, the bugles sound loud and shrill, and from the massed bands pours forth in crescendo a triumphant peal of music. Then in answer to the summons, the silver trumpets of the herald's trumpeters ring out from the plain clear and sharp, and at the

entrance to the arena, facing the dais, the herald, Major Maxwell, of the 6th Prince of Wales's Bengal Cavalry, stands forth a splendid figure, blazing in his raiment of gold and many colours under the rays of the Indian sun on his jet-black charger. On his rich tabard of satin the Royal Standard is displayed on the front and back, and each sleeve shows the lions heavily embroidered in gold. His helmet is encircled with a white and gold puggaree, and white breeches and jack-boots complete his striking uniform. In his right hand he bears, resting on his hip, a staff of ebony and silver surmounted by a silver crown. Over the saddle is thrown a light skin of the snow leopard, and a long red and white plume depends from the head collar of his magnificent charger. Behind him, also on black steeds, are his drummer and twelve trumpeters—six British and six native—in uniforms closely resembling those of the Household Cavalry bands. The British trumpeters wear white helmets, and the native trumpeters white turbans edged with gold. They halt for a moment, sound another flourish, and breaking up into two parties, the herald, with six trumpeters on one side, and the drummer with six trumpeters on the other, advance up the arena towards the dais. At its foot both parties form up again together. They halt and sound a third flourish again, sharp and crisp like the herald's challenge in the first act of "Lohengrin." The herald salutes. He receives the Viceroy's command

to read the proclamation announcing the Coronation of His Majesty, the King-Emperor of India. He wheels his charger sharply round, and now, facing the entrance to the arena, he proceeds to read the Royal Proclamation in stately but stentorian tones, so that in no part of the amphitheatre can a single word be lost. At its close Major Maxwell again turns to the dais and salutes the Viceroy. One more flourish of the silver trumpets. Then the Royal Standard of the King-Emperor is unfurled from the lofty flagstaff in the centre of the arena, and the massed bands roll out in mighty harmonies the National Anthem. To-day the effect seems almost overwhelming, and one can feel that through the whole assemblage as they rise to their feet there runs one thrill of generous emotion which for the moment breaks down all difference of race or creed or caste.

As the last chords of the National Anthem die away the guns on the plain carry far and wide the tidings of the proclamation in the slowly punctuated message of an Imperial salute of 101 guns, and up and down the long lines of Infantry runs the sharp crackle of a *feu de joie*. While the Imperial salute is being fired the massed bands strike up again and fill the air with martial strains, winding up once more with the National Anthem. At its conclusion the herald's trumpeters, who have meantime retired to the entrance of the arena, sound another prolonged flourish, and the Viceroy

rises from the throne. As he stands there erect and commanding, his strenuous and still youthful countenance just touched with the slightest flush, glancing rapidly round the great and varied audience, he looks unquestionably a born ruler of men, worthy to represent on such a momentous occasion not only the majesty of the Sovereign in whose name he holds power over some 300,000,000 of human beings, but also the virile qualities of the masterful race which from its island home in the West has built up an Eastern Empire unparalleled in the world's history on the broad and sure foundations of justice and strength.

Throughout the vast assemblage there was a silence which was almost audible as the Viceroy began his speech. The gracious language of the King-Emperor's message, which the Viceroy delivered to the people and princes of India in the middle of his speech, naturally produced the profoundest impression, and His Majesty's reference to his brother's present visit and the Prince of Wales' promised visit was received with the loudest cheers. Equally cheered were the passages of his own speech, wherein the Viceroy laid stress on equity as the basis of British rule and the future greatness lying before India under the authority and only under the authority of the paramount Power.

Once more the herald and trumpeters advance to the foot of the dais and after another flourish has been sounded, the herald, raising his helmet, calls for three cheers for the King-

Emperor. The whole amphitheatre springs to its feet, and three times a mighty shout loyally rises with equal enthusiasm from British and native throats. These acclamations have scarcely died away when, borne in from the plain outside, rolls the roar of still mightier cheers. At a given signal from the General commanding them, 40,000 men uplift their voices, and three cheers peal forth such as only compact masses of men trained to common action and stirred by a common emotion can produce. They must have resounded far away over the Ridge and to the gates of Imperial Delhi, and if the echo of British cheers could break the sleep of Nicholson and all the other heroes who rest beneath its walls, it would tell them they had not died in vain.

THE END

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